★ Jan. 26, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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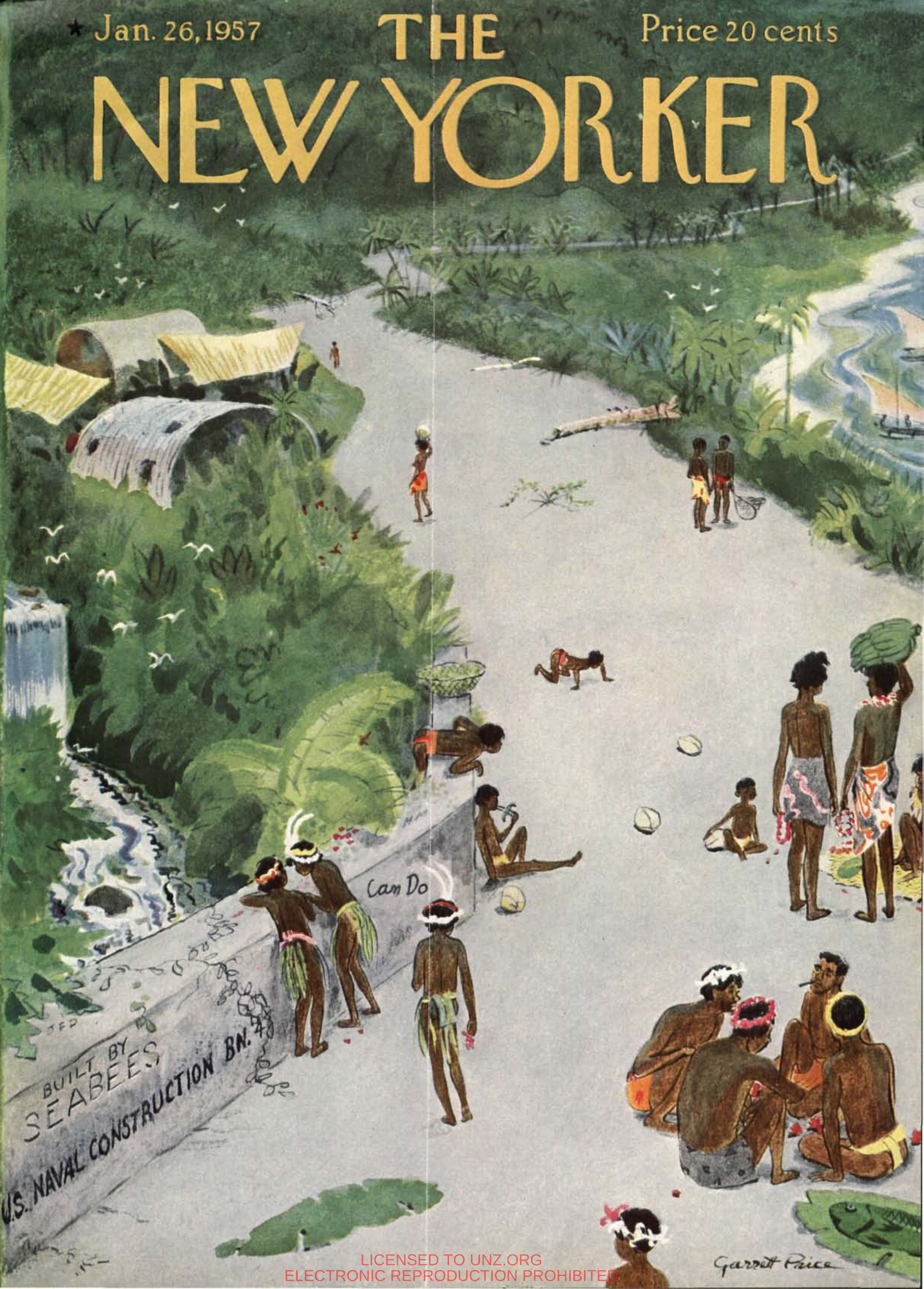
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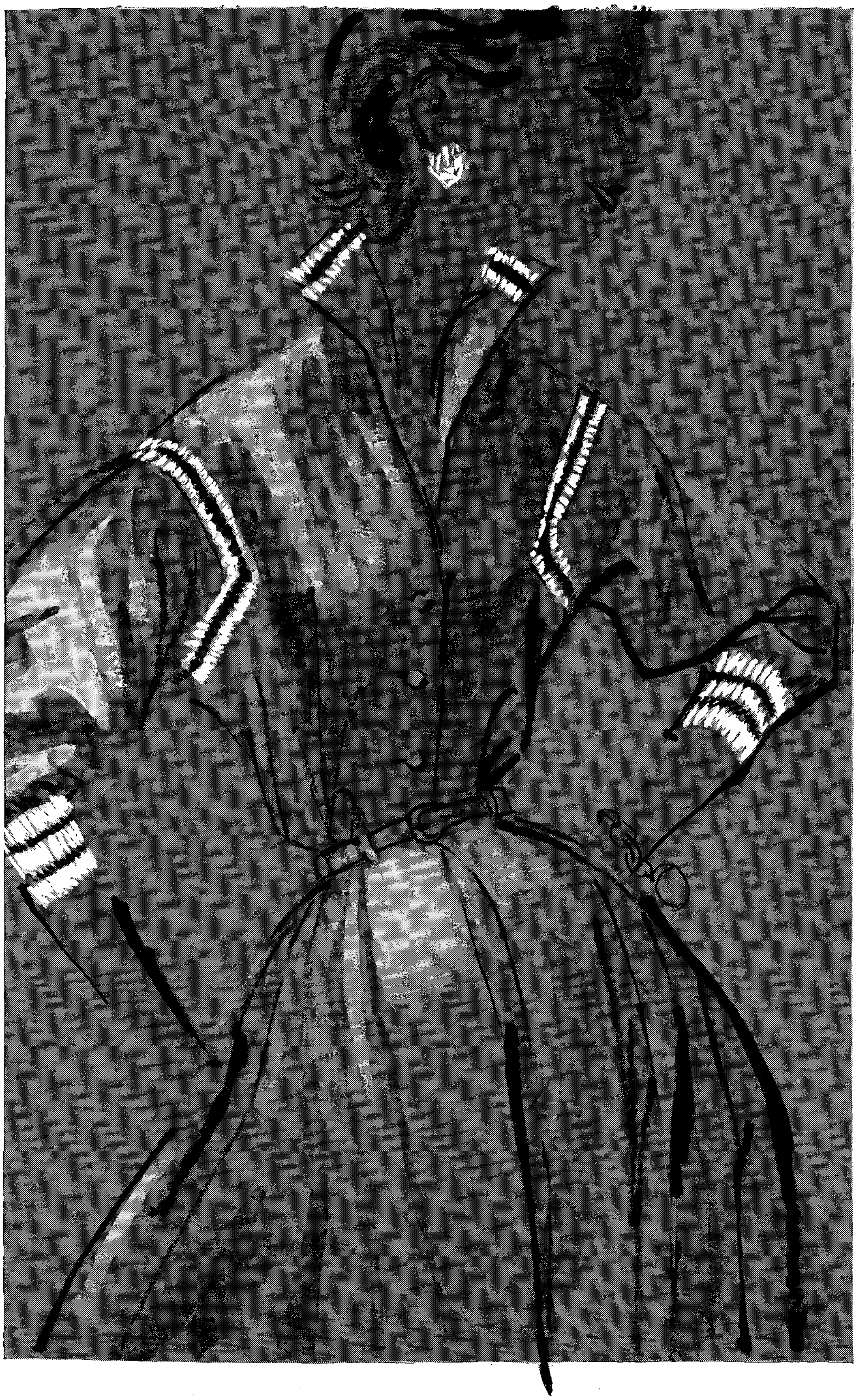

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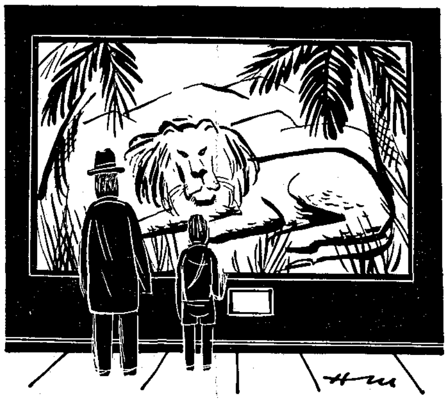

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—Maurice Evans speaks with his usual precision in this rather minor and extremely dated Shaw play about a struggle between a King and his Cabinet. Signe Hasso, Mercer McLeod, and Charles Carson are among His Majesty's more or less loyal opposition. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

Auntie Mame—Rosalind Russell is entrancing as the unorthodox heroine of this comedy, but it is just possible that the piece itself is a bit too arch to satisfy everybody. Adapted by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee from a novel by Patrick Dennis, the play also has Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass in its cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Clearing in the Woods—Kim Stanley is excellent in Arthur Laurents' play about what goes on in the head of a highly neurotic but not particularly fascinating young woman. Joseph Anthony directed a cast that includes Onslow Stevens and Joan Lorring. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of the biography of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle that he wrote in collaboration with Cordelia Drexel Biddle. Dealing with the eccentric head of an eccentric household, the play isn't as rewarding as "Life with Father" by a long shot, but it has its amusing moments. Walter Pidgeon plays Mr. Biddle, and has the support of Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Eugene O'Neill's monumental attempt to understand the tragedies of his youth makes an impressive and disturbing play. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., are all superb as members of the haunted family, and José Quintero's direction is brilliant. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—A really first-rate presentation of Shaw's comedy about poverty considered as a crime. Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Glynis Johns, and Eli Wallach head the cast, which Mr. Laughton directed, and the splendid sets were created by Donald Oenslager. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Reluctant Debutante—An anemic import from Britain that tries—with no particular success—to make something comic of an ambitious mother's efforts to maneuver her seventeen-year-old daughter into a stylish marriage. In the leading roles are Wilfrid Hyde White, Anna Massey, Brenda Forbes, and John Merivale. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

Separate Tables—Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are highly efficient in both the plays that make up this Terence Rattigan double bill. The plays themselves vary in quality, the first being just about acceptable and the second very good indeed. The cast includes Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Uncle Willie—Menasha Skulnik is in the form that has always delighted his admirers in this thin little comedy about a peddler who does his best to fix up everybody's life. The cast also includes Arline Sax, Norman Feld, and Edith Fellows. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—Jean Anouilh's play about an aging French general and all the ladies in his life is undoubtedly the season's most civilized comedy. Ralph Richardson is splendid in the leading role, and Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, and John Stewart support him admirably. Lucienne Hill supplied the translation, and Harold Clurman is the director. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** A Dutch girl's chronicle of the two years she and her family spent hiding from the Nazis. With Joseph Schildkraut, Gusti Huber, and Dina Doronne. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **INHERIT THE WIND:** An account of the Scopes trial, in Dayton, Tennessee, with Paul Muni and Ed Begley as the two famous orators involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE MATCHMAKER:** Ruth Gordon is the star and Thornton Wilder the author of this roughhouse comedy. Loring Smith, Patricia Cutts, and Arthur Hill are also in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.) . . . **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Paddy Chayefsky's play about a man who falls in love with a girl half his age. Edward G. Robinson has one of the leading roles, and his associates include Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about how a hillbilly amiably disrupts a good part of our military establishment. Right now, Charles Hohman is the hero, and Rex Everhart and Arte Johnson are a couple of his Air Force colleagues. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Hidden River—A play by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, based on Storm Jameson's novel. The cast, under the direction of Robert Lewis, includes Robert Preston, Dennis King, and Lili Darvas. Produced by Martin Gabel and Henry M. Margolis. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Waiting for Godot—A second production of the Samuel Beckett play, this time with an all-Negro cast (Earle Hyman, Rex Ingram, Mantan Moreland, and Geoffrey Holder). The director is Herbert Berghof and the producer Michael Myerberg. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday is an inspiration to us all in this comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. Betty Comden and Adolph Green are responsible for the rather thickly plotted book and the generally commendable lyrics, and Jule Styne did the score. Sydney Chaplin is featured in a cast that includes Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Candide—A huge attempt to make a musical entertainment out of Voltaire's novel, which, unfortunately, does not succeed, despite the efforts of Lillian Hellman, who wrote the book; Leonard Bernstein, who created the music; and Richard Wilbur, who did most of the lyrics. Tyrone Guthrie directed this spectacular, and Max Adrian, Robert Rounseville, Barbara Cook, and Irra Petina are in the cast. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 2.)

Happy Hunting—Ethel Merman's return to Broadway after a four-and-a-half-year absence is a fine thing for the local scene, even if her vehicle, something about love in Philadelphia and Monaco, doesn't amount to much. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse wrote the book; Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs; and the supporting cast, directed by Abe Burrows, includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—The clumping, dim-witted hillbillies who populate the cartoon strip of Al Capp are well and truly represented here, but the musical can't be recommended to anyone who isn't an authority on the doings in Dogpatch. Written by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the comedy includes lyrics by Johnny Mercer and music by Gene de Paul, and was

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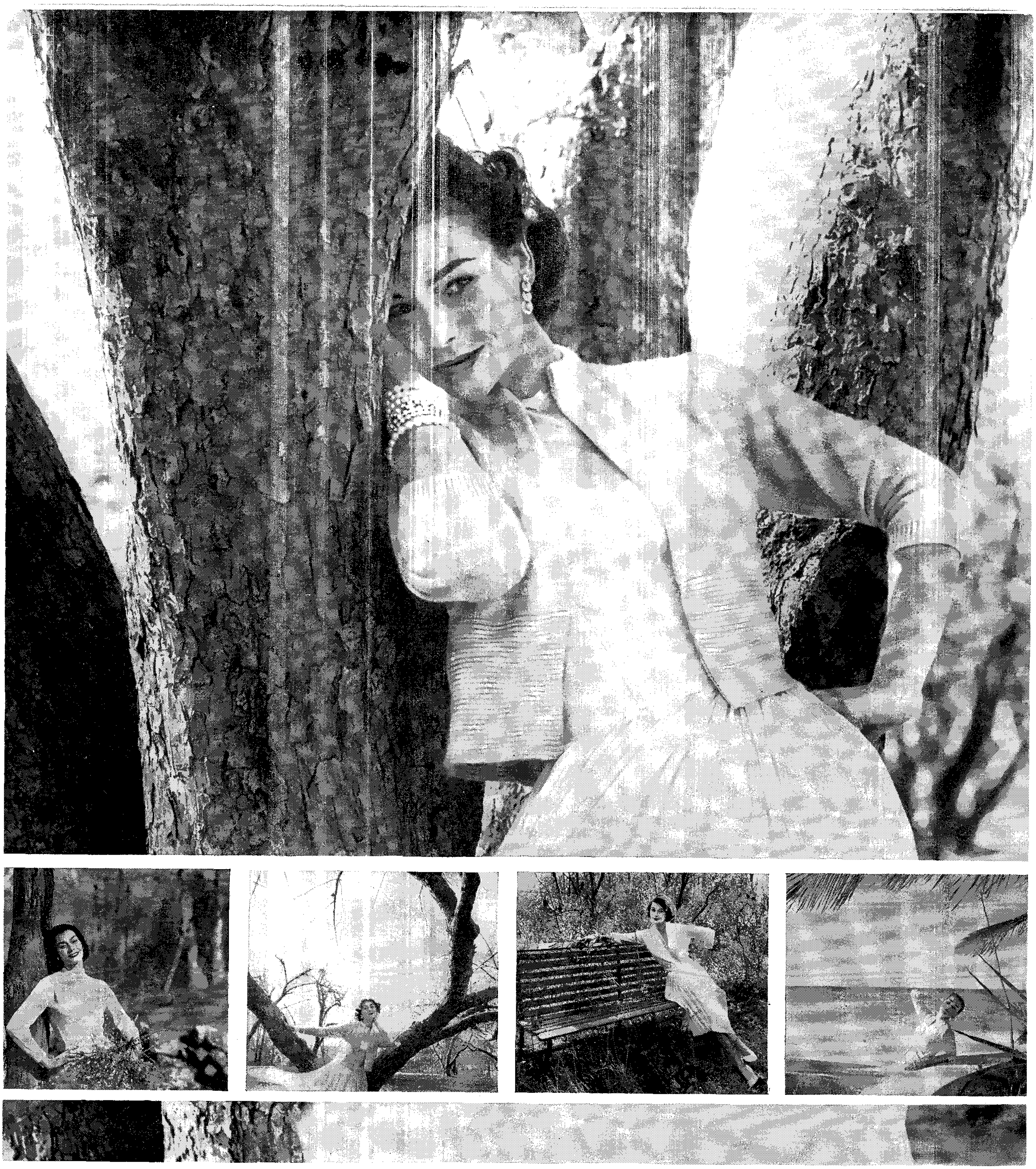

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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directed by Michael Kidd, who has done nicely with several dance interludes. Peter Palmer and Edith Adams portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Most Happy Fella—Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics and adapted the book for this version of Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted." It is a generally brilliant job, though some may feel it is a little over-operatic for Broadway. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson head the fine cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—damn yankees: About a baseball fan who signs a contract with the Devil in order to help the Washington Senators beat the local American League team. With Gretchen Wyler, Ray Walston, and Stephen Douglass. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mr. wonderful:** Sammy Davis, Jr., in something to do with the triumph of a night-club entertainer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 23.)... **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Rex Harrison plays Professor Higgins and Julie Andrews is Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Potting Shed—A new play by Graham Greene, with Sybil Thorndike, Robert Flemyng, Leueen MacGrath, and Lewis Casson. Directed by Carmen Capalbo and produced by him and Stanley Chase. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 29. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Eugenia—Tallulah Bankhead in an adaptation by Randolph Carter of Henry James's novel "The Europeans." Presented by John C. Wilson, in association with the Theatre Corporation of America, and directed by Herbert Machiz. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 30. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Madeleine Renaud–Jean-Louis Barrault Company—A four-week repertory of eight plays, starting with Paul Claudel's "Christophe Colomb," with music by Darius Milhaud, which will open on Wednesday, Jan. 30, and run through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27: "La Forza del Destino."... ¶ Starting Friday, Feb. 1: "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—Ben Bagley's excellent revue, "Shoestring '57," with sketches, lyrics, and music by some eighteen contributors, among them Bud McCreery, Mike Stewart, Charles Strouse, and Lee Adams. The cast includes Dody Goodman, Dorothy Greener, Paul Mazursky, and Fay De Witt. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Mary Welch, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre in a cast under the direction of Philip Burton. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Fourth Street Theatre—Phyllis Love in August Strindberg's "Easter," translated by Elizabeth Sprigge. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." Ira Cirker is the director. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Measure for Measure," with Nina Foch, Arnold Moss, and Richard Waring. The first of two plays being presented by the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy, of Stratford, Connecticut. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 17.)

Provincetown Playhouse—"The Yeomen of the Guard" will wind up a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory, presented by the Light Opera Theatre. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, at 8:40.)

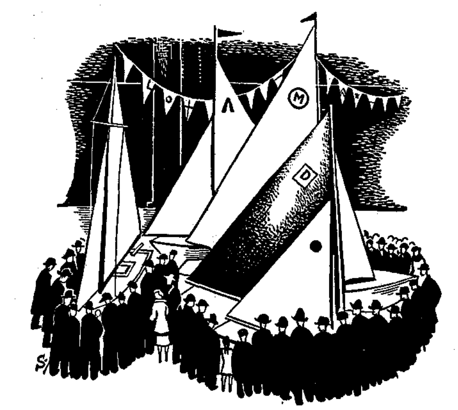
Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Dolly Haas, James Mitchell, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Theatre East—Molière's comedy "The Misanthrope," in a verse translation by Richard Wilbur. With Gerald Hiken and Laurinda Barrett. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 2-9220. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 24: "Bourrée Fantasque," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Pied Piper."... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 25: "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), "The Still Point," and "Bourrée Fantasque."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 26: "Fanfare," "Con Amore," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 26: "Con Amore," "Allegro Brillante," "Illuminations," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Jan. 27: "Swan Lake," "Interplay," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Souvenirs."... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 27: "Fanfare," "The Cage," "Age of Anxiety," and "Pied Piper." ... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 29: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Masquers" (company première), "Pas de Dix," and "Pied Piper." ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 30: "Allegro Brillante," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 31: "Age of Anxiety," "Filling Station," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 1: "Divertimento No. 15," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," "Illuminations," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 2: "Swan Lake," "Filling Station," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Souvenirs." ... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Western Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)



José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30 and at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Follies of 1957—With Frances Dorsey, Florence Rae, Andra McLaughlin, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Final performances Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.)

Siobhan McKenna—Playing the title role in "Hamlet," with a supporting cast of eleven actors who will be heard but not seen. The fourth in a series of five programs being presented by the Greater New York Chapter of ANTA. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. Monday, Jan. 28, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 2. For tickets, call PL 7-4133, Ext. 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a landscape of almost awesome splendor, has dinner music until ten, at which hour Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band come aboard. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A celebrated house by the side of the road whose principal transients are all Carl Van Vechten types. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's Latin band buzz like mad night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lilo, who spends her leisure time singing vigorously in the handsome Cotillion Room about the pleasures, legal and otherwise, of a city (pop. 2,691,000) on the Seine, has joined the ladies who like, in the course of their evening's work, to strip down to a play suit—in her case, a leotard. An orchestra operated by Joseph Sudy chortles away with grace and agility whenever Alan Logan's rumba group takes a breather. Closed Sundays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night from cocktails through supper in the placid Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lillian Roth, whose remembrance of things past is nothing if not accurate, does a reprise of life upon the unwicked stage back in the twenties and thirties, and does it very well. She appears at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, where Ted Straeter's orchestra and glee club and Mark Monte's clutch of musicians are in action the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one

Squaring the Family Circle

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familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is Leo LeFleur's string group at the cocktail hour. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is again in action in the Edwardian Room at the dinner hour. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—So many Lombardos nest in the Grill at night that it's easier to dance to their twitterings than it is to just talk. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, where pomp and circumstance are the inflexible order of the evening, is presenting Doretta Morrow, who, not content with letting the customers know that she has a beautiful voice, feels impelled to manage a special costume change, so they'll know that she has beautiful legs. In between her dinner and supper recitals, the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari contribute their galloping dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The divertissement in the ample Café Rouge involves Ray McKinley, the Glenn Miller band, and a houseful of fine old Glenn Miller orchestrations, which still withstand the test of time. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Like Chinatown, Grant's Tomb, and the Flea Circus, this is a tourist attraction that never seems to lose its charm. Two bands play ticktacktoe in one corner.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Constance Bennett, a notably slim princess, and her potpourri of song, chatter, and dance, come to an end on Tuesday, Jan. 29. After that, the dinner and supper show will be Yma Sumac, whose voice is the world's pole-vaulting champion. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men start turning out dance music at eight.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Man is born to trouble, say the tense little couplets of Lena Horne, who looks and sounds as if she meant every word of them. This neat bit of spellbinding is available at dinner and supper in the Empire Room; Nat Brandwynne's milk-and-honey orchestra and Mischa Borr's band function all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, the Alt Wien group led by Jozsi Ribari and the trio belonging to Bernie Leighton concoct sitting-down music from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one; Mr. Borr's orchestra takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—The quickest way of getting away from it all is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, you can watch restless New York turning into a Jack and the Beanstalk. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

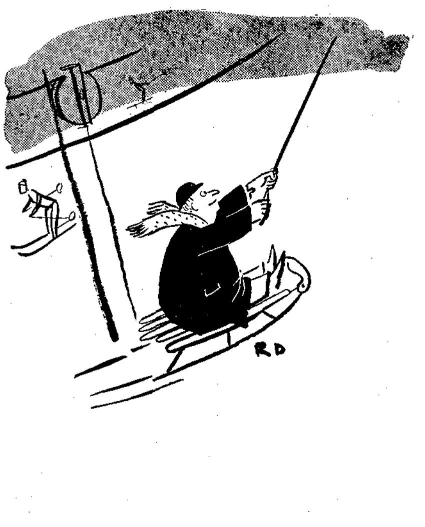
DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A green pasture, complete with green bay tree, where the browsing is decorous indeed. Addison Bailey's cocktail, dinner, and supper piano is in keeping with the mood. Sundays, Paul Morse fills in for him. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An established hothouse, well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. George Rosner does a placid dinner-and-supper obbligato at the piano. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins, host, pianist, and news vender, performs in the midst of the Southern style county fair that occupies his neat restaurant. Wayne Sanders is his alter ego at the instrument. The music starts early and lasts late. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The pianist Paul Schlesinger and the violinist Herman Honigsberg, classicists to their fingertips, lend quiet enchantment to a dignified dinner hour that lasts until one in the morning.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): The conversations on some of the tableside telephones make it seem like a capital-gains conference room, but there are also victuals, wine, and Renato Rossini's guitar, which is murmurous from nine to eleven and fiery Andalusian from then until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): The bar-and-grill will look and sound more like its old self when Cy Walter again sits down at the piano, on Wednesday, Jan. 30. He'll play from cocktails through dinner, and again from ten till one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style) that includes a good deal of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): The piano music in the bar is the work of Jules Kuti, who favors sweetness and light. It begins at the cocktail hour; curfew is at eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Tommy Wolf, a rhyming dictionary with a piano, has come a long way (from St. Louis) to intone his inventive ballads. He's around this decorator's dream after ten. Closed Mondays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Just the sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent is French and environs, from kitchen to the strolling music. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): By any name, it's still the Sherry-Netherland bar—comfortable, rambling, and lightly dusted with parlor piano from dinner to supper every evening but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE BOHEMIA,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 7-6398): The ballads and the instrumental music scattered through the dinner and supper hours dwell on the carry-me-back-to-that-old-Blue-Danube theme. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): "Blossom Time" all over again, but a much more soothing blend of violin, voice, and zimbalon than the Messrs. Shubert ever served up. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): A bustling music-with-every-course deal that sounds most dulcet when Monica Boyár is singing and a six-man band is tootling Lehár. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at eight. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Chiefly for people who like to just hang around and talk. Someone or other is always at the piano.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Pearl Bailey, who believes in acquiring worldly wisdom the hard way, tells absolutely all in the course of her songfest, to hear which you'll have to sit through a lot of stuff you could get at home on television. Dancing.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): T. C. Jones, whose transvestite caricatures are brimful of malice aforethought, lets loose his final salty barb on Saturday, Jan. 26. Will Holt, who may well be the funniest young man ever to lay hands on a guitar and a folk song; Bea Arthur, a mordant girl who discusses, not without humor, her own list of people who never would be missed; and Enid Mosier, the West Indian myna bird, and her Trinidad steel band will hold out through Sunday, Jan. 27. Monday, Jan. 28, Martha Davis and Spouse (Calvin Ponder), two perfect specimens of night-blooming flora, return themselves and their persiflage to action. The other arrivals will be Orson Bean, with his shaggy-dog and shaggy-Martian stories; Dorothy Loudon, whose attack on foolish old hit-parade songs is wild and witty; and Johnny Mathis, a high-style jazz singer. The eloquent background musings of Jimmy Lyons' restrained jazz trio and the piano of Bart Howard and Otis Clements will, as before, make everything sound its best. . . . ¶ In the lounge, except Sundays, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinnertime; the breakfast-with-the-Davises session, from 2 to 4 A.M., will again be available when they return, and the Lyonses will assist. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, our own Little Buttercup, is giving her raffish ditties that fine old hop, skip, and jump treatment. Abbey Lincoln, the rest of the cast, represents a newer *schola cantorum*. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Words of wisdom, spoken almost entirely in jest. They were written mostly by Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; they are spoken by June Ericson, a pearl of great price, and her precocious playmates—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews. The occasion is the latest of Julius Monk's portmanteau revues, for which the pit band is the pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard finds this a handy place to go right out of her witty little mind, which (since practice makes perfect) she does with neatness and dispatch. There are also Tony and Eddie, whose parodies trample on the clay feet of many a recording star; Joey Carter, who has jokes in every category; the manic singing of Tiger Haynes, the Three Flames, and Jimmie Daniels; and the piano soliloquies of Warren Vaughan. It's best to go late, and be prepared to stay late. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey, who holds the floor most of the evening, has messages for all of us, so deftly garbled in transmission that the end product is not only utter confusion but utter joy. Among the other troupers is the team of Cindy and Lindy, whose conversation is often reasonably entertaining. To the rear, the Norman Paris trio thinks up its unique evening-dress syncopation. On Tuesday, Jan. 29, Judy Tyler, one of the few survivors of "Pipe Dream," will start singing. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): The mood of this pleasant hideaway will undergo a slight change as of Monday, Jan. 28. The eminent Mabel Mercer will continue to arrive at eleven to give the poetry of the newer laureates (Alec Wilder, Bart Howard, and the like) a special reading in her understanding contralto, and Sam Hamilton, her perennial accompanist, will continue to help out at the piano late in the evening, but there will also be ballads by Felicia Sanders, who often toasts her lyrics over a rather warm fire. She'll start at ten. Forrest Perrin is at the piano from six to ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): An elbow-rubbing sort of deal, but apt to be fun. Bobby Short, the perkiest troubadour of the night people, has his trio, his piano, and his Benzedrine ballads all working their heads off for him late in the evening. Sunday, his

THE MOST HAPPY PIANIST

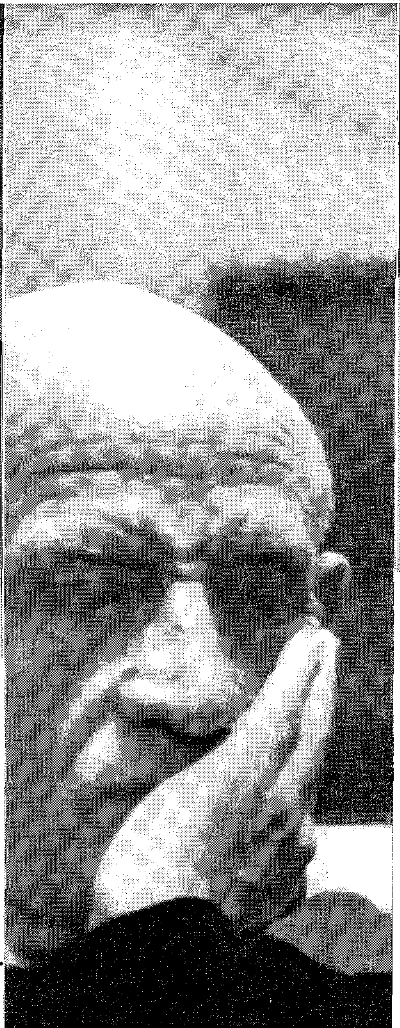
Few sounds in music are happier than those produced by *Erroll Garner at a piano.* Any piano, anywhere! Garner is a man who can strut sitting down. He can also parade from a piano bench without leaving it, as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" demonstrates. Legend has it that Garner's career began when he was 3. In the years since, with no formal training and without ever learning to read music, he has proved himself one of jazzdom's true originals. Countless other pianists have been influenced by his exuberant, inventive, completely unique style. Among the thoroughly happy numbers in his latest album you'll hear "Girl of My Dreams," and exhibition of the famous "Garner rock" and "The Way Back Blues," a Garner opus that has all the joy of a rent party social going full blast!

ERROLL GARNER: *The Most Happy Piano.* CL 939 $3.98

COWARD IS AT IT AGAIN

"Noel Coward in New York" offers final, conclusive proof . . . in case anyone still needs it . . . that Mr. Coward is not only riotously funny, but also witty, erudite, sophisticated and above all, a great professional. Required listening among 20 items: "Louisa," the sad tale of a movie queen who finds no joy in her Oscars (nor her Bills, Henrys, Georges or Davids, either); "Why Must the Show Go On," which dares question the foundation of the theatre's most courageous tradition; "I Like America," a salute to some of the less orthodox virtues of our good land; and finally, "The Party's Over Now," which with he bids us a sad, but quite temporary, adieu.

NOEL COWARD IN NEW YORK
ML 5163 $3.98



DIMITRI POLISHES SOME APPLES

Saint-Saëns once wrote that he produced music much in the same manner "as an apple tree produces apples." His music just came naturally . . . with no special ax to grind, but just to be enjoyed. Four of his juiciest "apples" are the ear-pleasing quartet of tone-poems performed on one of the new Columbia Records by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Under the baton of Maestro Mitropoulos these "apples" glow!

SAINT-SAËNS: Danse Macabre; Le Rouet D'Omphale; Phaeton; La Jeunesse D'Hercule. ML 5154 $3.98

DEBUSSY IN A BEER HALL

A while back we journeyed to Missouri, laden with hi-fi equipment, to make our first Ⓛⓟ records with Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony. The program was Debussy and Ravel (a workout for the sound engineer); the problem was where to record it. After casing most of the theatres, school gyms, YW and YMCA's in town, we found the answer in a mellow, resounding beer hall known as the Old St. Louis House. A few hand claps convinced us we had found acoustics that fit the orchestra like a glove. When Golschmann and his men heard the first playbacks they were amazed: "Do we really sound that good?" They do!

DEBUSSY: La Mer; **RAVEL:** La Valse and Valses Nobles et Sentimentales. ML 5155 $3.98

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vacation time, it is more than likely that Sheila Barrett, a fond memory of our salad days, will be delivering her shoptalk on bores she has known.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville never stray far from the pianos in the bar. There's other amusement, in the song-and-patter line. Sundays there are also ancient movies; Mondays are amateur-talent nights.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Jimmy McPartland, Vic Dickenson, Pee Wee Russell, Johnny Varro, Buzzy Drootin, and Arvell Shaw are sounding off in the oldest permanent floating Dixieland in New York. In between times, Teddy Roy has a go at the piano. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A kind of jazz that is part rumpus, part byplay, part community sing. The professional participants are Dorothy Donegan's threesome and Jonah Jones' foursome. Their music starts at nine. There's also cocktail and dinner solo piano every evening. Sundays, the star performer is the trio presided over by Jack Elliott, whose current-idiom piano bristles with ideas.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): A few durable friends of the Chattanooga Choo-Choo assemble, under the jurisdiction of Billy Maxted, to talk over the good old days. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Another busy weekend (Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26) at this bustling crossroads. Most of the racket will be made by Lionel Hampton's troupe of performing seals; Bobby Scott's trio will be there, too.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Shep Shepard, Benny Moten, and Sonny White keep green the memory of a glorious old yesteryear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. The place is shut tight Sundays; the jam session on Monday, Jan. 28, will display Phinney's Favorite Five, whose habitat is Williams College.... **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Never mind the rumbling bar out front; the important thing is the back-room music—crisp, forward-looking, and uncondescending—that issues from the trio of Marian McPartland, girl pianist, and the quartet of Don Elliott, master of the French horn. The McPartlands, whose last night is Wednesday, Jan. 30, are off Sunday, the Elliotts are off Monday. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, is at the piano from six to around nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Fair and much cooler is the prospect for the rapt listeners who assemble here. Bud Powell's trio and Johnny Smith's quartet are the present reasons. Al Hibbler's songs of passion are, on the other hand, still songs of passion. Everybody's around except Monday, when guest artists assemble to make jam.... **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar is an enthusiastic trio led by Russ Haddock, a young piano man who appears to belong to no school at all. Frannie Thorne, the interlude pianist, is in a more introspective state of mind. The music begins at nine. No action Mondays.... **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): A new listeners' gallery, no bigger than a thin dime. The music of the incumbent trios—Cy Coleman's and Billy Taylor's—presents a probably accurate and unquestionably intelligible forecast of the shape of things to come. The Colemans lay off Sundays; the Taylors lay off Mondays.... **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): Dixie, even in its most unreconstructed form, could never have been quite as unruly as this. Ken Kersey, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Buck Clayton, Marty Napoleon, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, and Claude Hopkins are the prime movers in the barrage, which is just about continuous from 3:30 P.M. to 3 A.M. weekdays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon hold an open forum with Bud Freeman, George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and Russell Moore.... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Mood music of 1957, 1958, et seq. The quintet topped by those fraternal soloists Cannonball and Nat Adderley leaves on Sunday, Jan. 27; Jo Jones' new quartet (Dick Katz, Tommy Potter, and the seldom heard Lucky Thompson) stays on through Thursday, Jan. 31. Next evening, two quintets—J. J. Johnson's and Les Jazz Modes—will blow in. Closed Tuesdays.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): A weekend contact with early times. Among the Old Guardsmen due on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, are Charlie Shavers, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Zutty Singleton, Dick Wellstood, Andy Russo, and Art Trappier.... **THE PAD,** 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-9393): Hope springing eternal from the instruments of worthy offbeat musicians in a brand-new offbeat arena, open only on weekends. Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, there'll be a real splinter group led by Charles Mingus, a less-far-out quartet led by Gil Mellé. The music begins at nine.... **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): This fraction of the Henry Hudson Hotel secedes to the Solid South between nine and one, when Bobby Hackett, that silver-tongued orator, and his five-man posse (Dick Cary and Ernie Caceres are among the deputy sheriffs) keep the heat turned on. The intermission pianist is Sanford Gold, a good man in a clutch. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

DARREL AUSTIN—Twenty-nine pastels (figures, animals, and landscapes) done in 1956; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

BALTHUS—A show of a dozen and a half oils from the past three years, which is running simultaneously with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

GIFFORD BEAL—A big, inclusive, generally interesting memorial exhibition of paintings and other works by the American artist, who died last year; through Feb. 15. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

JASON BERGER—Large, forceful abstract landscapes, in a first New York exhibition of paintings by a young Boston artist; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Paintings, mainly of Harlem and West Indian scenes, by an artist with a nice eye for the evocative details of everyday life; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Recent oils painted in this country; through Feb. 9. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Impressions of Arizona and Venice, portraits, and Biblical paintings, all turned out during the last decade; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

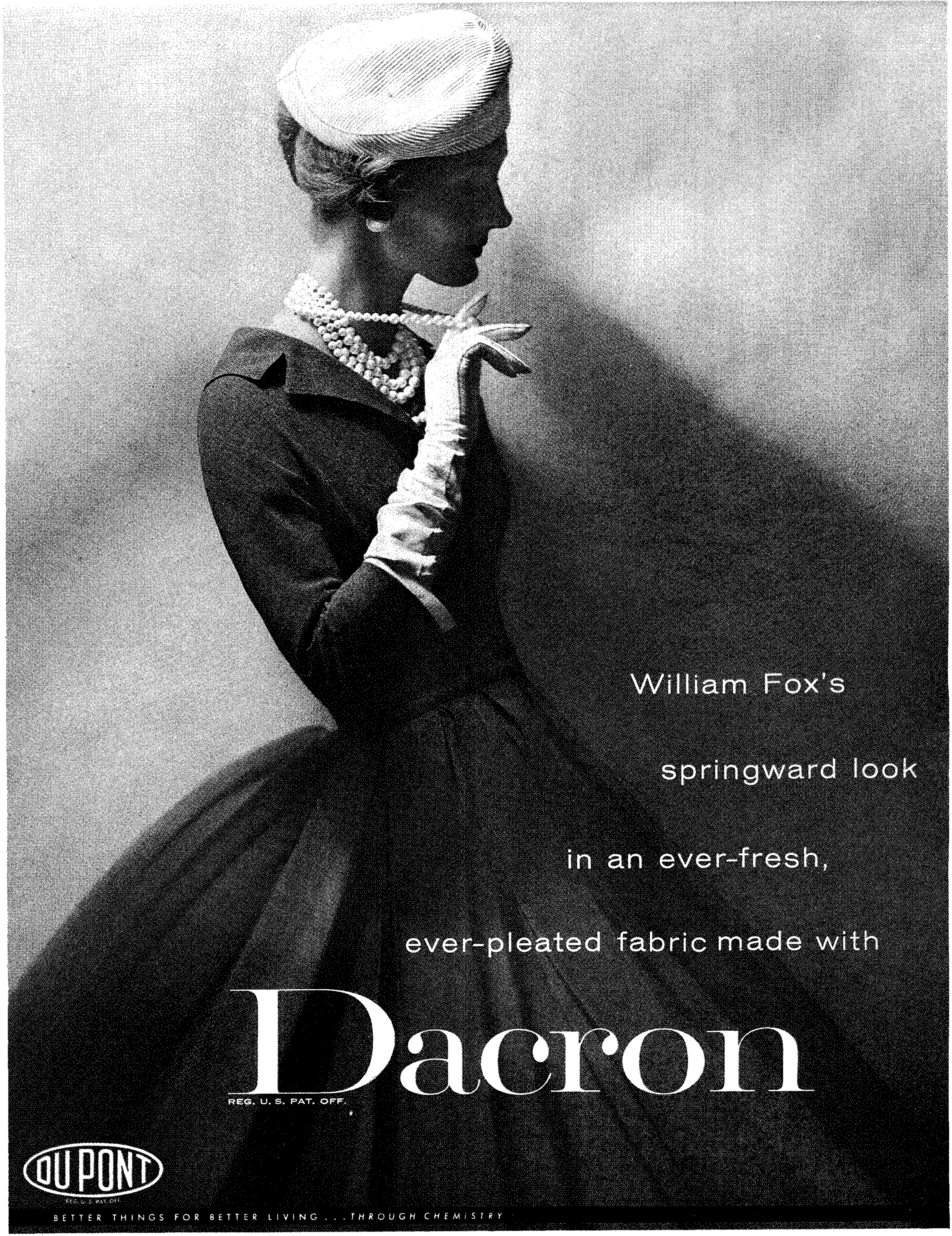
JOSEPH GREENBERG—Expressionist oils (landscapes, cityscapes, portraits, and still-lifes); through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JOSÉ GUERRERO—A second solo appearance here, comprising fifteen abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

BARBARA HEPWORTH—The British sculptress is represented by seventeen wood and stone carvings, five bronzes, and a group of drawings in oil and pencil; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—New paintings, still blazing with color but perhaps more solidly organized than his previous ones; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HELEN HOKINSON—Thirty-seven drawings, all of which appeared in this magazine at one time or another. For the most part in black-and-white, they range in date from 1925 until her death in November, 1949. Through Friday, Feb. 1. (Women's City Club, 277 Park Ave.,



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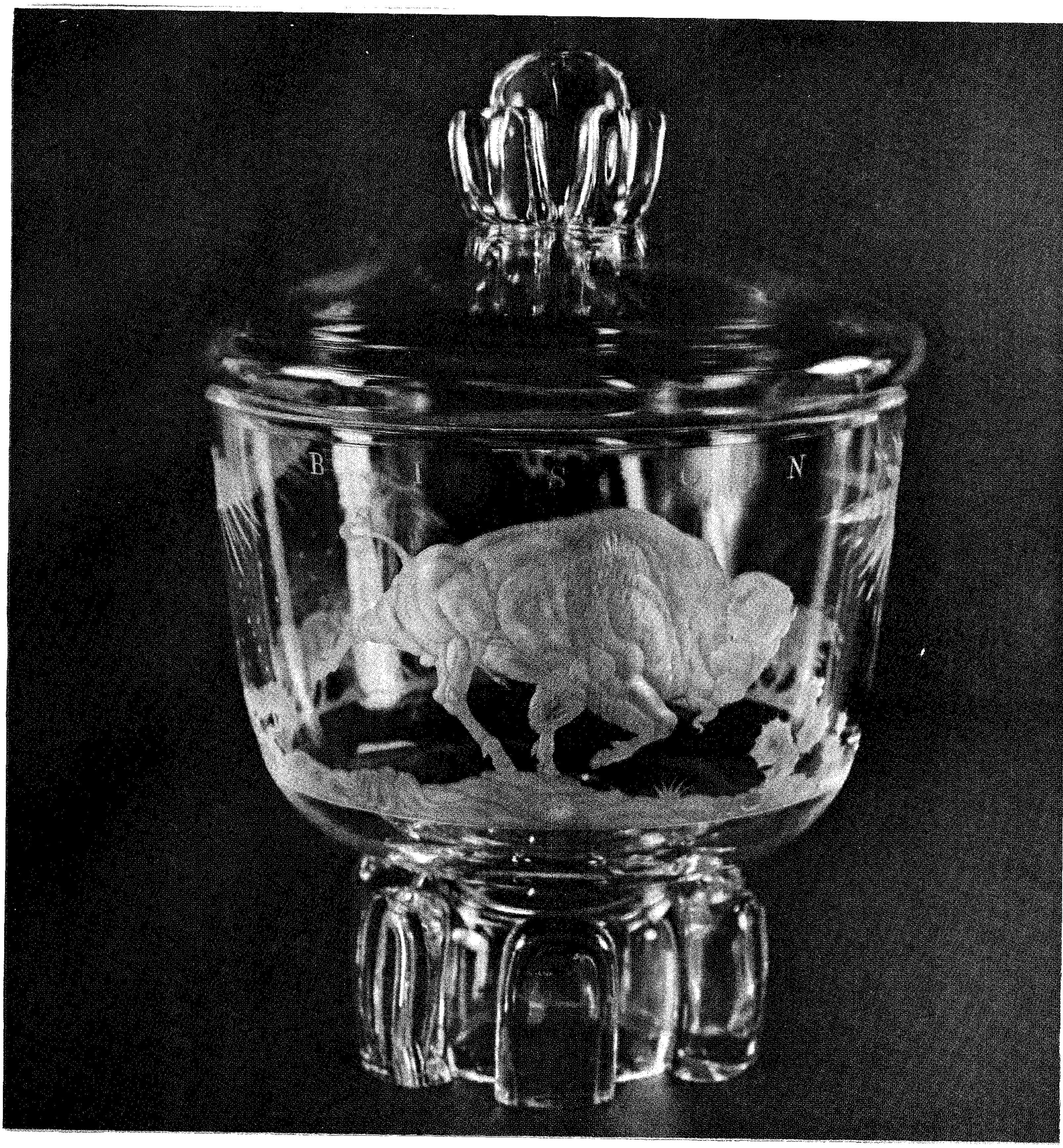

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Geoffrey Holder—The latest paintings of the young Trinidadian artist, actor, and dancer; through Feb. 9. (Barone, 202 E. 51st St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Wassily Kandinsky—Paintings in oil and other mediums, dating from 1904 to a few years before his death in 1944, in the first exhibition of his works here in some time; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

Peter Lanyon—This English painter, in his local début, is showing rather abstract landscapes, mostly; through Feb. 9. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger—"Major Themes," an exhibit of oils covering main phases of his production from the year 1909 until 1955, when he died; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Roy F. Lichtenstein—American Indian scenes predominate in the oils, gouaches, and drawings in his current exhibition; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Marines, still-lifes, and other subjects, all from his late years (1942-54), in a small memorial to this artist, who died in 1955; through Feb. 9. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Bronze, terra-cotta, and ceramic sculptures, ranging from his early efforts in 1899 to some pieces completed in 1953; through Feb. 9. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Water colors, the majority painted last summer and dealing very appealingly with life in Harlem and other Metropolitan themes; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Christian Rohlfs—The first exhibition here of paintings by this turn-of-the-century German, who worked generally in a modified Expressionist style; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Doris Rosenthal—Oils and pastels executed during the past two years, all on Mexican subject matter; through Feb. 16. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Egon Schiele—A review of water colors and drawings by the Austrian Expressionist (1890-1918); through Feb. 23. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Landscape paintings, chiefly, done in broad masses of dreamily evocative colors; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Landscapes and figure studies, darkly brooding in mood, by a young Oklahoma artist; through Friday, Feb. 1. (Zodiac, 123 E. 55th St.)

Vera Stravinsky—Skillfully handled abstractions, touched here and there with reminiscences of Klee, by the wife of the composer; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

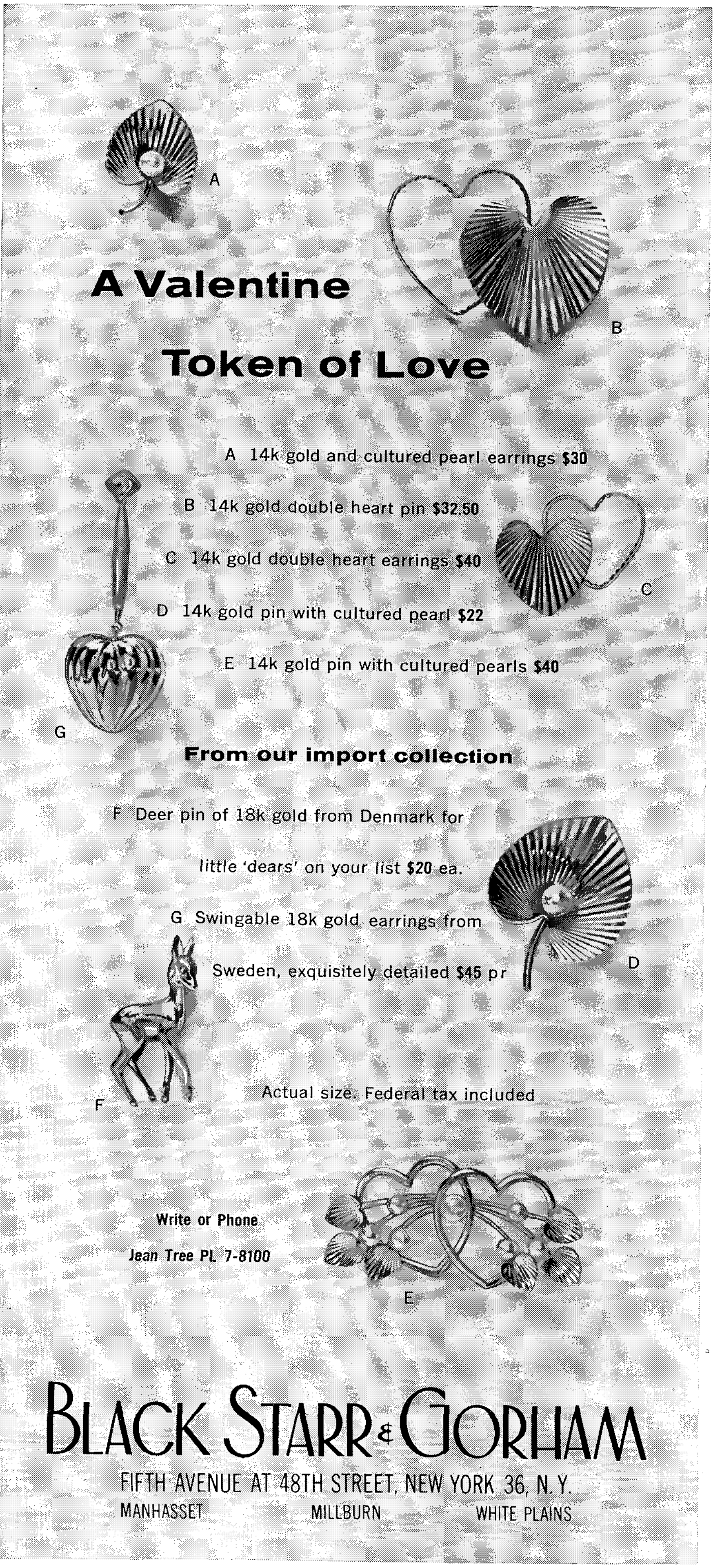
Maurice Utrillo—A retrospective of some sixty oils by the French artist, who died in 1955; for the benefit of the Hadassah Medical Relief Association. Through March 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Max Weber—Twenty-two large gouaches (figure studies, portraits, and so on) make up the artist's first show of new paintings in five years; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Minneapolis Institute of Arts Exhibition—A benefit show of twenty-five oils and ten sculptures from the Institute's collection, and pretty much all masterpieces, by such artists as Daddi, El Greco, Rembrandt, and Renoir; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Audubon Artists—Their fifteenth annual, containing works in various mediums by both members and non-members, with Gerald Fromberg, Syd Solomon, and José de Creeft among the award winners; through Feb. 3. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Sculptures—At the **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave., at 80th St.: Robert Laurent, Jane Wasey, George Rickey, and other present-day artists are showing work in wood, metal, and stone; through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . WILLARD, 23 W. 56th St.: A group of about forty pieces, half of them ranging from 700 B.C. Egyptian to Early American, and the rest by such twentieth-century Americans and Europeans as Henry Moore, Marino Marini, and Dorothy Dehner; through Saturday, Jan. 26.

Americans; Group Shows—At the ALAN, 32 E. 65th St.: A selection made by Vincent Price of paintings and drawings by living American artists, among them Hyman Bloom, Robert Motherwell, and Mark Tobey; through Feb. 9. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.: Stephen Etnier, Leon Kroll, and Ogden Pleissner are three of the contemporary painters who have new oils on view; through Feb. 9. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by Chaim Gross, Louis Schanker, Seymour Lipton, and others; through Feb. 21. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9.) . . . TANAGER, 90 E. 10th St.: Twenty-six artists currently working on 10th Street (including Giorgio Cavallon, Philip Guston, and Angelo Ippolito) are represented in a showing of twenty-six paintings and sculptures; through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Oils and water colors by American, French, and German painters, including Schmidt-Rottluff, Kokoschka, Soulages, and Vytlacil; through Thursday, Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: Paintings and other works by Jankel Adler, Rhys Caparn, Louis Bunce, and other artists of this gallery; through Feb. 18.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Works by ten younger members of the Paris school of painters, including Jacus, Lorjou, and Clavé; through Feb. 8. . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: An exhibition entitled "Twelve Modern Masters," featuring works by Braque, Klee, and Modigliani; through March 16.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the JACKSON, 32 E. 69th St.: Adolph Gottlieb; starting Tuesday, Jan. 29. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: John Hartell; starting Monday, Jan. 28. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Thomas Sills; starting Monday, Jan. 28. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Edward John Stevens; starting Saturday, Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Group shows at the KOOTZ, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.; starting Monday, Jan. 28. SEGY, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; starting Friday, Feb. 1, at 1.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A circularly mounted hundred-and-sixty-five-foot-long panorama of the palace and gardens of Versailles, painted by the American John Vanderlyn in 1818-19, and, in an adjoining room, related exhibits of prints and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and drawings by Balthus, a French artist of Polish descent; through Feb. 3. (A good complement to the exhibition is the Balthus show at Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ An exhibition of oils, water colors, and drawings by Jackson Pollock (1912-56); through Feb. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty objects of early-Egyptian art (wood sculpture, stone relief, faïence, silver, and bronze) acquired by the Museum during the past five years; through March 17. . . . ¶ "Golden Years of American Drawing, 1905-56," consisting of a hundred and seventy-five examples, many on loan, by William Glackens, George Luks, Marsden Hartley, Ben Shahn, and others; through March 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Two medieval illuminated manuscripts, one a tiny Book of Hours once owned by Jeanne d'Evreux, Queen of France, and the other a larger prayer book that belonged to Jean, Duke of Berry, Prince of France, on display for the first time; through Feb. 24. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by about thirty Puerto Rican artists, in our first New York view of what seems to be a Renaissance down there; through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings (1815-65) from the M. and M. Karolik collection of nineteenth-century American art, most of them lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston; through Feb. 24. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Theodor Uppman, Cyril Ritchard, and Ralph Herbert. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Nadine Conner, Mario Del Monaco, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Blanche Thebom, Mariquita Moll, Ramon Vinay, and Hermann Uhde. (One of four special-subscription performances.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:15: "Il Trovatore," with Antonietta Stella, Jean Madeira, Kurt Baum, and Ettore Bastianini. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 28, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Daniele Barioni, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Sandra Warfield, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 7:45: "Siegfried," with Martha Moedl, Wolfgang Windgassen, Otto Edelmann, and Norman Kelley. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Aïda," with Antonietta Stella, Blanche Thebom, Kurt Baum, and Robert McFerrin. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Licia Albanese, Nadine Conner, Giorgio Tozzi, and Martial Singher. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Die Walküre," with Margaret Harshaw, Marianne Schech, Ramon Vinay, and Otto Edelmann. (The second of four special-subscription performances.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Hilde Gueden, Laurel Hurley, Jan Peerce, and Ettore Bastianini.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:45, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:30 (both with Glenn Gould, piano). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 (both with Nathan Milstein, violin); and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:45 (with Laszlo Varga, cello).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting, with Eileen Flissler, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a program presenting the 1956 winners of the Music Education League's concerto and vocal competitions. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:45.)

City Symphony Orchestra—Franz Bibo conducting, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin, and Lorin Bernsohn, cello. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Sontag String Sinfonietta—Wesley Sontag conducting, with Melvin Kaplan, oboe. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 5:30.)

Symphony of the Air—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting, with Isidore Cohen, violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing a program of fifteenth-century French vocal music by Guillaume Dufay. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Little Singers of Paris—Msgr. Fernand Maillet

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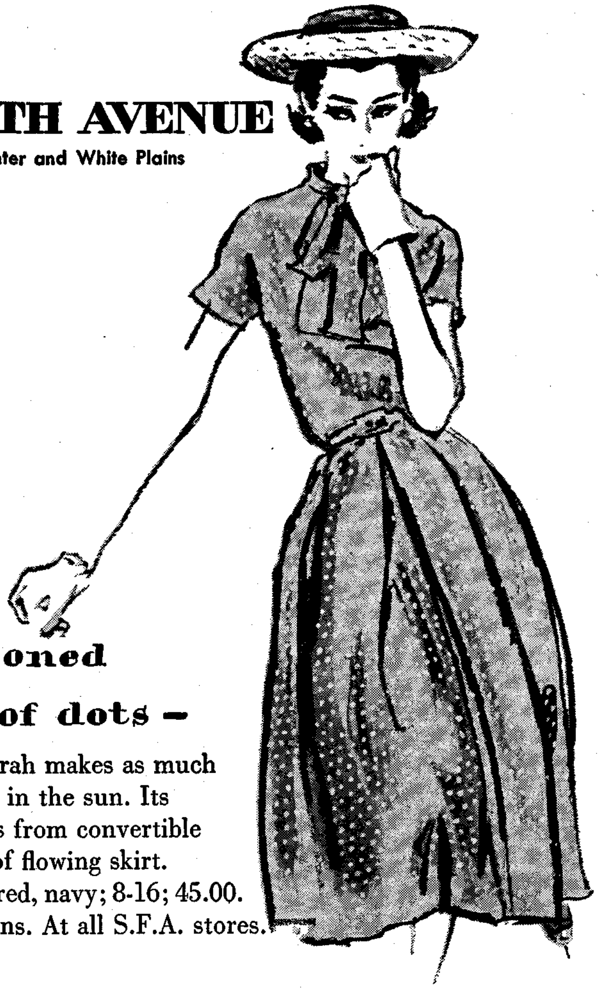

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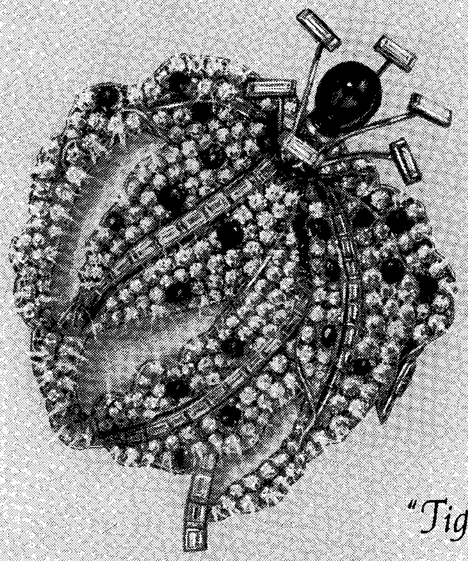

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directing a program of medieval music. (The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Friday, Feb. 1, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Associates—Joseph Wolman, piano; Dorothy Minty, violin; and David Glazer, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Lilian Kallir—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:40, a program of British and Scottish ballads. . . . ¶ Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Adele Addison—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

Alexander Brailowsky—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Amiram Rigai—Israeli pianist. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Karl and Phyllis Kraeuter—Violin and cello, with Joseph Wolman, piano; Herbert Feldman, viola; and Stuart Sankey, double bass. The second of two concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:40.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Vienna Octet—A Beethoven-Schubert program. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Griller Quartet—The last in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:40.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Playing the sitar, an Indian stringed instrument, with Chatur Lal, who plays the tabla, or Indian drums. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Note—The Quartetto Italiano will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 29, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Virgin Isles Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Jazz Concert—Don Elliott, Lee Konitz, Oscar Pettiford, Charles Mingus, Cannonball Adderley, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, J. J. Johnson, Herbie Mann, George Wallington, Tony Scott, Jimmy Rushing, Barbara Lea, Mae Barnes, and others are scheduled to appear. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Yama Bahama vs. Isaac Logart, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 1. Preliminaries at 8:30; *main bout at 10.)*

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: Rangers vs. Detroit.

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call MU 6-1456.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a program that will include Gail Kubik's "Gerald McBoing-Boing." (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

RECITAL—Richard Dyer-Bennet in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:40.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Twice Around the Sun," demonstrates the changes in the skies during 1956 and previews astronomical events for 1957. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations figures are interviewed and films of General Assembly meetings are shown Sunday mornings on WCBS-TV, from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—At the **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL**, Y.M.H.A.: Donald Hall, Alastair Reid, and May Swenson reading from their own poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 6:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC**: J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," read by a company of actors sponsored by Peggy Wood. (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

NATIONAL MOTOR BOAT SHOW—Cruisers, sailboats, and runabouts, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. The biggest item is a fifty-three-foot yacht equipped with an electric dishwasher; the smallest is an oarlock or something. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, from 1 to 11; Saturday, Jan. 26, from 11 to 11; and Sunday, Jan. 27, from 2 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 1:45; Friday, Jan. 25, at 10:30 and 1:45; and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1:45: Part II of the Mrs. John E. Rovensky collection—Georgian, Sheraton, and other furniture; old English silver; decorative objects, among them Chinese porcelains and Japanese ivory carvings; and Oriental rugs and carpets. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 29-30, at 1:45: Standard sets of English and French authors, color-plate books, and other literary material; from the library of the late Mrs. John E. Rovensky.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne and written by S. J. Perelman, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. They make a diverting team. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Giant—A Texas-size view of Texas, which is apparently populated by a peculiar band of primitives in a permanent state of uproar. Adapted from the novel by Edna Ferber and directed by George Stevens, the movie ambles along for some three and a half hours, leaving the cast, headed by Rock Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, and James Dean, looking winded at the finish. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Jan. 30.)

The Great Man—In this sardonic exploration of the career of a defunct broadcasting hero, José Ferrer heads an estimable cast that includes Ed Wynn, Keenan Wynn, and Dean Jagger. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Lust for Life—A superb account of Vincent van Gogh's career, in which excellent use is made of the Master's paintings. Kirk Douglas is highly persuasive as van Gogh, and Anthony Quinn is a creditable Gauguin. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Oklahoma!—The Rodgers and Hammerstein hymn to the cow country, in a big-screen, wide-lens version. Among the large, overpowering images thrown on the screen are those of Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones, Charlotte Greenwood, and Rod Steiger. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Jan. 26, tentative.)

The Proud and the Beautiful—In this French picture, adapted from a story by Jean-Paul Sartre, a Mexican town in the grip of an epidemic is examined with startling realism. By way of romance, the picture offers Michèle Morgan, as a recently widowed lady who is not long in finding a new admirer, and Gérard Philipe, as the admirer—a drunken doctor full of guilt because of a couple of medical mishaps. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 24.)

The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a rural confection that concerns itself with a homely girl who is convinced by a fast-talking confidence man that she is really quite a belle. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Jan. 29.)

BOX OFFICE
Neuwirth

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Judy Holliday at her funny best in an adaptation of the George Kaufman-Howard Teichmann play about a lady who, although she owns only a few shares in a business enterprise, manages to take charge of it by getting the other stockholders to rally around her. With Paul Douglas, Hiram Sherman, Fred Clark, and John Williams. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

La Strada—An Italian film, directed by Federico Fellini, that tells the strange tale of a carnival strong man, a girl whom he has purchased from her mother to serve as his slavey, and a philosophic clown. Overlong but interesting. Anthony Quinn plays the strong man, Giulietta Masina the girl, and Richard Basehart the clown. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Tempest in the Flesh—Ostensibly a clinical look at the problem of nymphomania, but actually more successful as a melodrama. The cast, in which Françoise Arnoul and Raymond Pellegrin are prominent, cannot be faulted. In French. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Ten Commandments—What life might have been like in Old Testament times if Cecil Blount deMille had been around to expand and enliven things. A spectacular piece of work, as you might expect, which goes on for almost four hours. In the cast are Charlton Heston, who plays Moses; Sir Cedric Hardwicke, who plays a Pharaoh; Yul Brynner, who plays the Pharaoh's son; and about a million other performers. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

We Are All Murderers—The case against capital punishment is presented dramatically in this French film, which is brilliantly acted by all hands, including Marcel Mouloudji, Raymond Pellegrin, Antoine Balpetre, and Julien Verdier. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Wee Geordie—The story of a youthful weakling in Scotland who gets as mighty as Man Mountain Dean by devoting his spare time to a correspondence course in physical culture and winds up as the greatest hammer thrower ever seen. A British film that moves along amiably and has the benefit of some lovely Scottish scenery. Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young are happy as the principals. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

REVIVALS

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Jan. 28-29.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 29-30.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 29-30.)

The Light Touch (1952)—A comic piece about a masterwork purloined from Sicily and shunted all over the Mediterranean. With Stewart Granger and Pier Angeli. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 24.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. With Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; starting Jan. 28.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Jan. 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 26: "The Adventurer" (1917), with Charles Chaplin; and "Grandma's Boy" (1922), with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Jan. 27-30: "The Treasure of Arne" (1919), directed by Mauritz Stiller. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE RAINMAKER.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Written on the Wind," Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Jan. 29: "Blonde Sinner," Diana Dors, Michael Craig.
From Jan. 30: "Gun for a Coward," Fred MacMurray, Jeffrey Hunter.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The King and Four Queens," Clark Gable, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Jennifer Jones, John Gielgud.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Jan. 29: "Nightfall," Aldo Ray, Brian Keith.
From Jan. 30: "Top Secret Affair," Susan Hayward, Kirk Douglas.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Anastasia," Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, Helen Hayes.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Slander," Van Johnson, Ann Blyth.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BABY DOLL.

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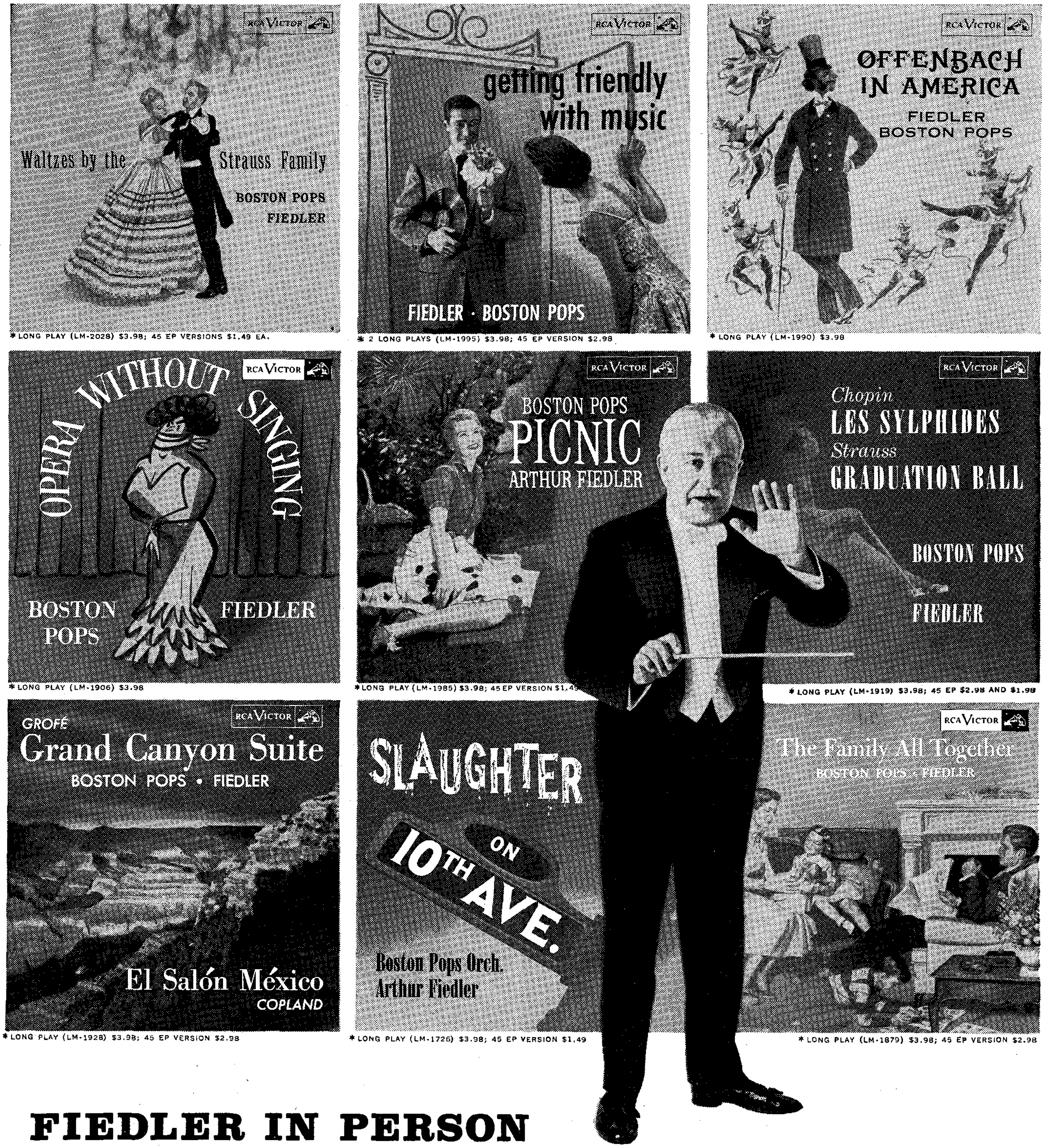
World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TEMPEST IN THE FLESH (in French).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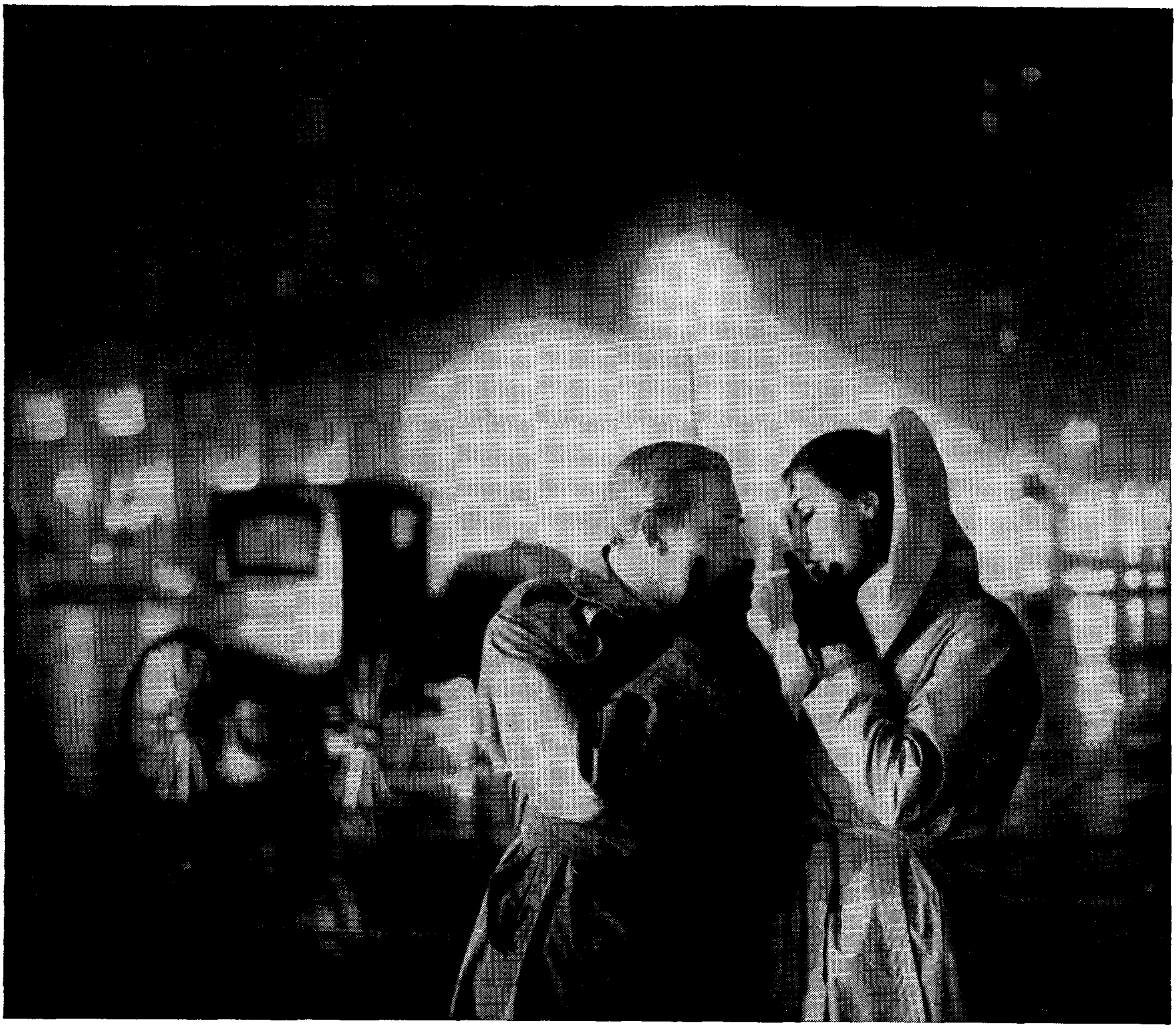

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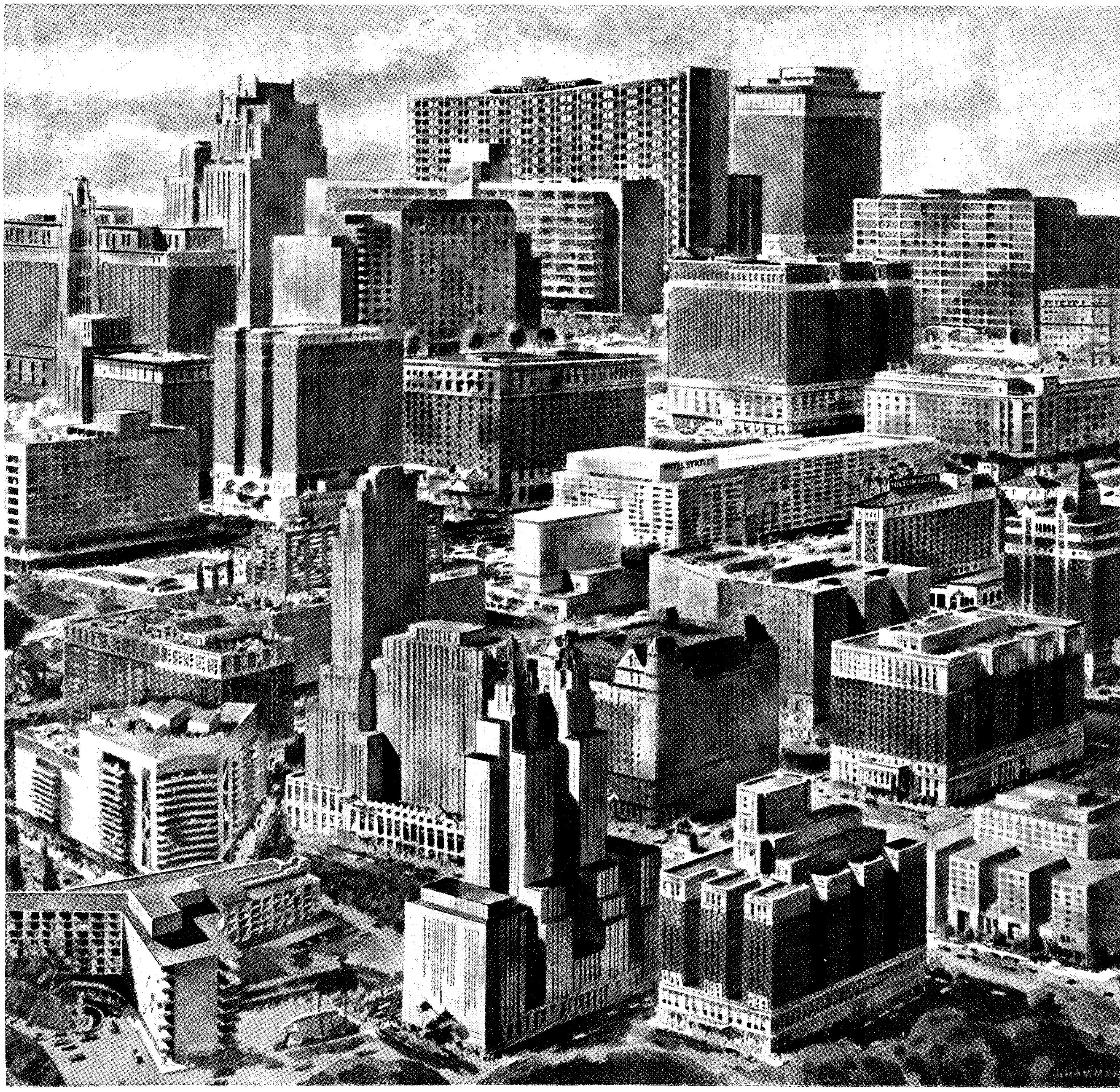

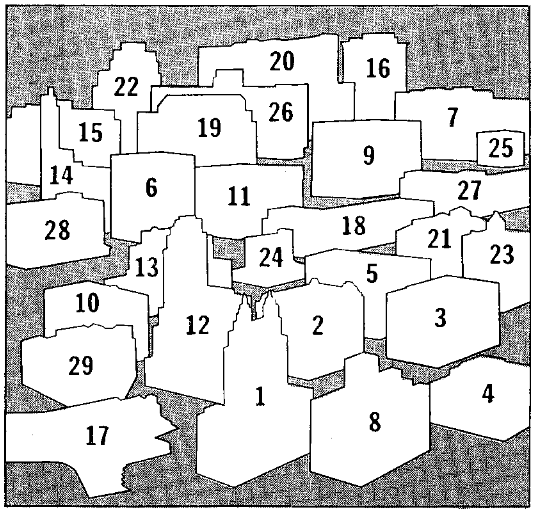

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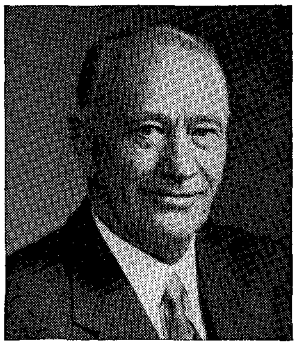

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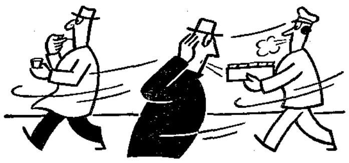
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

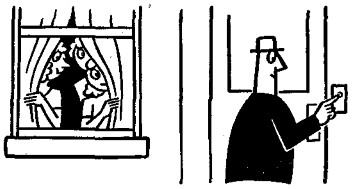
Notes and Comment

LAST week, we took a winter walk, finding ourself, almost before we knew it, down in the old part of Manhattan, near the fish market and the cordage houses and the stores that sell nets and twine. An icy wind was blowing, and icicles hung from the rear ends of trucks, and everybody who walked past us was preceded by a small white puff of steam. At the corner of Fulton and Water Streets, we glanced into the window of a fish store at a tumbled mass of enormous lobsters, who, lying on a bed of ice, looked colder than we were. We said hello to a policeman who was standing beside a horse. The horse was also a member of the Department, and was wearing a handsome blue-and-gold blanket. "Greet loves the cold weather," said the policeman, patting Greet. The dock of the Standard Fruit & Steamship Co. was frigid and forbidding—a long, deserted, wind-swept runway. It must have been warm inside the nearby offices of the Domino Sugar company, however, for through its windows we could see, bending over their desks in a huge room, a couple of dozen clerks working in their shirtsleeves. A man walked past us eating ice cream from a Dixie cup, and a messenger hurried through the streets, right behind him, carrying a cardboard box and seven containers of coffee. We dropped by the offices of the Grace Line and picked up some literature on winter cruises. The far-off warm places beckoned—Bahía, Santos, Cartagena, Montevideo, Tocopilla, Coquimbo. The literature showed llamas and palm trees and swimming pools. We walked around some more in the cold, and dropped into the Cocoa Exchange. Trading had just ended, and the cocoa traders, hats on, were preparing to step out into the cold themselves. "Most of the cocoa comes from the Gold Coast of West Africa," a friendly man told us, "and from Brazil, and from Nigeria. All hot countries. *Very* hot countries." We stepped outside again, and passed another messenger rushing containers of coffee through the streets. We found ourself in front of Fraunces Tavern, and the tavern looked inviting, so we stepped inside for a spot of brandy, then went upstairs to the second floor, to the room where George Washington took leave of his officers on December 4, 1783. "I cannot come to each of you," he said, "but shall feel obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." (A picture of the General, in a corner of the handsome old room, showed him on his knees, praying at Valley Forge in the snow.) When Washington left Fraunces Tavern, he went down Whitehall Street and boarded a barge. We walked down Whitehall Street and took the Staten Island Ferry. Last time we took the ferry, the fare was a nickel. It was still a nickel. As we rode across the harbor in the cold, we stood in the bow of the boat and, glazed ourself, studied the ice on the freighters and the barges. Hundreds of commuters stood in the heated cabin, their newspapers pressed to their noses. Miss Liberty looked cold but beautiful. We passed the floating driftwood incinerator that burns up old pilings and driftwood; its fire was going, and burned like a second beacon in the harbor. Then St. George loomed up, a New England town—New Bedford, perhaps, or Nantucket. The vast commuting crowd pressed forward as we docked, and poured off the boat. On the way back, it began to snow, and we watched Manhattan, its lights on by now, move toward us through a silvery swirl of flakes.

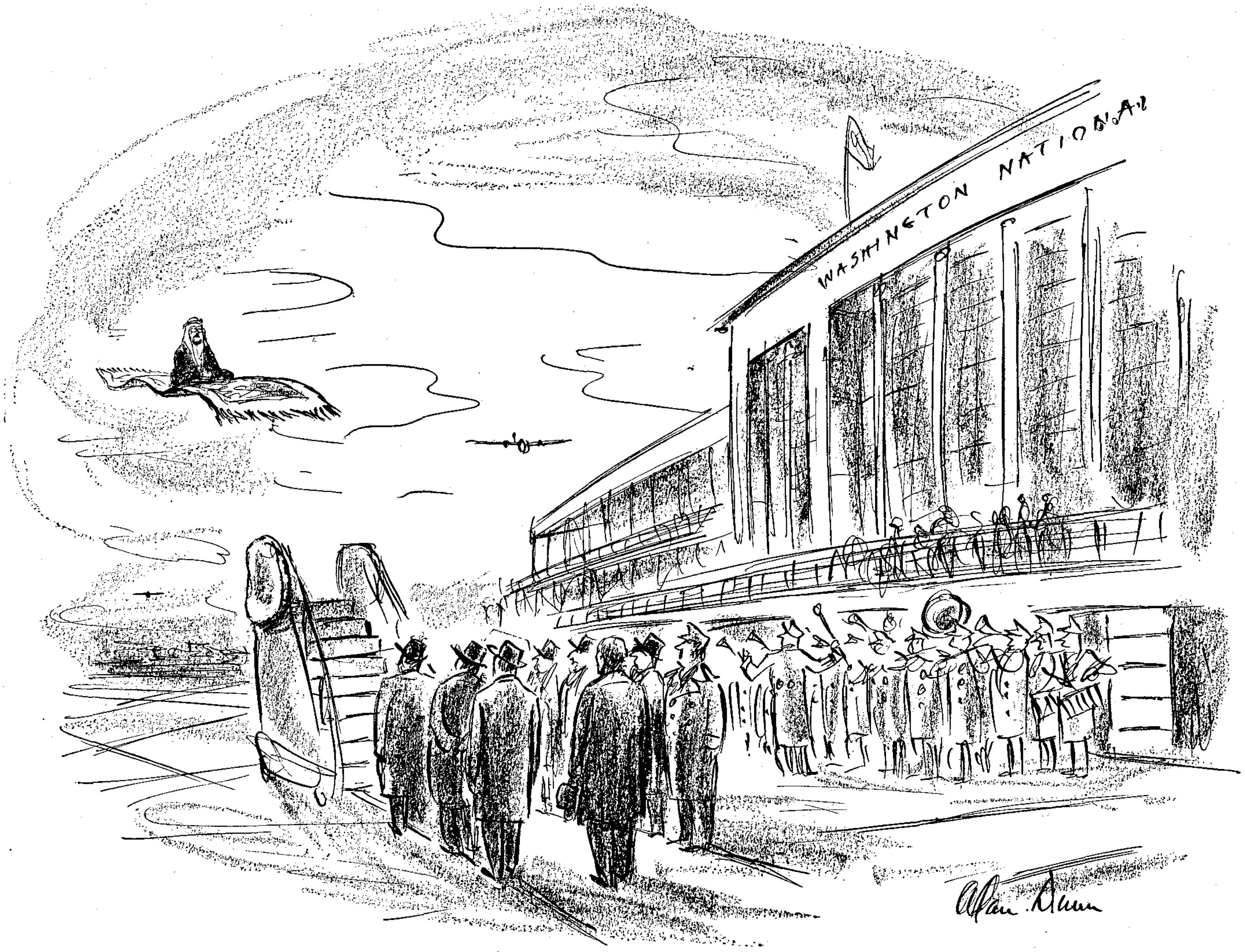


Contented Consul

HARD upon our recent talk with Hubert van Ryckevorsel, the happy Dutch Consul-General, we called on his Swedish opposite number—Erik Kronvall, who represents his country on East Sixty-fourth Street, in a nice house full of pretty lady secretaries, and is also apparently happy.



"I came here in the summer of 1955, after holding diplomatic posts in Warsaw, Berlin, Helsingfors, Shanghai, and Moscow," Mr. Kronvall said. "I live around the corner on Park Avenue in another house, which my government also owns. I go there for lunch. My home and my office are so near each other that the problem is how to get exercise. Well, in the morning I follow my ten-year-old son, Per [the Swedish equivalent of Peter, pronounced like the French "*père*"], to his school, Browning, a couple of blocks away, and then I take a walk in the Park before going to work. I used to play golf in China, and hope to take it up here. My wife and I also have two daughters—Gunilla, who's in the School of General Studies, at Columbia, and Ulrika, who's at Spence. Last summer, we all got in our car and drove around New England—Cape Cod, Bar Harbor, the White Mountains, the Green Mountains—and how we enjoyed it! The Automobile Club helped us with our itinerary. Sometimes we stayed at motels, which are excellent. Clean and nice, always a friendly reception; you feel quite at home. We have five or six



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motels in Sweden, and I hope we will have more. There is one car to every eleven inhabitants in Sweden; by 1960 the ratio will be one to six. Perhaps you know the Swedish cars—Volvo and Saab—that are being exported here. Small. Very economical. They're being promoted as a second car in the family."

Mr. Kronvall, a tall, blond, mustached, affable man who was wearing a dark-blue suit and a blue bow tie, was born in Stockholm in 1904, the son of a government railroad official. He took a law degree at the University of Stockholm and practiced in the Swedish courts for four years before he entered the diplomatic service. "My legal training still comes in handy," he said. "My consular district extends from Maine to Florida and embraces forty thousand people of Swedish ancestry, some of whom leave money to Swedish relatives when they die. This produces legal problems, and I sometimes get called in on them. When they die intestate, the problems are greater—checking up on relatives with claims, or *finding* relatives who haven't made claims. Every year, the Swedish consular service in this country sends about ten million Swedish crowns, or two million dollars, to Sweden from Swedish-American estates. This also works the other way round. Swedish law is based on old German and Roman law, and is very different from American law, which is based on Anglo-Saxon law, but I don't think I'll go into that. Too complicated."

The Consul-General offered us a cigarette, lit ours and his, and leaned back in his chair. "Money! Money! Money!" he said. "That's what many Europeans say when they talk about America. But it's much more than that, I've discovered. Your culture! Your museums! Your music! Your theatres! Still, I must say it's difficult to get theatre tickets here on the spur of the moment. It's hard for me to plan on the theatre far ahead; I have so many official engagements in the evening. So many interrupted conversations! My wife and I are trying to get closer to some circles where we can just sit down and talk. We've met some Columbia professors through Gunilla, and we just sit down and discuss matters with them. There are many things I like here. People are very stimulating and so friendly—always greeting you in a friendly way. There's a nice informality here. It reminds me of Sweden. Mayor Wagner and his commissioners are most helpful. You can call them on the telephone and get almost anything you want. Telephoning is an informal and practical way to do things. Something else I appreciate is the fact that Americans want to know about other people. I showed a Swedish film at the Spence School, and the girls asked very intelligent questions. We get ten letters a day from children asking for information about Sweden. We send what we have and wish them good luck."

We asked Mr. Kronvall how about the Stockholm-Andrea Doria controversy, and he said, "I am following it closely. I made a preliminary investigation last July and sent a report to my government. Now the affair is in the hands of the courts."

"Do you ever go to Swedish restaurants here?" we asked.

"I like them very much," he said. "All that *smörgåsbord!* In Sweden nowadays we have *smörgåsbord* only on special occasions, like Christmas. I love your TV and your second-hand bookshops. I have quite a library, collected partly in China and Russia and Poland, and I've found some choice items here, on lower Fourth Avenue."

We wished him good luck and were out on the street before, too late, we thought of asking for information about Anita Ekberg.

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AUTOMOTIVE INTELLIGENCE: The Shepard Cadillac-Oldsmobile Company, of Oakland, California, after thoughtful consideration, recently turned down a lady customer's request for an auxiliary horn in the back seat of her car.

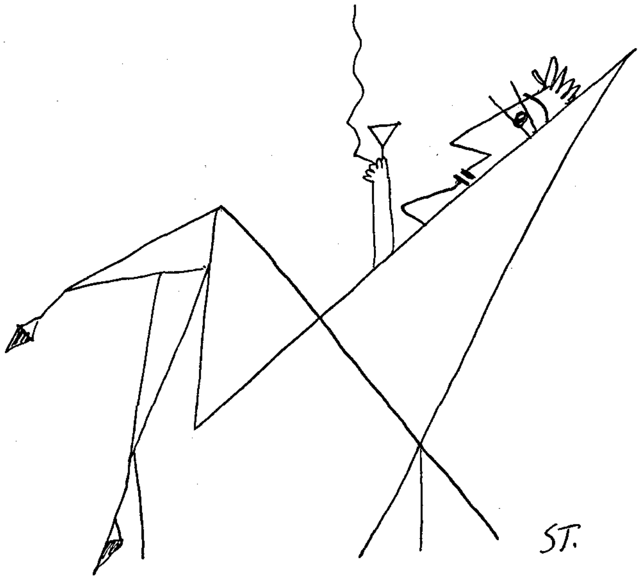
Like Niagara

QUESTION: What is the biggest machine in the world? Answer: A closed-die forging press that is turning out a fancy assortment of airplane parts in a factory up in Massachusetts. The press is a hundred and ten feet high, thirty-two feet wide, and thirty-six feet deep; weighs over thirteen thousand tons; and can exert a pressure of fifty thousand tons per square inch—next to a nuclear explosion, the greatest man-made force so far achieved. It was installed a little over a year ago, and forges in a few minutes parts that used to require up to a couple of thousand man-hours to complete. It is set in a pit that is a hundred feet deep and has concrete walls seventeen feet thick. The hydraulic power that runs it is produced by nine specially designed electric pumps, which can be turned on like so many ordinary lamps. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the press, which has been nicknamed Major, is the six tie rods that bind it, or him, together. The rods are a hundred and ten feet long, and are thought to be the longest forgings in one piece ever made by man.

We gathered these and other superlatives relating to Major in the course of a visit to Loewy-Hydropress, Inc., on lower Fifth Avenue, which designed and built Major. There Erwin Loewy, the corporation's president, also told us of Major's long-delayed birth. A small, smiling, middle-aged man, Mr. Loewy speaks with an agreeable European accent and looks as if he might be the conductor of a symphony orchestra. "You have to have the patience of God to be in this business," he said. "I started trying to interest the United States government in presses like Major back in 1940. My family and I got to New York in November of that year, after escaping the Germans in Paris. Two days later, I was in Washington, lobbying for big presses. They told me I was impractical. That was the word." Mr. Loewy shook his head sadly at the memory. "I knew the Germans had a lot of big presses at work, forging airplane parts. I'd worked on the designs for some of them myself, back in the twenties and thirties. My brother and I had the design of Major ready in '42. No interest. In '45, when the war ended, the Air Force people sent me to Germany to look over a press with a pressure of thirty-three thousand tons that I'd told them about. It was in fine shape. Yes, and after Yalta the Russians got it. I've no doubt it's somewhere in the Urals right this minute, forging plane parts for them."

In 1950, the Air Force finally came around to the Loewy point of view, and a year later the construction of Major was begun. Some of its parts were made in Japan, others in France, still others in Scotland and Italy. Much of the heavy steelwork was manufactured by Bethlehem, which built special furnaces to produce the tie rods, and considerable work was also done by United States Steel and Midland. "What a time we had getting the various parts of Major to the site!" Mr. Loewy said. "For all their size, the tie rods have a tolerance of four-thousandths of an inch. That makes them delicate, in their way. To bring them up from South Charleston, West Virginia, where they'd been sent by Bethlehem for finishing, we built our own railroad flatcars, then laid out the straightest possible route between the two points. No, not so much the straightest as the one with the fewest curves; there was a certain hairpin curve in Pennsylvania that we had to avoid, so off we went through West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. Even so, there was one bridge where we had a clearance of a single inch. Think of it! A steel rod a hundred and ten feet long with a clearance of one inch! But no matter. I was ready to go by way of Canada, if necessary."

The machine cost fourteen million dollars. "Our fee was one and a quarter per cent," said Mr. Loewy. "Not much for over ten years' work. Luckily, we'd been busy on a good many other jobs as well. The thing about Major—it came to mean a lot more than money to us. When it was finished, another engineer and I took the elevator down into the pit and stood there underneath the machine, and he looked up at it and said, 'Erwin, I don't believe it. There ain't no such animal.' That made me proud. Down there, the sound Major makes is like Niagara, only sharper. Aboveground, you don't hear a thing. Up and down, up and down it goes, and not a sound. Beautiful."



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BEST suspense story of the winter season, dictated to thin air by a three-and-a-half-year-old cherub, a resident of Washington, Connecticut:

> Once there was a little boy and he didn't like his mother; he hated his mother, because she was old and ugly. Two witches came and chopped his mother up in pieces, and killed her, and threw her in the river. The little boy's father came and pulled her out, and suddenly she was young and beautiful, and the little boy still didn't like her.

Encyclopedist

THE important news in compendium circles is that pictures—over nine hundred of them, along with eighteen pages of maps and a record of events from January, 1950, through March, 1956—have been added to the Columbia Encyclopedia, the first edition of which was published in 1935 and the second in 1950. This novelty, "The Columbia Encyclopedia Supplement of Illustrations with a Record of Events 1950-56," has been issued by the Columbia University Press in two guises—as a separate, five-dollar volume, for the benefit of previous C. E. owners, and as a bound-in supplement to the latest, or twelfth, printing of the second edition (thirty-five bucks), for the benefit of new C. E. purchasers. We recently went to call on its editor, William Bridgwater, who was a co-editor of the second edition and a simple toiler on the first, and is now editor-in-chief of the Columbia University Press, and found him in a Columbia Journalism Building office looking out on the university's tennis courts.

"I began to work on the Encyclopedia twenty-four years ago, under the late Clarke Fisher Ansley, its editor," Mr. Bridgwater said, with a Southern accent. "We were trying to squeeze the world's information into a certain package, and the original decision, maintained during the compilation of the second edition, was to keep away from illustrations. Now, what is the reason for the change? Well, the Encyclopedia was written for people of high-school age and up, but we found we had a good many readers to whom things are told faster by pictures than by words. I do not mean to imply that we try to appeal to people who cannot read without putting their finger under the line, but the fact is that it is easier to see how a lever works by looking at pictures than by reading about it."

Mr. Bridgwater opened the Supplement to a page entitled "Machine Principles" and pointed to revealing illustrations of three different kinds of levers. Elsewhere, we noted excellent, often minutely detailed drawings of animals and insects, ranging from a ladybird beetle (larva, pupa, and adult) to various dinosaurs; architecture, ranging from the Parthenon to the Ministry of Education and Health Building in Rio de Janeiro; the earth and the solar system; the gasoline engine; Indians; people's insides; musical instruments; and plants. "Restricting ourselves, as we did, to black-and-white drawings, we found the emphasis going toward natural science," Mr. Bridgwater said. "We wanted to cover movies, but black-and-white wasn't good enough, so we threw them out. We started work on the Supplement in 1954. It's given us a number of headaches. The proof of one of our animal plates, which had a hundred and eighty figures on it, showed an *extra* one. It looked sort of like a Rocky Mountain sheep. Someone at the printer's had drawn it in on the plate; I don't know why. We took it out. Would you like to have lunch?"

Mr. Bridgwater whisked us to the Faculty Club, and there, over a Spanish omelet, we asked him for a compendium of his life. "I was born in Schulenburg, Texas, in 1908," he said. "My father was a peripatetic school superintendent. We moved from one town to another on the Texas coast—Danbury, Chocolate Bayou, Woodsboro. What a lovely name—Chocolate Bayou! We were there when I was twelve—a small village on the border of a bayou. There was a flat, open prairie, wonderful for riding—an endless lift of grass as you looked across. It was bleak and austere, but it had, at least for a child, a good many beauties—the sweep of the cloud patterns, the many little pathways with which the grass was crisscrossed. Later, I went to high school in Houston, and then to the Rice Institute there, where I took a B.A. and an M.A. In 1932, after working at Yale for a Ph.D., which I got in 1938, I came to New York to join the staff of the Encyclopedia. My handwriting used to be quite large, but I've taken so many notes on the three-by-five cards we use here that now it's *tiny*."

We returned to Mr. Bridgwater's office, and he generously presented us with a copy of the Encyclopedia-*cum*-Supplement. "You'd be surprised to see how the tone can be set even in a three-line article," he said. "Say, on a town. If the writer has been there, it makes a difference."

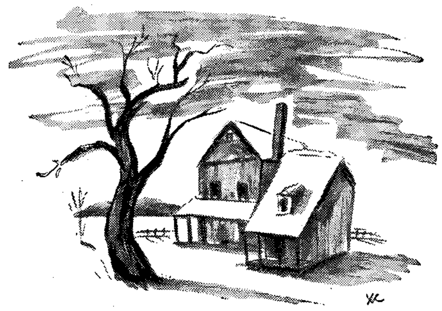
Opening our present at random, we read a three-line town article:

> HUMBERMOUTH (hŭm'bŭrmŭth, -mouth), town (1945 pop. 1,914), W N.F., at the mouth of the Humber river, on the coast near Corner Brook.

Was this absentee writing or not? We were too shy to ask. We lurched downtown with the book and weighed it. Ten pounds.

Good News

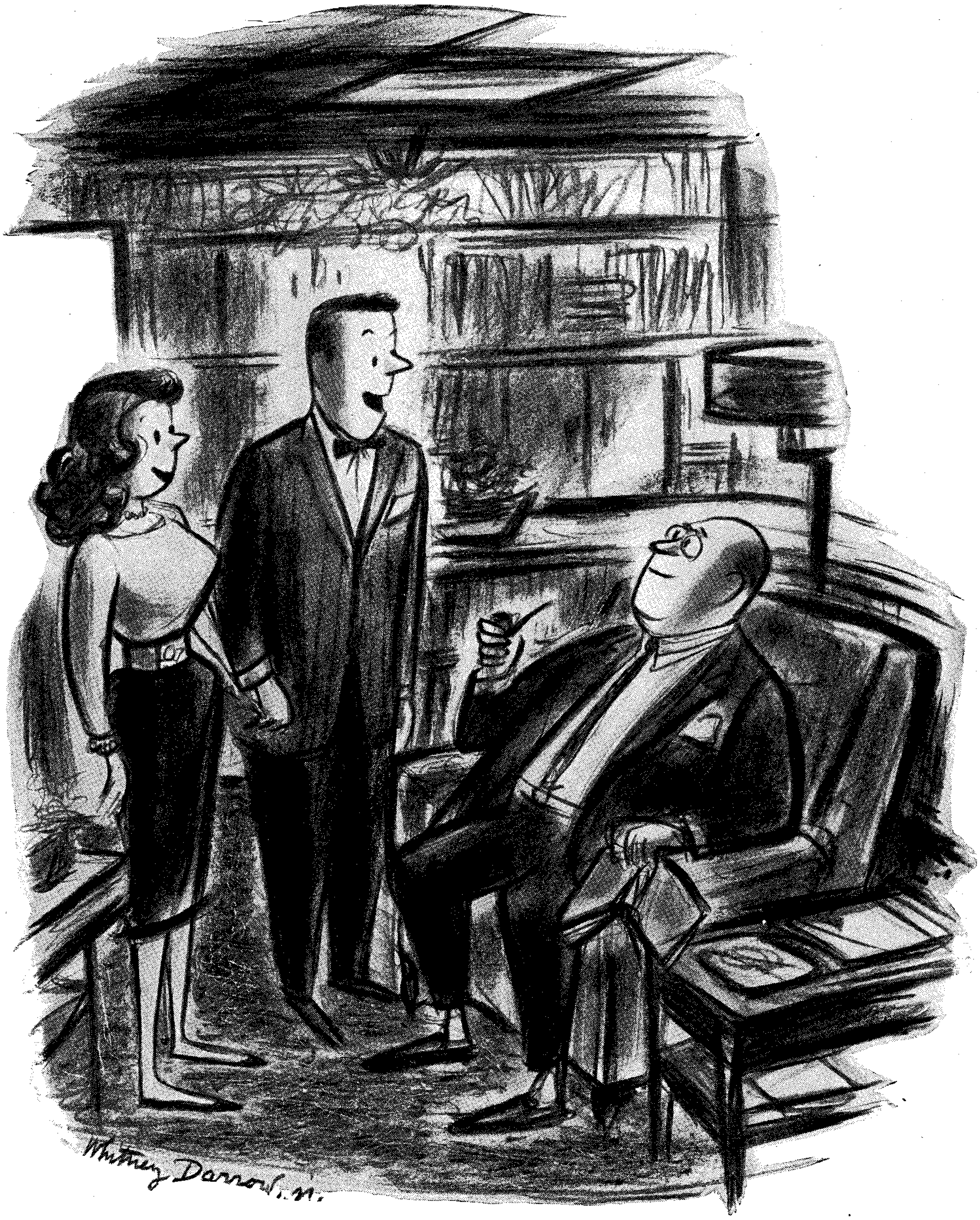
ON a Fifth Avenue bus the other evening, we saw a middle-aged woman offer her seat to a much older party. "You can sit here if you want," said the Samaritan. "I'm physically relaxed, even though I'm mentally disturbed."



To the Rescue

LIFE finds it so easy to invent plots, subplots, and counterplots that art can't possibly hope to compete in that department; it can only arrange for the comparatively modest actions it devises to have tidy endings, thus taking advantage of the one defect to be found in the melodramas of real life—their irritating tendency to fray out into the unknown. These large generalities are prompted by a single small incident that took place here a couple of weeks ago: the arrival on this urban island, for the first time in some fifteen years, of a wild deer. Within a few minutes of swimming ashore, the deer—a doe—got herself involved with a Keystone Comedy gang of policemen, park employees, and newspaper reporters and photographers, and led them on a merry chase, up hill and down, in a dozen assorted directions. Fair enough; art could probably have managed that much. But what of the fact that, ditching the cops, the deer proceeded to involve herself with two holdup men and their three victims? We submit that not even the crudest TV writer would dare to contrive a thriller about New York featuring two armed thugs and a wild deer, and that if he *were* to contrive anything so preposterous, he would never go on to show the deer routing the two thugs and thereby—or so it's thought—keeping the frightened victims from being killed. Yet that is precisely what life dared to do, and we were so impressed by its boldness that we've since taken the trouble to set down the script, with all its characteristic loose ends, in tolerable chronological order.

The scene of the drama was near the northern tip of Manhattan, where the Henry Hudson Parkway winds its way through Fort Washington Park; the time was around two-thirty on a cold winter's afternoon. Two men saw the deer emerge from the Hudson, shake herself dry on the bank, and trot off along the New York Central tracks. A few minutes later, two Parks Department men in a station wagon were making a routine check of a picnic area just north of 180th Street. One of them (nobody will believe this, but it's true) was saying to the other, "You know, I've never seen a deer down here, though it's good deer country. Do you suppose they ever—" when his companion grabbed his arm and nodded at



"And I promise you, sir, to support her in the manner to which she is accustomed, including all major appliances."

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a wooden bridge a few yards ahead of them. There on the bridge was the deer. She stared at them for a while, seeming wholly unafraid, then set off in the direction of the Parkway. Alarmed lest she try to cross it and be struck by a car, the men drove at top speed to the southbound lane; one of the men got out of the car there to watch for the deer, and the other went off to telephone the police. Sure enough, in a moment or so the deer trotted out of a clump of trees and headed for the Parkway; the man on watch waved his arms at her in a frantic fashion and, taking the hint, the deer darted back into the trees. The driver of the station wagon returned and picked up his companion, and they started along the Parkway in uncertain but ardent pursuit of the deer. By then, the police radio was broadcasting the news that a deer had been seen on the Parkway, and soon three police cars and two carloads of newspaper reporters and photographers joined the chase.

Meanwhile, two men hiking through the woods near 185th Street noticed a third man seated on a rock reading a book. (In Manhattan, in the dead of winter, on a rock in the woods, a man reading a book!) As the hikers approached the reader, two thugs came out from behind some trees. One of them, gesturing with an automatic, ordered the three men to put up their hands, which they promptly did. The thugs then took the men's watches and money and as much of their clothing as they could carry; the poor reader, who we hope was a student of "Walden," was left shivering in his underwear. One of the thugs announced that he would like to shoot the lot of them, and at that very moment the deer bounded out of the woods and made for the speaker. Unable to deal with this astounding turn of events, the thugs fled. So did the deer, but in the opposite direction.

Life having devised this improbable drama, it peters out just there, with a couple of major questions left unanswered. Have the thugs been captured and the victims' possessions restored to them? Not yet. Has the deer been captured and released in some safe spot? Again, not yet. She hasn't been seen from that day to this, and for all anyone knows she's still patrolling Fort Washington Park—a good deer, ready to do her good deed daily.

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OVERHEARD at the Biltmore Bar: "O. K., he's good on the jingles, but the client figures he lacks real scope."

NOTES

ACTING swiftly on a bankers' rumor, I recently invested in fifty-seven stanzas by John Berryman titled "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet" and eleven poems by Marianne Moore called, as a group, "Like a Bulwark;" it disturbed me to discover, in the back of both books, footnotes. With the Soviet gymnasts triumphant and Halley's Comet not thirty years away, this is scarcely the time for poets to start toadying to readers. It grated a bit when Richard Wilbur, in his latest book, noted that "*aretê*" is the transliteration of a Greek word "meaning roughly 'virtue.' " It seemed ominous when Ezra Pound, that hitherto incorruptible apostle of opacity, in *his* latest book obsequiously made it clear that "Canto 85 is a somewhat detailed confirmation of Kung's view that the basic principles of government are found in the Shu, the History Classic." But it marks the undoing of an era when a Cub Scout like Mr. Berryman feels obliged to take us by the elbow at every little turning of his transparent monody, e.g.:

12.5-13.2	The poet interrupts.
24.1	Her irony of 22.8 intensifies.
29.5,6	After a Klee.

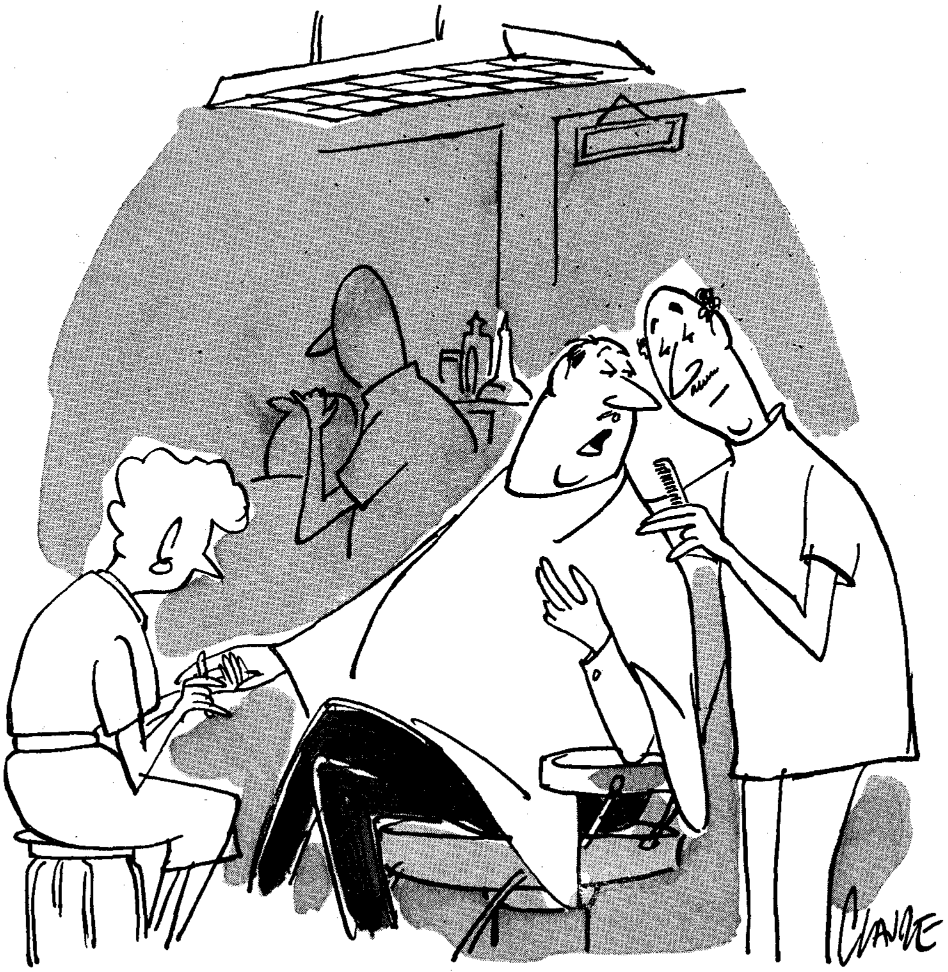
Of *course* "a red shaft with a dreadful start / rides at the chapel, like a slipping heart" is after a Klee! A person who wouldn't know this, or perceive that stanza 39 is "unsettled, like 24, by a middle line, signaling a broad transition," or that—I here switch to Marianne Moore's footnotes, the transition signalled by flustered punctuation—"Sentir avec Ardeur" is the name of an air by Marie-Françoise-Catherine de Beauveau, Marquise de Boufflers (1711-1786), deserves to be confused. Fie on him. To her credit, Miss Moore employs her notes with a certain sense of housekeeping; the effect of her poetry is that of a spanking-clean, well-swept attic, and, naturally, if the attic is to stay tidy, there must exist a storeroom, under the eaves, where she can jumble the bulkier objects: the Webster's New International Dictionary's definition of "wen′tle·trap′," with a pretty engraving; the abridged texts of two sports columns by Arthur Daley (New York *Times*, March 3, 1952, and March 1, 1955); a drawing from the hand of Giulio Gomez, a Spanish school child, age 6; and the full text of "Sentir avec Ardeur." Miss Moore is lavishly hospitable to persons as well as things; in the material prefatory and supplementary to the meat of her book she contrives to mention, often with the middle initials, fifty-five names—heavy freight for eighteen slender, typographically wobbly pages to transport into immortality.

Like all things in this late age, such aesthetic addenda have precedent, notably the desultory remarks T. S. Eliot affixed to the corpus of "The Waste Land." It is stunning how much of the numinous gloom he was experiencing in those days Eliot expressed in these notes. If the poem were absent, the notes would serve as well. Line 68's gloss, "A phenomenon which I have often noticed," is itself a superb melancholy line; observe the forced pause, like a catch in the throat, after "-non." The note on the hermit-thrush, *Turdus aonalaschkae pallasii*, ending with Eliot's considered judgment, "Its 'water-dripping song' is justly celebrated," demonstrates the technique of the objective correlative in its ideally flinty form. Throughout the notes, a personal, almost confessional disquietude ("I do not know the origin of the ballad . . ." "I forget which, but I think one of Shackleton's . . ." "I am not familiar with the exact constitution of the Tarot pack . . ." "This may not appear as exact as Sappho's lines, but . . .") plays against an arid, indeed acrid, precision. A simple harp of Cf.s—

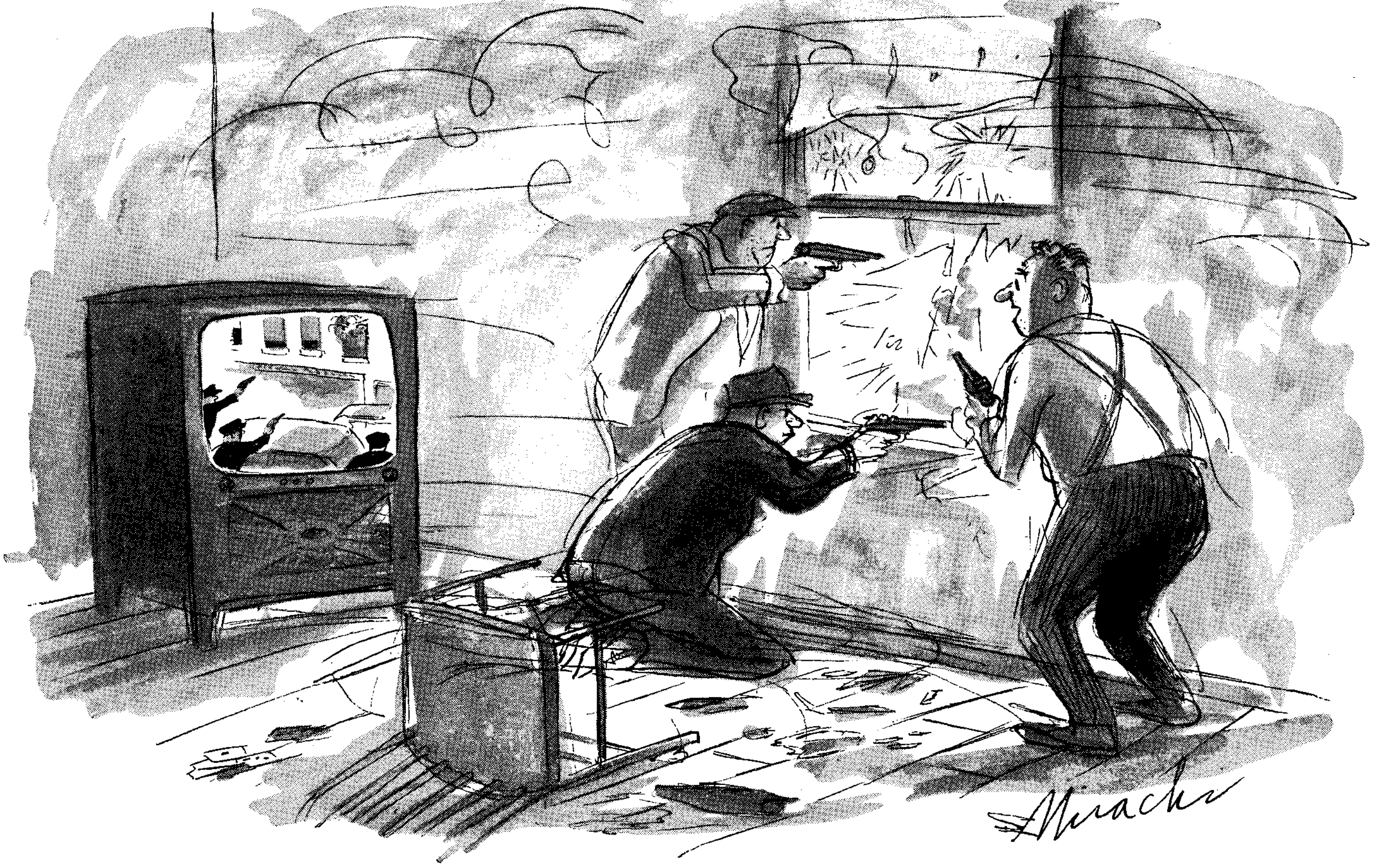
Cf. Part III, l. 204.
Cf. Part III, l. 195.
Cf. Webster: "Is the wind in that door still?"
Cf. Part I, l. 37, 48.

—strummed by the fingers of sensibility, reverberates despairingly.

BUT this is mere rhapsodizing; though Eliot has created a masterpiece of its kind, masterpieces do not justify a decadent trend. (Perhaps they do, but, as Mr. Berryman would say, I am modulating into the coda.) The dangers of self-exegesis are: (1) a race of soft readers, spoon-fed on identified allusions, and (2) a race of poets more interested in annotating



"It isn't that I'm not happy at United Atlas, Tony, but it wouldn't hurt for you to pass the word along that I'd be receptive to a good offer."



"Look, fellows! We're on TV!"

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their works than in writing them. The lyric of the future may well look like this:

VERNAL PRIDE

(A Sonnet)

Line 1. Hans Fehn's "Das Siedelungsbild des niederbairischen Tertiärhügellandes zwischen Isar und Inn" (*Geographische Gesellschaft in München. Mitteil.* München, 1935) has been of great use in creating much of the symbolism. Schönichen also contributed something, I forget what. Apart from the elucidative relevance to this poem, the entire subject of barley rites is fascinating.

2. Cf. Ezra, VII: xxiv.

3. Cf. Baudelaire: "Le ciel était charmant."

4. My friend Miss Ruby Water assures me that this is true as well of the South American republics.

5. Watch it! My theme is shifting.

6. John H. Trueman, "The Privy Seal and the English Ordinances of 1311" (*Speculum, A Journal of Mediaeval Studies*, October, 1956, Vol. XXXI, No. 4, 3 RBIs, pp. 611ff.). He quotes from Ordinance 14: "Et pur ceo qe moultz des maus sont avenuz par tieux Conseillers et tieux Ministres, Nous ordeinoms, *Qe le Roi face Chauncellier* [my italics], chief Justice de l'un Bank et de l'autre, Tresorer, Chauncellier, et chief Baron de l'Escheqiere . . ." He adds, "The best guess seems to be that, as controller of the wardrobe, from 8 July 1307 to sometime after 30 November 1314, William of Melton held the privy seal during 1311." Consult *passim*. T. F. Tout may be of use to those to whom further inquiry seems necessary:

For sorwful ymagynacioun
Ys alway hooly in my mynde.

Trueman mentions his indebtedness to Professor B. Wilkinson, of the University of Toronto, for "a sympathetic yet critical reading" of his manuscript.

7. *ὦ ἀγαθη κορη, φυλασσου!* "Teach Yourself Greek," by F. Kinchin Smith and T. W. Melluish, English Universities Press Ltd., London, 1947. Chapter IV: "Inflections: First and Second Declension Nouns and Adjectives." The good girl has just seen a bad man (*κακον ἀνθρωπον*).

8. This line seems clear enough. The alliteration on "raven" is nice, isn't it?

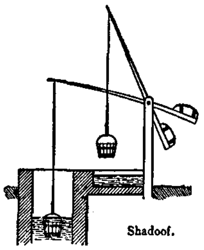
9. V. *Purgatorio*, XVIII, 67-69:

Color che ragionando andaro al fondo,
s' accorser d' esta innata libertate;
però moralità lasciaro al mondo.

10. Kung's view of this is somewhat obscure. The Shu seems to be on the other foot.

11. "Luck is the residue of design."—Branch Rickey.

12. **sha·doof′** (shä·do͞of′), *n.* [Ar. *shādūf*.] A counterpoised sweep used in Egypt and near-by countries for raising water.



13. I am told by Miss Ruby Water that sometimes the tabs *do* stick out.

14. The poet revs his engine, over and out. The fusion, at this culminating point, of the scientific theories of Copernicus, Newton, and Planck is hardly what you would call fortuitous.

THE empty space between the title and the first footnote is where the reader imagines the poem. After all, he ought to do *something*.

—JOHN UPDIKE

SAILOR'S WIFE

ONE of the Orion's lieutenants escorted Alice to the gangway of the French liner after she had said goodbye to her husband, the Commandant, in his quarters under the bridge. Because of the mistral that was roaring over Marseille that February afternoon, they kept to the interior of the ship on the way out, avoiding the wind-swept decks. In First Class, the doors of the empty cabins stood open, and as Alice and her escort walked along a passageway, she caught a glimpse of the cabin she had occupied during her voyage to the East the previous winter; it looked like all the others—as anonymous now as any hotel room.

The lieutenant was an elegant young man with a *marine-de-guerre* manner and a handle to his name. He kissed Alice's hand when they reached the top of the gangway; that is, he bent over it to within a fraction of an inch of her glove and murmured a polite formula, which she failed to catch. Then, with an air of having carried out his duty to the letter, he wheeled and loped off, as briskly unconcerned as if he had dropped her over the side. Like a piece of superfluous baggage, Alice thought. She had supposed that her husband would accompany her down to the pier. Surely he might have devoted a few last minutes to his wife—his bride of three months—before setting off on so long a voyage, the first since their marriage. Frowning, she shrugged off the thought as unworthy of her. The Orion's captain had other last-minute details to attend to, and whatever was right for him was right for her. Naturally, Marc knew best.

As she was about to start down the covered gangway that slanted steeply to the pier, the sound of gongs whirred brassily through the ship—a last, peremptory warning to the crew's families to debark. Looking back toward the stern, she saw a file of women stepping gingerly down the baggage gangway. As the Commandant's wife, Alice could make her exit through the main *coupée*, the one reserved for passengers; she was spared the back door. But aside from this small privilege she resembled the other wives—all of them put ashore like poor relations before the arrival of the paying guests. It was three o'clock, and the Orion was scheduled to sail at five for Suez, Aden, and points east.

The guard at the foot of the gangway lifted his hand to his cap as she passed him, in a salute that was almost military. It had been like that all the way through the ship—the *timonier* hurrying on his way to the bridge, the bosun by the rail, the stewards. The men knew her and all about her, although she did not know many of them. By now, even the new members of the crew must have heard the story of their captain's romance with *l'Américaine*, his former passenger. Nothing was a secret on shipboard. Probably the crew had witnessed a good many such romances; the only distinguishing thing about this one was that it had resulted in a marriage. Except for the dénouement, which wasn't usual, it had followed the traditional pattern. What could be more banal than one of those sea affairs, with Marc as the dashing ship's officer, and Alice in the role of a young teacher of French from a girls' school in Connecticut, who was spending part of the money her father had left her on a trip around the world?

Her father, Alice felt sure, would have approved of the trip. He had travelled a lot himself as a young man, and he would have understood her longing to get away for a while after the shock of his sudden death. But as for her marrying a foreigner, a "little" Frenchman—Dad invariably said "little" when referring to anything French—she knew only too well what he would have thought of that! She couldn't have changed her mind, though; she was so much in love, so sure that Marc was right for her, that she would have married him just the same. In the end, Dad would have understood that, too, however much it hurt him. But imagine calling Marc "little"! He was as tall as any tall American.

Anyhow, the trip was already past history. But the romance had lasted; it was still every bit as real as the ship itself. Alice paused on the pier for a long look up at the liner. She could have pointed out the exact spot on A Deck where she had stood, that first morning out from Marseille, when the ship's doctor presented *le Commandant* Josselin, the Orion's captain. Marc had come toward them, trim and severe in his dark uniform, with the quick, light step that she now knew so well. A jerky French handshake, a formal "*Mes hommages, Mademoiselle;*" then, as they talked, his eyes had studied her—cool gray eyes, with fine lines at the corners, which came from squinting at faraway things on the sea. She had thought he looked quite stern until he smiled; when Marc smiled, his whole face changed. Well, that had been the beginning—for her, and for him, too, though she hadn't been sure of anything until they reached the Indian Ocean. The night of the Fête des Oeuvres de Mer, he had told her for the first time how tremendously much he cared for her. Then, in Paris, six months later, they were married.

And here begins the new chapter, Alice thought, staring down at the strip of oily water that lay between her and Marc's ship. For her, there would be no more dances on the promenade deck in fair weather, with the Commandant coming in at the last, to single her out from the others; no more of those long conversations in the night hush of the bridge while the lieutenant on watch kept discreetly to his corner and the ship moved steadily on over the smooth, invisible sea. All that was finished. Today she was a wife, and happier than she had ever dreamed of being, but, as a wife, she could never again be a passenger on any ship her husband commanded; the Company's ruling was strict on that point. If she wanted to travel on one of Marc's ships, she should not have married him.

THE high white wall of the ship's side, dazzling in the winter sun, towered above Alice as she continued along the pier. The Orion was a handsome ship, with all the romance of the sea in the bold, upward sweep of her bow and its arrogant lip. But Alice now viewed this as mere window dressing, for she had seen the ship in drydock. The Orion's dashing lines stopped at the Plimsoll mark. Below, out of sight, a vast, swollen belly, like that of a barge, testified that to sailors and shipowners alike the sea is a business, not an adventure.

In the shelter of the Orion's flank, Alice had been out of the wind, but when she passed this protecting barrier, the mistral caught her in a broadside. Staggering blindly forward, she all but collided with a taxi that was bearing down on her with screeching brakes. "You won't live long, *petite dame!*" the driver shouted over the wheel as he swung by. Through the window of the cab, a girl looked out and past her at the liner, over a heap of luggage. There I go, thought Alice, for she recognized the look. And why shouldn't the girl look eager—off to discover the East, and perhaps acquire a husband on the way? It was not yet a year since she herself had embarked as eagerly on that same ship, for the voyage that would bring her back, so unpredictably, to live in Marseille.

Taking refuge in the lee of a truck, Alice waited for the taxi to unload and swing about, so that she could hail it, but there, too, the wind tore at her skirts and numbed her fingers. The mistral had risen during the night; in the hilltop apartment where she and Marc lived, the high, singing tone of the wind had waked her early that morning, even before she heard Marc get up to fasten a banging shutter and close the window. After that, she had been vaguely conscious of him moving about the room. When she sat up in bed, shaking off the last vestiges of sleep, he had stood beside her, fully dressed, with his coat over one arm. She'd known right away what that meant.

"Don't get up. I've made myself some coffee," he said.

"What time is it?"

"Three-thirty." He had stooped and kissed her before saying, "I'll meet you at eleven for an early lunch at the Mont-Ventoux, if I can get away. If not, I'll see you on board." Then he was gone. Alice had not protested—she already knew better—though now it was all up with their last breakfast together. Couldn't the Second Captain, who had slept on the ship that night, have been counted on not to let the Orion rip herself loose from her moorings? However, the Orion was Marc's ship, and he did not believe in taking chances. For all her disappointment, she could not help being proud of that strong sense of responsibility.

As she had feared, Marc failed to show up for their lunch appointment. When she reached the *café-restaurant* on the Vieux Port, she found it completely empty. None of the usual scattering of ships' officers sat there, in their belted blue raincoats, snatching a late breakfast before they returned to the docks. Out on the quay, there was nothing but the wind and the harsh light of a mistral morning—no shellfish venders, no fishermen lugging the night's catch in dripping hampers. The abandoned fishing boats were jostling and tugging at their ropes, their masts swaying above the dazzling water.

Hopefully, Alice waited an hour—she knew Marc would expect her to wait—and then, lunchless, she took a taxi to the Port Moderne, where the Orion was berthed. There she spent three more hours, in Marc's office—an office that had all the dignity, if not the dimensions, of a Paris drawing room. Marc, in his blue uniform with the war ribbons, sat at his desk beside the Company's agent while an endless stream of visitors came and went: ship's officers, men with briefcases, clerks bringing lists to check and papers to sign. During all this activity, Alice remained in her corner, thinking how handsome Marc looked as he sat there, the center of everything, and how lucky she was to be his wife. At the same time, as she went on nibbling foie-gras sandwiches from a silver tray, she felt rather like a wallflower at a dance. It was a totally new experience for her to be so left out of things.

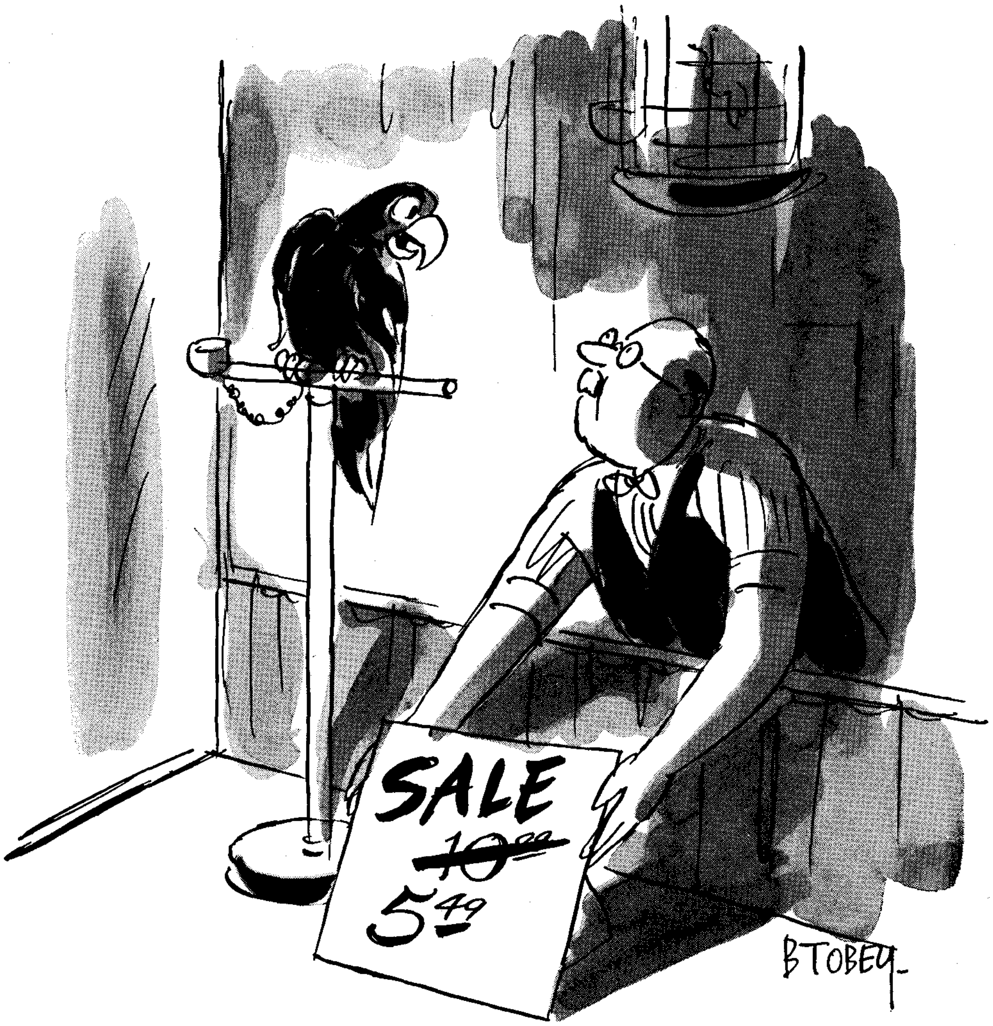
The men with braid on their sleeves bowed to her perfunctorily, as to an icon; unknown civilians favored her with appraising stares; from time to time, the agent, sipping a glass of wine, strolled over for a bit of elegant banter. Every so often, Marc's eyes would stray in her direction, as if to make sure that she was still there, but his face never lost its preoccupied expression. Once, in a lull, he said, glancing up from the passenger list, "Someone from the U.S.A. is going with us as far as Port Said."

"Man or woman?"

"Woman," he said, with a flicker of mischief.

"*Mais d'un certain âge, Madame,*" the agent amended with heavy gallantry.

Three mortal hours—a hundred and eighty minutes—ticked off with jerky precision by the gilt hands of the electric clock on the wall over Marc's head. One . . . one-thirty . . . two . . . two-fifteen . . . like the ticking of a time bomb. When the hands reached three, she would no longer be there. Alice thought with a sinking feeling of the long ride home across the city to the empty apartment, and for the first time in months she recalled what the headmistress of the Connecticut school had said to her when she announced her engagement. "A sailor?" The ice-blue eyes, beneath the roll of graying hair, were coolly disapproving. "But won't it be a lonely life for you, with your husband at sea, and you all by yourself in a foreign city?" At the time, Miss Cabot's words had not registered, and even as Alice recalled them in Marc's office, she thrust them



"I think I'm entitled to know what I've done, or failed to do, to cause you to reduce my price."

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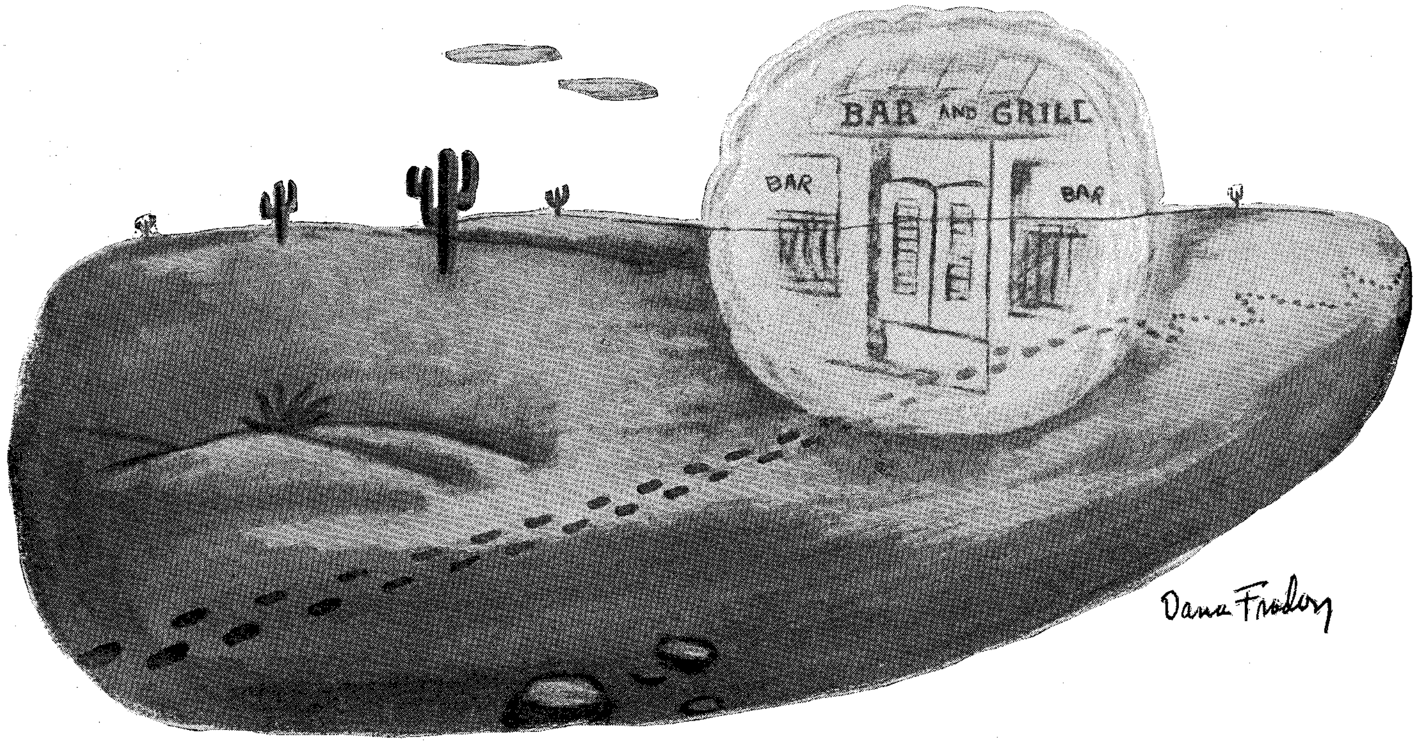


resolutely out of her mind. How could she be lonely anywhere as long as she had Marc?

Two-forty-five. Her eyes were still glued to the clock; it seemed to her that she was growing smaller. She could actually feel herself shrinking—to be reduced at last to the size of a photograph, or of one of her letters that would accumulate in Marc's desk during the long voyage to Japan and back.

THE taxi had discharged its passenger and was heading up the pier again. Alice signalled it to stop, but before she stepped in, she took one last look at the Orion, tall and white, with the blue peter standing out rigid in the wind, like a metal flag. "Well, it's over," she said to herself unsteadily as she settled back on the cushions. After three months' leave ashore, her sailor had returned to the sea. Nothing remained now but to wave from the balcony of the apartment when the Orion passed. "Don't forget. I'll be watching for you, and I'll signal," Marc had said while she clung to him. Then he'd kissed her again, as if he couldn't bear to let her go.

As the cab crossed the quay on its way to the gate of the docks, a man in a blue raincoat raced toward it, waving his arms. Alice recognized him at once—the tallest officer in the Company, and the Orion's former *médecin du bord*. She told the driver to stop, and rapped on the window. "*Docteur* Lande!"

The tall Doctor arrived, beaming, wrenched the door open, and climbed in beside her. "*Vive la mariée!*" he said, squeezing her hand. "Can you drop me off at the Company?"

"Of course. When did *you* get in?"

"Last night—from Tahiti and points south. Didn't the *Pasha* [the Old Man] tell you? I had breakfast with him on board this morning. I'd have paid my respects later, but I didn't want to interrupt the farewells." He grinned down at her. "I've brought a tapa for your apartment—a black-and-white one, from the Wallis Islands—and a carved platter from the Marquesas. I might bring them around later, if you're going to be at home."

"I'll be home," Alice said glumly. (That makes the fourth tapa, and the sixth—no, seventh—wooden platter, she reflected as she thanked him.)

He sat back and looked at her. "Well, how is it?"

"How is what?"

"The new existence, and all that. Amphitrite turned Penelope. *Finis, les grands voyages*. From now on, you'll be watching the shipping news. But you *would* marry a sailor."

"It's the next-best thing to being one," said Alice, repeating a remark she had already made so often that it had become a cliché.

The Doctor threw back his head and laughed. "Too bad you weren't a Russian, if you wanted to navigate. Didn't Marc ever tell you about the Soviet freighter we met once at Hong Kong? A woman in command—gold braid up to her elbows—and an all-female crew, except for one man. We wondered what *his* job was."

"Cook, maybe," said Alice.

At the gate of the docks, a customs inspector opened the cab door and took a cursory glance inside. "It's blowing enough to unhorn an ox," he said, and scuttled back to his booth, out of the wind.

"*Mais sérieusement*," the Doctor remarked after the interruption, "you're going to have a lot of time on your hands until the *Pasha's* next leave. Have you thought of that?"

"I've thought of it," Alice said quickly. "For the present, I've got Bougainville."

"Bougainville?" He stared at her.

Alice explained. At her husband's suggestion, she was planning to translate a new biography of the French navigator into English. "Marc knew I'd want something to do while he's away. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"*Bien sûr*," murmured the Doctor. "It will be a substitute for knitting."

"I don't know how to knit."

"You could learn."

Alice ignored the suggestion. "I mean to keep busy," she said, frowning. "I don't want to be homesick for my teaching job."

"Oh, *ça!*" He shrugged ever so slightly. "You have to give up something when you marry." And, with another easy laugh, "That's why I still hesitate."

"Did Marc give up much?" If she had taken time to consider, she wouldn't have asked it, though it was true that Marc hadn't been the one to sacrifice his job *and* his country.

"Perhaps not, but *you* did, eh?"

CALIFORNIA WINTER

It is winter in California, and outside
Is like the interior of a florist shop:
A chilled and moisture-laden crop
Of pink camellias lines the path; and what
Rare roses for a banquet or a bride,
So multitudinous that they seem a glut!

A line of snails crosses the golf-green lawn
From the rosebushes to the ivy bed;
An arsenic compound is distributed
For them. The gardener will rake up the shells
And leave in a corner of the patio
The little mound of empty snails, like skulls.

By noon the fog is burnt off by the sun
And the world's immensest sky opens a page
For the exercises of a future age;
Now jet planes draw straight lines, parabolas,
And Xs, which the wind, before they're done,
Erases leisurely or pulls to fuzz.

It is winter in the valley of the vine.
The vineyards crucified on stakes suggest
War cemeteries, but the fruit is pressed,
The redwood vats are brimming in the shed,
And on the sidings stand tank cars of wine,
For which bright juice a billion grapes have bled.

And skiers from the snow line driving home
Descend through almond orchards, olive farms,
Fig tree and palm tree—everything that warms
The imagination of the wintertime.
If the walls were older one would think of Rome;
If the land were stonier one would think of Spain.

But this land grows the oldest living things,
Trees that were young when Pharaohs ruled the world,
Trees whose new leaves are only just unfurled.
Beautiful they are not; they oppress the heart
With gigantism and with immortal wings;
And yet one feels the sumptuousness of this dirt.

It is raining in California, a straight rain
Cleaning the heavy oranges on the bough,
Filling the gardens till the gardens flow,
Shining the olives, tiling the gleaming tile,
Waxing the dark camellia leaves more green,
Flooding the daylong valleys like the Nile.

—Karl Shapiro

• •

teased the Doctor. "Well, isn't that the normal thing for a woman?"

Was it or wasn't it? Alice mulled over the question after she had deposited the Doctor at the Company's office. She had to admit that she hadn't hesitated much, if at all, about dropping her own profession. She could not conceive of any man's scrapping his for a wife. But a man didn't need to; he could carry them both, in separate compartments. For a woman, it wasn't so easy. Still, she had no intention of sitting in Marseille like a monument, waiting for the Orion's return. Also, she might as well face the fact that for the next twenty years Marc would be oftener at sea than ashore. Whether there were children or not, a sailor's wife had to make some kind of life for herself.

Certainly at that moment Marc was living his, and perhaps he was not even thinking of her. He had the Orion on his mind, and to Marc a ship meant a good deal more than a job and a pay check; it *was* his life, his home for most of the year, and it was also his love—one of his loves. In the tight, complete little world of a ship, wives had no place. This fact had been brought home to Alice at the end of Marc's leave, when he rejoined the Orion at Le Havre, where the ship had just undergone a long refit. She had discovered with something of a shock that he did not want her at Le Havre.

"I won't have a free moment. I'd neglect you," he had told her. "You don't realize what it means, getting a big ship ready for sea."

So while Marc went north, Alice remained in Marseille, in the apartment they had just finished furnishing, and waited for him to bring his ship down to the Mediterranean.

"From now on, that is what I'll always be doing—waiting for Marc," she said to herself in the taxi that was taking her across the city. It was a pattern you had to accept when you married a sailor. In the sure knowledge of her love, she would find it feasible.

HAVING left the Vieux Port and the Canebière, the cab entered a narrow back street that led up the hill of Endoume. Marc and Alice lived at the top, in one of the oddest apartment houses in Marseille. It was built right into the hill. Starting at the foot, down by an inlet, the house rose up and up, clinging to the rock all the way to the summit, where it blossomed out in a couple of stories hung about with balconies. Up on the hill, when one approached the building from the rear, it looked like a two-story house perched on the edge of nothing.

From their apartment on the top floor, they had what Marc claimed was the finest view in Marseille. The south windows faced the sea, and the west ones looked straight over the city, past the docks of the Joliette and the Port Moderne, and on toward the hills above l'Estaque. It was the view that had first attracted them. The apartment itself had little to recommend it; the rooms were small, the plumbing was rudimentary, and a wood stove in the entrance hall furnished the only heat. Still, there was that marvellous view. "I'd love to live up there," Alice had said right away when they discovered the place, and though Marc had been doubtful (Was she sure she would not prefer more comfortable quarters in town?), the panorama from the hilltop had finally won him over.

After honking its way through a network of narrow lanes between high walls, the taxi turned in to an avenue

"Let's face it. I'm through, washed up, finished. I just don't have it any more."

(avenue by courtesy; it was barely a hundred feet long and no wider than an alley) that led to the rear door of the house on the edge of the cliff. Alice paid the driver and hurried up the short flight of stairs.

When she let herself into the apartment, she saw at once that *Ma'ame* Fayol, the *femme de ménage*, had neglected to come that afternoon. The place was just as Alice had left it—the unmade bed, the untidy *cabinet de toilette*, and, in the kitchen, the dishes of the previous night's dinner, and the morning coffee cups. In her mind, she had pictured her return—how she would walk aimlessly through the empty rooms that would always be in order now, and at last sit down bravely to the first of the splendid letters she was going to write Marc; or she might even take up the Bougainville translation at once, and start right away making a life for herself. But nothing that day resembled what she had imagined. Whether the chill of the apartment was to blame (the fire in the wood stove had gone out), or the general disorder, or the scream of the mistral outside, she felt anything but brave as she sat down on the edge of the unmade bed and stared forlornly at what she had come back to.

So this is what it's going to be like, she thought, and again she remembered the headmistress of the Connecticut school and her warning words: "A lonely life . . ." Hastily, Alice got up from the bed, and as she put away her hat and coat in the closet, she took refuge in her resentment at the cleaning woman's defection.

"If Marc hadn't left, she would have been here on the dot," she fumed, speaking the words aloud and banging the stove door shut after she had rekindled the fire. The *femme de ménage* was another of Marc's conquests; she would have worked for them all day and every day, and done their cooking as well, if Alice had let her. But perhaps this time *Ma'ame* Fayol might really be *fatiguée* (a word that in the local speech meant anything from a headache to a mortal illness). She had climbed to Notre-Dame de la Garde the day before, to have a medal blessed for *le cher Commandant*, and trudging up all those steps was scarcely indicated for anyone in her embarrassed condition (another local word; a lady was *embarrassée* when she was "expecting"). Marc had been very sweet about the medal. He had put it away carefully in his wallet, kissed the donor on both cheeks, and assented cheerfully to her request that *le petit nouveau*, when it came, should be named after him.

Well, someone had to put the place to rights. Besides, their doctor friend might drop in later with his wedding presents. Getting out an apron of *Ma'ame* Fayol's, she tied it on and set to work.

She began with the bed, which was a couch by day. As Marc often said, their apartment lacked the two essentials of a proper French one; it did not include a dining room or a bedroom. With the two living rooms, it was not much bigger than the captain's suite on the Orion. Also, it was far less elegant. But, as Marc liked to point out, it had taken three continents to furnish it.

Holding a pillow in one hand, Alice paused to consider the strips of fine grass matting (Madagascar) that framed two sides of the couch like wainscotting. That and the low bookcases were Marc's work, neat and exact, like everything he did. The teak-and-leather chairs came from Singapore, the coffee table from Istanbul, and the rugs from Morocco and China. On the whole, Africa and the East had contributed more than Europe. It had been fun getting the apartment ready—fun for her, at any rate. They had done the decorating themselves, over Marc's mild protests; he hated getting himself dirty. Once, when she had suggested that he give the ceiling he was painting a second coat, he had all but sworn at her. "*Bon sang de chose!* Why didn't you hire a house painter?" he had demanded wrathfully, flinging down his brush. Then, right away, he had stepped down from the ladder for a kiss and a repentant "Just give me time. I'll be a handyman yet." Alice smiled tenderly at the memory.

In the whole apartment, there was little that suggested her, except the typewriter by the desk, her clothes, and a fur rickshaw robe that showed she, too, had travelled. Not much, either, that belonged to Marc; he kept most of his things on shipboard. Only an old raincoat hung in the closet, and the ski suit that she had got him to buy, which he hadn't yet had a chance to wear. Over by the desk, a rack was full of his pipes, and a pottery jar held half a dozen more. But, oh, how *could* he! The briar she had given him as a goodbye present was lying on the desk, in its red velvet bag. Still, there was no reason to make a mountain of that. Marc would be just as upset as she when he found he had overlooked it in his hurry to get back to the ship. Alice put the forgotten pipe away in a drawer, and as she tidied the desk, she hummed "Jean-François de Nantes" until she recalled that it was anything but a cheerful song, and not a very nice one, either.

She found little to do in the bathroom—stuff the towels in the laundry bag, coil the tube of the spray that served as a shower bath and hang it on its hook beside the round tin tub. Then, in the west room, clear away the folding table on which they had had dinner the night before. She had left the kitchen to the last. It was cold out there, for that corner of the house received the full impact of the mistral. Alice lighted the oven, and as she stood by the stove warming her hands, she glanced up at the shelves, with their stacks of Canton and Hanoi bowls and cups, the teapot, in its wicker basket, and the collection of wooden plates from the South Seas. Over by the window hung the "refrigerator"—a red-lacquered meat safe that Marc had picked up in Hong Kong during his last voyage.

And now to heat the water for the dishes. Alice set the kettle in the sink and opened the faucet. It emitted a choking sound but no water. She waggled the handle energetically—more sounds. Hurrying to the bathroom, she tried the faucets there. A faint trickle came from one of them; then it stopped. No water. . . . It had happened once before, when the landlord forgot to pay the water rent, but Marc had made short work of that. It couldn't be the water rent again. Back in the kitchen, with its piles of dirty dishes, Alice for a moment regretted that they had not taken a modern apartment in town.

As she came out of the kitchen, she looked at her watch. Five o'clock already. Marc would be on the bridge; perhaps the Orion was even now edging away from the pier. Within the next hour the ship would pass down the bay, under the south windows. If she couldn't stand on the balcony, because of the wind, she might anyway open the window a fraction and wave a towel. Marc would see her through his glasses; at least, she supposed he would see her. Alice brought a towel from the bathroom and hung it over a chair by the window, so as to be ready.

NOW, at last, Alice could sit down at the desk. She had cleared the decks for action. She could begin with Bougainville. But still she lingered by the window, staring out at the Mediterranean, darkened by the mistral and flecked with foam—the wine-dark sea, under a hard, blue sky. Over to the right lay the tawny rocks of the islands; on such a windy day there would have been no boatloads of sightseers to the Château d'If. Only the week before, she and Marc had taken a launch from the Vieux Port to visit the old fortress. The skipper of the launch had recognized Marc at once; he had shipped with him when Marc was a lieutenant. On their way home that afternoon, Marc had bought her a copy of Dumas's "Monte Cristo." One of the very first things she must do now was to read the book.

Tearing herself away from the window, Alice went slowly to the desk. Marc's block of notepaper still lay there, beside a neat bundle of answered letters. She fingered them absently, snapping the elastic that held them together, then, with sudden decision, tucked paper and letters away in a drawer and, lifting her typewriter to the desk top, removed the cover. Typewriter paper, carbon paper, pencils, eraser—she set them all out. Cigarettes? They were in her handbag, and she had carried all the ashtrays to the kitchen. She went out and got an ashtray, and found her bag, with the pack of Gitanes; she was learning to smoke French cigarettes, but it still took an effort. Marc claimed that once she had acquired the taste, she would never smoke anything else. Perhaps he was right.

And now Bougainville. Alice found the biography on the lowest shelf of the bookcase, with half the pages still uncut. She stood by the bookcase, turning them over. Five hundred and twenty-two pages—it was a big book. But if she translated ten pages a day (surely she was capable of that), she could have her text finished by the time Marc came back. Oh, easily. He was going to be away two months and a half: seventy-four—no, seventy-five—days. She wouldn't even have to hurry. In her imagination, Alice already saw the stack of typewritten sheets she would have ready to show Marc on his return.

Was that a knock? She had not heard anyone come up the stairs. She put down the book and went to open the door. The Spaniard who lived on the same floor stood in the doorway. He was holding a pail of water.

"*Besoin d'eau? J'apporte,*" he said, in his halting French, and added that a main had burst somewhere in the quarter; the water would be cut off for forty-eight hours. Fortunately, there was a well in the square over by the church. "I take care of you. *Pas s'en faire,*" he reassured her. The Spaniard had come to her rescue once before, while Marc was in Le Havre—the day she hadn't been able to get out of the apartment, because the lock stuck. He had climbed in through the window, and while mending the jammed

SONNET FROM THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

HARA-KIRI

There are two kinds, compulsory and free.
A gracious note comes from the emperor,
with it a dagger. Friends and family
kneel in a formal circle on the floor.
Beside you kneels your second (Kaishaku).
You confess, are handed the dagger. This you put
below the waist, drive home, and draw it through
the stomach, ending with an upward cut,
while the Kaishaku swings his sword upon
your neck. This is the old, forced way, not now
performed. The other kind is often done,
even today, but the book does not say how.
I gather that you are allowed to do
it your way, so long as the knife is pulled clear through.

—Richmond Lattimore

• •

lock he had told her how, as a child in Madrid, he had been shut up alone for three days when his *pobre mama* fainted in the street and was taken to the hospital. Neighbors had fed him, he said, by rolling boiled peas under the door. It was important to have good neighbors. This time, Alice thanked him more warmly than ever as she emptied the water he brought into a soup kettle and gave him back the pail.

I suppose I might wash the dishes now, she thought, shutting the door on the accommodating Spaniard. But I won't, she told herself firmly. There was no reason at all the dishes could not wait. From the window of the west room she took a long look in the direction of the docks. Nothing seemed to be moving over there. I wish I felt more enthusiasm for this translating job, she thought wearily as she returned to the other room and sat down at her desk with the biography. She did not intend to make a profession of translating French books. Bougainville was only a stopgap—something to focus her mind on, and keep it occupied. That is, if she still had a mind. For the moment, it seemed to have gone to sleep.

"God, what a wind!" Alice said aloud. It might very well hold up the Orion; from the sound, it was trying to break through the side of the house. Her head was full of it; she could feel it eddying gustily inside her skull. They said the mistral blew three days, or six, or nine. Nine days—it would be enough to drive anyone crazy. But surely *that* couldn't be the wind. Alice sat up in her chair, listening. There it came again—the deep, imperative bellow of a ship's siren. Already she stood at the window. But it was not the Orion.

A liner was coming in from the east—white, but not one of the Company's ships, for the funnels were striped. She watched it pass, piling up a wave at the bow as it moved slowly on toward the entrance of the port. Not a soul on deck. Unless the wind dropped, it would have trouble tying up; it might have to anchor for the night over by l'Estaque. No doubt a ship of that size could rely on its anchors; it wouldn't be in danger of dragging them, like the poor little freighter during the last mistral. Alice had watched it from the window—driven across the bay by the wind, right onto the rocks of the islands. It had foundered, and she could still see the masts and the tip of the funnel pricking up above the water.

Moving to the window of the west room, Alice followed the liner as it headed toward the docks and the sunset. There could be no doubt any longer; the Orion was delayed. Probably they needed a whole battery of tugs to get it out past the breakwater. Marc would not enjoy that; he liked to have it said of him that he was capable of taking his ship in and out of port without the help of tug or pilot. He had been pleased as anything the day the Orion's bosun remarked emphatically to Alice, "*C'est un marin, le Commandant.*"

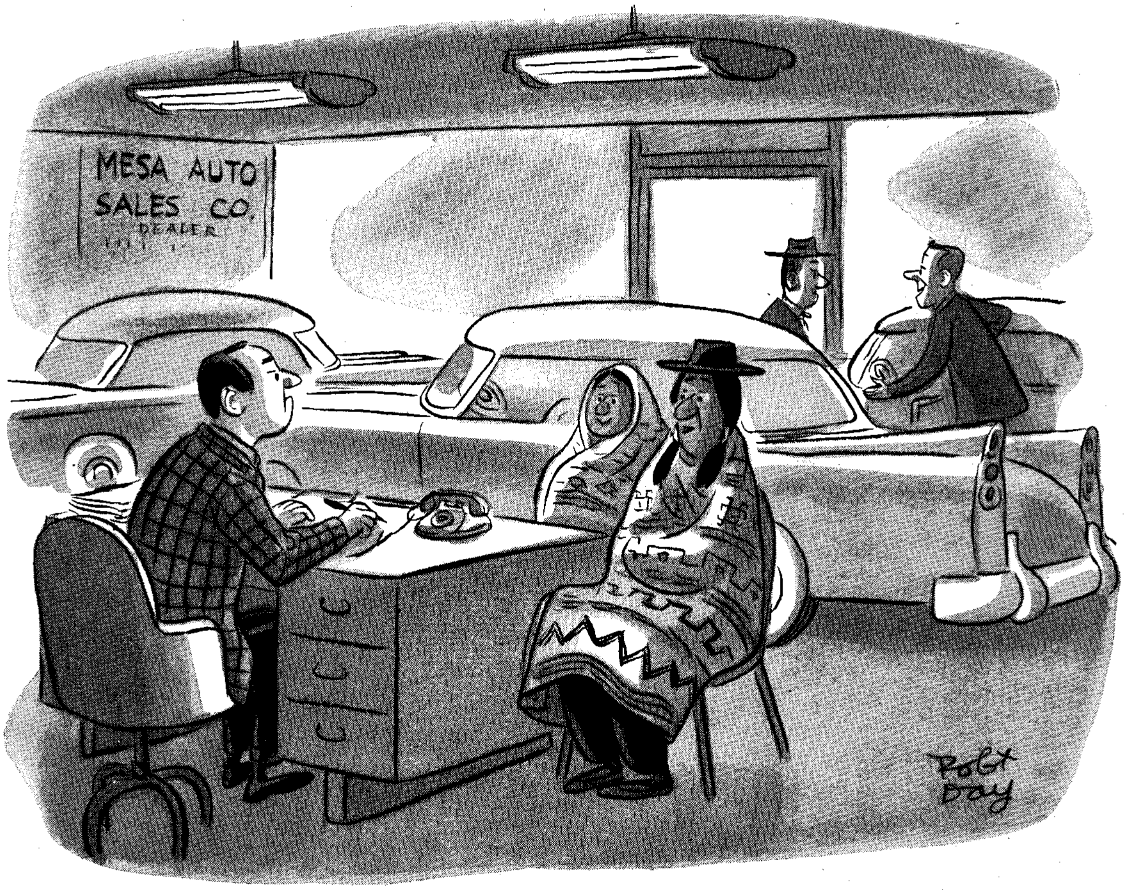
The liner had dwindled to a distant blot against the coppery sky, and the sea had grown darker; it was almost black. Back in the other room, Alice switched on the desk lamp and inserted a couple of sheets in the typewriter. "Chapter I," she typed. Opening the book, she propped it against the lamp, and for a long while she read diligently. When she reached the end of the first chapter, she turned back with a sigh to the first page and studied the opening paragraph.

"At no time in history, with the exception of our own day," she typed after a moment's reflection, "has the awareness—" She "X"ed out the last word and continued, "consciousness of an expanding world more powerfully stimulated men's thoughts—" more "X"s—"minds than during the period following the first outstanding . . ." Lord, what a sentence! She skipped to the next one. More about discoveries, science, the universe, Newton. It would be easier going when she reached the biographical part, though then she would need the dictionary of nautical terms that Marc had ordered for her from London. *Marc-qui-pense-à-tout.* It was like him to have thought of the dictionary; he was always thinking up things to please her. No doubt he had spoiled her, and that was another reason it was going to be so hard.

NEARLY six-thirty by her watch. Perhaps *Docteur* Lande had changed his mind about coming. If he turned up before eight, they might have dinner together in the restaurant at the foot of the hill. By taking the stairs down the cliff, inside the building, they would not have to go out in the wind. This would depend, of course, on whether the Orion had left port by then. Naturally, she had no intention of stirring from the apartment until Marc's ship had gone by.

The scream of the mistral seemed to have risen a key, and the windowpanes were black now. There would be no point any more in waving a towel, but she could turn off the light in the room and flourish a flashlight. Then Marc would answer with his, in Morse, from the bridge: "Signal perceived." Only, where was the flash? Not in its usual place, in the desk drawer. Not in the kitchen, either. Oh, perhaps it was still in the pocket of Marc's old raincoat; he had used it the night before when he took the garbage down to the bins. Garbage—the very thought made her smile. You didn't associate things like garbage with the "travelling ambassador," the "Master-after-God," in his handsome suite on shipboard, where he had an Indo-Chinese boy at his beck and call.

Alice fumbled in the closet. Yes, there



"How many moons to pay balance?"

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was the flashlight, in the right pocket of the *imperméable*, just as she had expected. She stood clutching the light, and resisted a sudden impulse to bury her face in the folds of the coat. Seventy-five days. In time, she would become accustomed to having Marc away, but at that precise moment she wondered how she ever could. Nonsense! She had lived a quarter of a century before she even met him, and it wasn't yet twelve months.

It must be the mistral. I'm behaving like a fool, she thought irritably, slamming the closet door. Up there on the hill, it was like living in a lighthouse; the wind came at you from all sides. Already it had given her a headache. She did not sit down at the desk again; she went to the window and peered out, shading her eyes with both hands. Not a light anywhere, except down by the inlet. Turning, she switched off the desk lamp. She could see better without it, only there was nothing to see; the blackness outside was like a wall.

"Five days to Port Said," she counted, walking back and forth in the dark. In a week she would get Marc's first letter; tomorrow she must post hers to the Canal. There would not be much to say in her letter—only chatter about *Ma'ame* Fayol and the water, and how she missed him. She would write it tonight, as soon as the Orion passed.

Perhaps it had already gone by, and she hadn't noticed! But no, that wasn't possible; even the racket of the wind would not have drowned out the siren. And now, if she kept watch by the window, she couldn't miss seeing the Orion's lights. She would not budge from there. It had been sheer foolishness on her part to start Bougainville and the new life the very day Marc went back to sea.

Was it the wind again, or had she really heard something? She stopped her restless pacing and stood, every muscle tense, straining her ears. Ah, there it was—a sound deep and prolonged, ending abruptly. Then two brief grunts; it was the Orion's voice. This time, Alice moved closer to the window, holding the flashlight ready. Off to the right, a single bead of light moved through the blackness; it lengthened to a glowing streak, then split into bright segments—a whole string of yellow beads, gliding steadily nearer.

Alice clicked on the flashlight and swung it vigorously. The long beam whitened the balcony rail and probed into the dark beyond it. She kept her eyes glued to the moving chain of lights, waiting for the answering flashes from the Orion's bridge. She knew where to look for them—at the forward end of the chain, beneath the star at the masthead.

She waved her arm until it ached, stared until her eyes blurred. Nothing. Only that row of steady yellow lights gliding across the windowpane. Not one of them blinked. Yet Marc *must* be on the bridge. He couldn't have seen her signal. She went on waving, but still no answering flashes came. Had he forgotten? How *could* he forget? A tear splashed down her cheek; she shook it off and continued to wave the torch wildly, her face pressed against the glass, until only the last glowing beads of the chain were visible. In a few seconds, they, too, would vanish. Frantically, she fumbled at the fastenings of the window. As she released the catch, the tall casements swung violently inward, knocking the flashlight from her hand. A blast of icy air rushed through the gap; there was a wild flutter of papers on the desk, a crash as the lamp toppled to the tiled floor. It took all her strength to push the sashes back in place and hold them together while she forced the vertical bar that locked them into its socket.

Not a glimmer outside. The windowpane was black and opaque again. The Orion had gone. Somewhere, off to the left, it was heading for the Planier Light and the open sea. Through her tears, Alice groped her way to the bed and flung herself down on it. For a moment, she tried to reason with herself that crying would do no good. Tears could not alter the fact that Marc had been too busy with the ship to think of her, even though he had promised. But now, with a fresh burst of sobs, she knew that it would always be like that.

—Ida Treat

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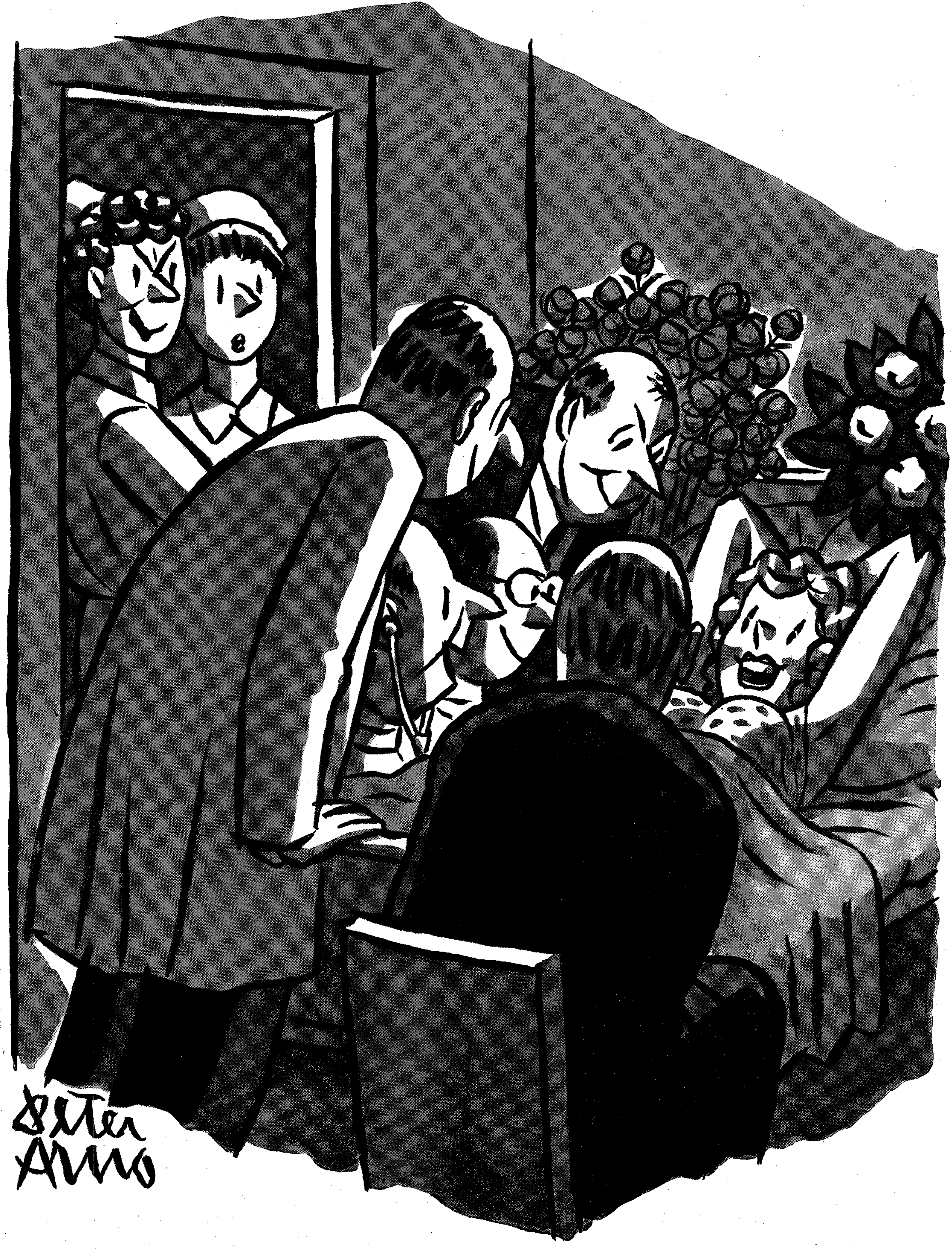
In this amiable but small play, the lovely Mrs. Robert Murray charmed General Sir William Howe into sparing General Israel Putnam's army, so that it might escape a trap and join the forces of Commander-in-Chief George Washington North of New York.—*Robert Coleman in the Mirror.*

Ancestor of John Ringling North, who wants to deprive the circus of its tent.



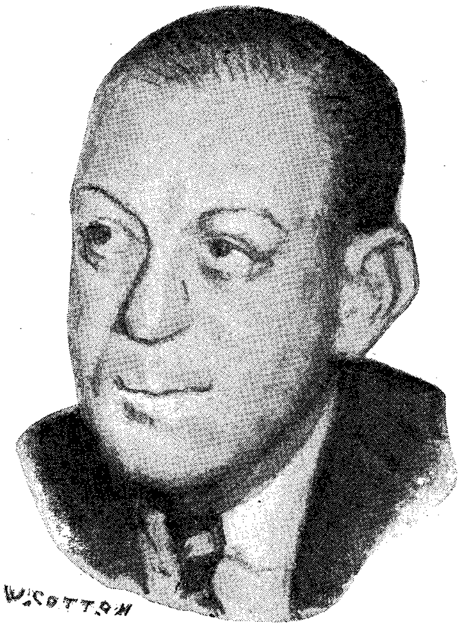
"*Humph! You'd think it was the first appendectomy they ever saw.*"

PROFILES

THE MAYOR

I—A SOLID SORT OF KID

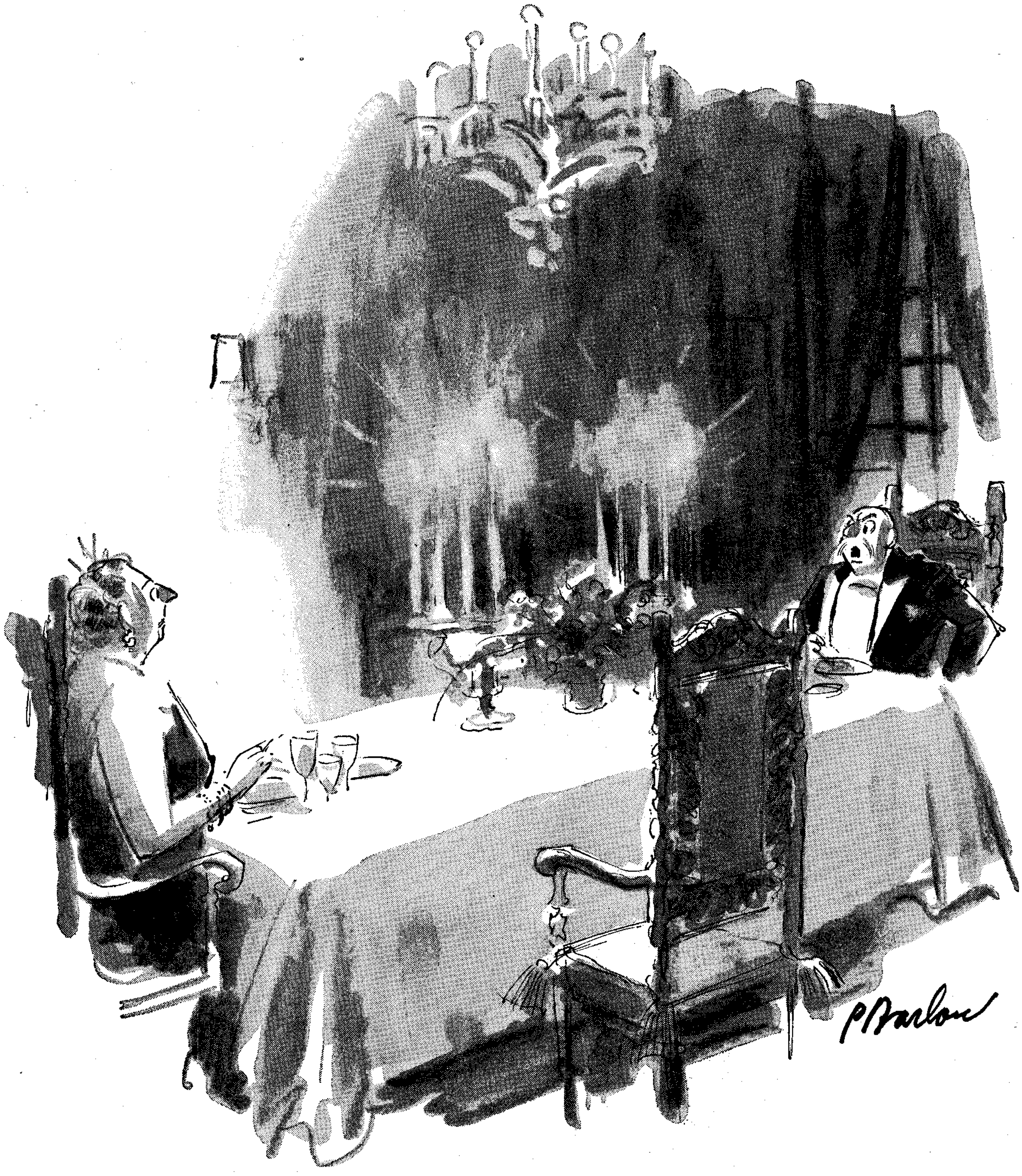
ROBERT F. WAGNER, the hundred-and-second Mayor of the City of New York, was born on April 20, 1910, in a five-room apartment on the fifth, and top, floor of a yellow brick apartment house on the northeast corner of Eighty-seventh Street and Lexington Avenue, in the Yorkville section of Manhattan—or very nearly in the center of the city's central borough. He almost died within a few minutes of his birth. His mother had a fragile constitution, and shortly after she had been delivered of the child, her first-born, she sank into a coma, whereupon the doctor in attendance put the baby in a crib and turned his attention to her. The apartment was crowded with relatives and friends, who, having been informed only that the Wagners were the parents of a fine boy, were jubilantly milling about the living room, which was at the front end of the apartment, and the dining room, which was at the back. The baby's father, the late Robert F. Wagner, Sr. (the Mayor dropped the "Jr." from his name shortly after he took office), who was a state senator at the time and went on to become a judge of the State Supreme Court and then a United States senator (D., N.Y.), was on hand, accepting congratulations. His older brother, Gus, who was a chef, and who, twenty-five years earlier, had sent him money to help pay his fare to the United States from their native German village of Nastätten and had encouraged him to go through City College and New York Law School, was there, too. So was Gus's wife. And so was their twenty-two-year-old daughter, Evelyn, who was later private secretary to James J. Walker in the nineteen-twenties, when he was Mayor, and married Kenneth Pease Steinreich, now president of the Ruppert brewing firm. The Gus Wagners lived on the fifth, and top, floor of the adjoining apartment house on Lexington Avenue. Mrs. Gus Wagner, who often visited her brother-in-law and sister-in-law, considered it a flagrant waste of energy to descend four flights of stairs and climb another four just to get next door, and she would put an ironing board across a narrow areaway that separated the two buildings, and cross over on that. It was by way of this rude bridge that, with her husband and daughter in tow, she had arrived at the Robert Wagners' on the day of the birth. An old friend of the family, Richard J. Cullen, who some twenty years later became chairman of the State Industrial Board, and his wife, Kitty, were sharing the glow of happiness that permeated the apartment. A hallway connected the living room and the dining room, and although it was possible to get from one to the other with fewer steps by passing through Mrs. Wagner's bedroom, most of the people, in view of the circumstances, chose to go by way of the hall, and the baby remained in its crib unnoticed. But presently Cousin Evelyn started to walk through the bedroom, instead of taking the long way down the hall, and saw that the baby's face was an odd and disturbing shade of purple. She rushed to the crib, seized the strangling infant, and slapped it vigorously on the back, and from then on was credited in the Wagner family with having saved the life of the present Mayor.



Robert F. Wagner

The Mayor's mother—the former Margaret Marie McTague, a gentle woman of Irish descent, with black hair and a sensitive and beautiful face—survived, too. She remained frail for the rest of her life, however, and died nine years later. She bore another son, Joseph, while Robert was still a baby, but the second child lived less than seven weeks. Cousin Evelyn, who died last spring, looked after Robert a good deal during his infancy. The Wagners were—and still are—a close-knit clan, with a deep sense of family loyalty and a deep interest in one another's affairs, and they gathered often in the apartment where young Robert was born, to eat large meals and engage in long discussions, mostly political. The discussions frequently became so intense that the future Mayor would let out a howl or a piercing yip from his crib, in the next room, and Evelyn would be delegated to go in and lull him back to sleep. "Oh, you do it, Evelyn!" the family would cry, and Evelyn would do it. "I read 'Goldilocks' and 'Little Red Riding Hood' to Bobby so many times that I thought I was going crazy," Cousin Evelyn used to say in later years. "Bobby was always as bright as a button, and he was a hard kid to put to sleep. Years later, I would wake up at night and hear the words of 'Goldilocks' going through my head. I must have read those stories a thousand times over." Cousin Evelyn's burden became lighter when, at the age of six, young Robert was sent to kindergarten at St. Lawrence Academy, on East Eighty-fourth Street; a year later he entered P.S. No. 6, which was then on East Eighty-fifth Street.

It was an easygoing era, and the Wagner family enjoyed itself. Mrs. Robert Wagner sat home evenings and talked a good deal with Mrs. Cullen while their husbands wandered off together to the Algonquin Club, a neighborhood Democratic club in Yorkville. State Senator Wagner was a Tammany man through and through, but he was passionately interested in legislation aimed at furthering the cause of labor and improving social welfare. He found a natural ally in the future Governor Alfred E. Smith, another Tammany man, who was a member of the State Assembly at the time and who shared a room with Wagner in Albany when the legislature was in session. In his approach to legislative matters, Wagner was studious and contemplative—a scholarly politician, who would not advocate the enactment of any law until he had exhaustively studied the subject at hand. Smith was volatile and intuitive; he had the ability to grasp an intricate issue in an instant, reduce it to its fundamentals, and translate it into language that anybody could understand. The two men respected each other tremendously and their disparate methods of attacking common problems served to bring them even closer. The Smiths had a summer place at Far Rockaway, and the Wagners had one at Woodmere, nearby. There were five Smith children—three sons and two daughters—and young Wagner became



"You call *this* pheasant suprême!"

their playmate, riding around, with high enthusiasm, in the Smith pony cart. Smith took an avuncular interest in the lad. "He's a solid sort of kid," he frequently said. And Robert *was* a solid sort of kid—thoughtful and serious. When he wasn't riding in the pony cart, he would spend hours listening to his elders discuss the affairs of New York State. Many of these discussions took place over weekends, on either the Wagners' porch or the Smiths'. After a week spent in legal and political maneuvering, the legislators would journey out together from the city on Friday evening, Wagner with presents for his wife and child, Smith with a fragrant basket of fish he had bought that afternoon at the Fulton Fish Market and kept in passable shape by exposing it to such breezes as blew in at the windows of a Long Island Rail Road coach. A discussion often got under way then, and once it did, it usually lasted for hours, and was resumed and continued throughout Saturday and Sunday. Beer was consumed in large quantities, providing a stimulant to thought. As the bottles were emptied, they were neatly arrayed along the front edge of the porch. By Sunday evening, when the menfolk prepared to return to the city, the bottles stretched in a long and lovely line from one end of the porch to the other.

Mrs. Wagner was a Roman Catholic, and devout. Her husband was a Lutheran who switched to the Methodist faith, and then, seven years before his death, became a convert to Catholicism. Young Wagner was raised as a Catholic. In a picture taken on the day of his First Holy Communion, for which he was elegantly arrayed in white silk breeches, he displays a noble stance, dark, almost Mediterranean features, and an expression of deep earnestness. In his early childhood, the Wagner family travelled abroad from time to time, and, in this country, occasionally vacationed in New Hampshire or the Adirondacks. But Mrs. Wagner's health became more and more fragile; a subtly crippling rheumatic process set in, and she found it increasingly difficult to get around. Her husband did everything possible for her. He installed handrails along the hall in the apartment house on East Eighty-seventh Street, and when he presently moved his family to the Rhinelander Apartments, at Eighty-sixth Street and Second Avenue, he installed similar rails there. (The Rhinelander, a handsome red brick structure with fireplace apartments, is celebrated in Yorkville as the first apartment house in the neighborhood to have had an elevator.)

One day in the spring of 1919, Mrs. Wagner, with two other women and young Robert, was riding in an automobile along West Thirty-fourth Street when a trolley bore down on the car, collided with it, and severely shook them up. Mrs. Wagner suffered no physical injuries, but the shock to her nervous system was acute. Her husband, who had just become a judge of the New York Supreme Court, sent her out to Woodmere earlier than was customary that year, hoping that the sea air would be beneficial, but her condition never-

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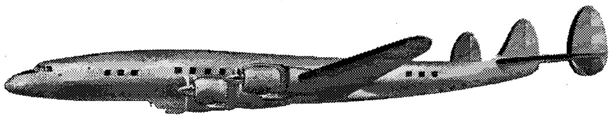
David Mountbatten, 3rd Marquess of Milford Haven, is never so much at home as when afloat. He joined the Royal Navy at 14. In World War II service he won the coveted Order of British Empire and Distinguished Service Cross. Now in the shipping business, Lord Milford Haven relaxes in a most natural way: Sailing his yacht, the "Maryllis." Like global travelers everywhere, Lord Milford Haven prefers the *comfortable* way to get there *fast:* Lockheed Super Constellations. Big, smooth, relaxing—they make the longest trips seem short. This year, Lord Milford Haven flies from Hamburg to New York on the *NEW, longer-range* Lockheed luxury liner (Model 1649)...via LUFTHANSA—German Airlines.



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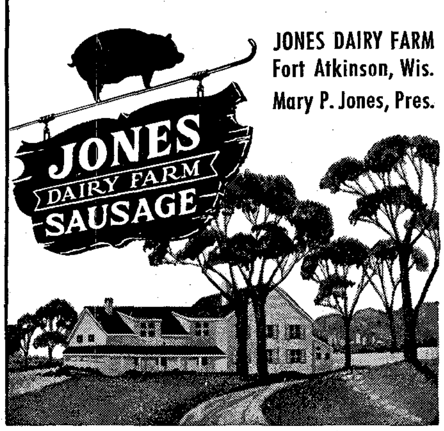

theless worsened rapidly. Cousin Evelyn paid her almost daily visits, travelling out to Woodmere in the morning and returning to Manhattan in the late afternoon. Years afterward, she used to recall one particular day in late July that she had spent with Mrs. Wagner, when she noted how very strange and drawn her aunt looked. That evening, back in New York, as Cousin Evelyn lay in her bed, she had a premonition of tragedy when a huge hall mirror, hanging just outside her room, suddenly crashed to the floor, and the shattering of the glass filled the apartment with a weird and terrifying sound. "Margaret is dead," Cousin Evelyn always insisted she said to herself. "She has this minute died." The next morning, to her horror, she learned that her premonition was all too well founded; Mrs. Wagner had died at almost precisely the moment the mirror fell to the floor. The Mayor remembers that he was in his room at Woodmere, looking out the window, with his back to the door, when a family friend slowly opened it and quietly entered. "I didn't have to be told the news," Wagner said not long ago. "I knew what it would be. I don't know how I knew. I just knew."

THE months that followed were difficult ones. Socially, Judge Wagner was a hearty man, and a man's man. He lived and breathed politics, and he felt most at home in the company of robust, extroverted cronies. He had few skills in the boy-raising line. In his family, that sort of thing had always been left to the womenfolk. He found that it was not easy to come to know a boy of nine—to understand his problems and to share his troubles—especially during a period of great sadness. Shortly after his wife's death, he told his son that he would like to take him off to the Adirondacks, on a hunting, fishing, and canoeing trip. "I want to get to know you better," he said. The two of them went camping for a couple of weeks. It was a self-conscious outing, but from it developed a strong bond between father and son.

Young Robert spent more time in the company of adults than most youths do, since the Judge feared that his motherless son would feel neglected if he was left at home by himself, and so made a point of taking him along to sociable gatherings of his fellow-politicians in Yorkville. These sessions were quite an experience for the boy, who was introspective and retiring by nature, in contrast to his father's friends, with their outspoken enthusiasm for the give-and-take of their profession; while they were serious-minded, they also had a gay side, and expressed it in a type of humor that might not seem funny to present-day television comedians, but that was an era when jokes didn't have to be told with one eye on the clock. The Judge often entertained a group of his friends at Hans Jager's, at Lexington Avenue and Eighty-fifth Street, or at Lüchow's (the Mayor remembers that his father had a weakness for the tartar sandwiches, with anchovies and a raw egg, at the former and for almost everything, from the pigs' knuckles to the elaborate schnitzels, at the latter), and after dinner they would all sit around over cigars and coffee, swapping stories about their neighborhood, until the host realized it was high time to take his small and attentive son home to bed.

Commissioner Cullen—he was always accorded that title—was a great hand at stories of the sort that went over well with the Judge and his friends, and if the youngest member of his audience found parts of them hard to follow, he wouldn't admit it. The Commissioner never forgot a story, and his wife, Kitty, never forgot one, either. Nothing much ever happened in these stories, but for the listeners that in no way detracted from their charm. One story would lead to another. There was an evening at Lüchow's, for example, when Cullen started telling of the time, three or four years back, when the late Mrs. Wagner had called Mike Cosgrove about the stolen meat. A large piece of beef had disappeared from the kitchen of the Cosgrove house, Cullen said, and everybody in the neighborhood was talking about it. Cosgrove was a saloonkeeper who had been the leader of the Algonquin Club in those days, and that reminded Cullen that the elder Wagner had made his maiden political speech at the club—just came in one night and introduced himself to Cullen, who was a bigwig in the club, and said he wanted to get into politics by making a speech. Something about Wagner attracted Cullen, and he said fine—come on back the next night, when there was going to be a meeting. So Wagner turned up and spoke on the opportunities and privileges of public service. But, Cullen went on, to get back to Cosgrove and the meat. The Saturday night after it was stolen, the Wagners and the Cullens were sitting around chinning when Mrs. Wagner suddenly went to the phone, called Cosgrove, and, winking at her companions,

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said she was sorry to have to tell him that her son, Bobby, was the culprit. Cosgrove was magnanimous. "Don't give it a second thought," he said. "He's a good lad, and the meat means nothing to me." Mrs. Wagner then laughed and told him that, honestly, she knew nothing about the meat. "Of course, Bobby didn't do any such thing," she said. "But now I know for sure that you're a born politician and a real district leader."

Young Wagner himself became the subject of one of the Commissioner's briefer and more pointed stories. It seems that once, when the boy was around twelve, the Judge took him to visit a friend who had moved into the former Wagner apartment, on Lexington Avenue. After supper, father and son walked from the dining room to the living room through the bedroom, instead of taking the longer route down the hall. The elder Wagner suddenly stopped and said, "Bobby, this is the very room you were born in." The boy continued on through the bedroom without stopping but called out over his shoulder, "Where's the plaque?" The Commissioner and his friends, including Wagner *père*, considered this a remark of exceptional sharpness, and the story was retold many times at their get-togethers.

The Judge worried a great deal about his son. For one thing, Robert would not get his hair cut for weeks at a time; no amount of paternal prodding could make him go along gracefully to the barbershop. Sometimes, when the boyish locks reached a grotesque length, his father's friends would take up a collection and solemnly hand the money to the youngster. "Haircut money," they called it, and it usually did the trick. The Judge worried, too, about his son's hats. The boy had a fondness for old, stained, battered hats. The older the hat, and the more spots on it, the more attached to it he became. The Judge himself was a meticulous dresser. He had an almost emotional interest in expensive suits, hats, overcoats, and, especially, shoes; his closets were lined with a dazzling display of the shoemaker's art. To have a son who was careless about his appearance was a source of acute distress to him, particularly since it wasn't just a matter of hats; the boy had a habit of dropping his clothes on the floor in all parts of the house—pants in one room, underwear or socks in another. The Judge was fiercely high-minded, and he looked upon this habit not only as conducive to sloppy dressing but as a dangerous, if minute, sign of possible weakness of character. He lectured his son at length upon the virtues of neatness. "You may think this is a small thing, Bobby, but it could become a big thing," he would say. He also worried about the likelihood of his son's catching cold, and insisted that he wear rubbers in rainy weather and put on a sweater at the slightest drop in the temperature. Except in the matter of haircuts, young Wagner was an obedient son, but his father worried, nonetheless. It was not easy for such a busy man of affairs to keep a vigilant eye on the boy.

Most years, during the months of July and August, the Judge let others do the worrying, by sending his son off to a camp near Spofford Lake, in New Hampshire. At the beginning of one season there, the Judge and his friend Commissioner Cullen decided to escort the boy to camp, and the three of them started off in a huge touring car, with a chauffeur at the wheel. Also aboard was a large wardrobe trunk, containing Robert's camp clothes. The day was pleasant and the route led through the Tyrol-like beauties of the Litchfield hills. Somewhere near the Massachusetts border, Cullen began to needle the camper. "Bob," he said to the Judge, "you're spoiling the young fellow. You're bringing him up like a millionaire—sending him to a fancy camp, driving him up in a big car, carrying along a nifty wardrobe trunk. What about dropping him off at the side of the road—just the kid and his trunk? If he can't find his way to camp alone—well, that just means he's no good." (The phrase "He's no good" was often used by the old-time politicians as an expression of affectionate challenge; no young fellow brought up in such circles ever heard it said of him, "He's good.") Robert sat silent between the two men, gravely looking straight ahead. Half an hour later, Cullen went at it again—time to turn the young fellow out of the car, with the trunk, and put him on his own, and let him prove he wasn't no good. "Really, Bob," said Cullen to the Judge, "I think the time has come to put the kid out." Young Wagner said simply, "O.K. with me. I'll get out. But I don't want the trunk." This response made a lasting impression on Cullen, and also on the Judge, and it is a story that the senior Wagner's old friends still tell about the Mayor when they get together.

EDUCATION was one of the Judge's primary concerns. He had had to work hard for his, and to him

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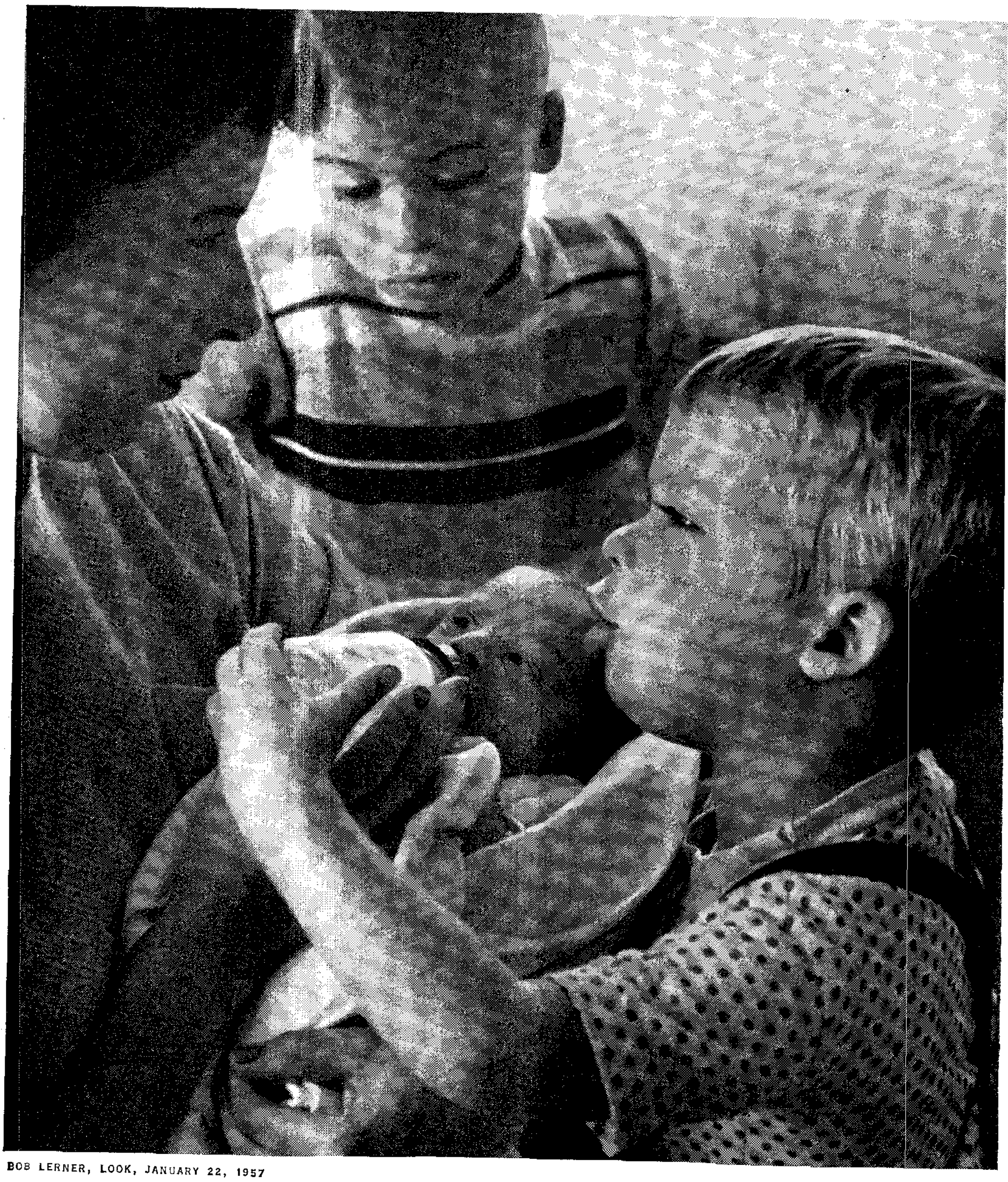
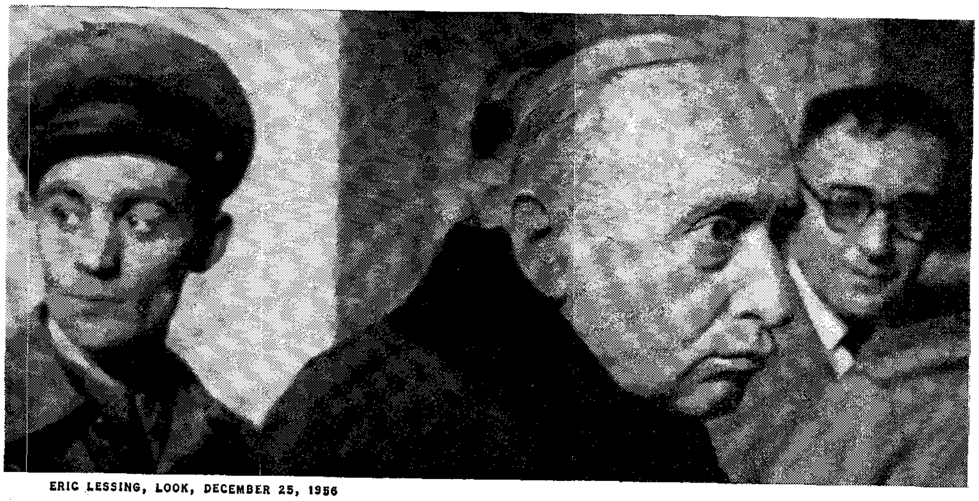
bear testimony
to tenderness . . .



BOB LERNER, LOOK, JANUARY 22, 1957



ERIC LESSING, LOOK, DECEMBER 25, 1956

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it was the key to self-fulfillment. He felt that a youth could achieve it only by applying the seat of his pants to a chair and concentrating until his assigned tasks were completed. In 1920, the Judge had taken his son out of P.S. No. 6 and enrolled him in Loyola School, at Park Avenue and Eighty-third Street, and five years later he decided that the time had come to send him away to a preparatory school. The Judge had a habit of buttonholing his friends and asking their advice about how to bring up a boy, and after many consultations on the matter of schools he chose Taft, in Watertown, Connecticut, which his son entered in the fall of 1925. One Saturday afternoon a few weeks later, the Judge—accompanied, inevitably, by Commissioner Cullen—went up to Watertown to see a football game between Taft and another prep school. At the end of the game, as the crowd was leaving the field, the Commissioner spotted the headmaster and founder of the school—Horace Dutton Taft, a brother of the former President of the United States—and went over and introduced himself. Taft acknowledged the greeting, and, glancing beyond Cullen, saw the Judge, who was standing not far away, talking to his son. "Who's that man?" Taft asked. "His face seems familiar."

"That's Judge Wagner, Bobby's father," replied the Commissioner.

"Why haven't I met him?" asked the headmaster.

Cullen said, "That's what I want to know," and thereupon almost forcibly led the Judge over to Taft.

"Judge Wagner," said Taft, "I'm delighted to meet you, but I should have been even more delighted if we had met sooner."

The Judge looked uncomfortable, for he was a modest man, who disliked using his prestige to gain special entrée. "I sent the boy here to be educated," he said. "I didn't want to bother you."

Young Wagner had a good time at Taft. Like the majority of Taft students, he was planning to go to Yale, and a Harvard banner lay across the threshold of his room, for use as a doormat. From time to time, the Judge and one or another of his cronies would arrive in Watertown and take the young fellow and two or three of his classmates in to nearby Waterbury for a large meal. On such occasions, the boys would be permitted to order anything they wanted. "They could put the groceries away," a man who went along with the Judge on several such expeditions has recalled. "Those boys—and Bobby es-

Thirst-maddened reader is thwarted by pronunciation of Aalborg Akvavit

Dear Aalborg:
I think I can manage "Aalborg" all right, but when I get to "Akvavit," I spin in. The other day, for example, my tongue hanging out in anticipation of at last tasting your enticing beverage, I went to my liquor purveyor's and started to ask for Aalborg Akvavit straight out. It was no use. I finally ended up by blurting, "Look here, fellow, I want a bottle of that clear, dry, delicious 90 proof schnapps, made in Denmark, and which has delightful overtones of caraway." The man regarded me with kindly eyes and said "Why you must want Aalborg Akvavit." It sounded as though he pronounced it "Ah-kwah-veet." Can this be right?
PRO BONO PUBLICO

It is, it is! Ah-kwah-veet is right and we must all try hard to burn this into our memories. And let's not forget Aalborg (Ahl-borg) either, shall we? Actually, in Denmark we make Aalborg come out sounding more like "Old boy", but none of us is perfect.

Dear Aalborg:
While I do think that Bloody Hildegardes (Aalborg and tomato juice) and Danish Martinis are grand, I must concur with your stand that there's nothing like ice cold akvavit tossed off neat with a beer chaser. Incidentally, I stuck the bottle in the freezing compartment and found it better than ever. It pours a trifle thicker, but what does that matter?
SATISFIED PATRON

What indeed?

Dear Aalborg:
Last week I flashed my Ice Cube Permit on a bartender and asked him for an Aalborg on the rocks. He didn't have any akvavit so I had to take the ice cubes straight. What do you advise to prevent a recurrence?
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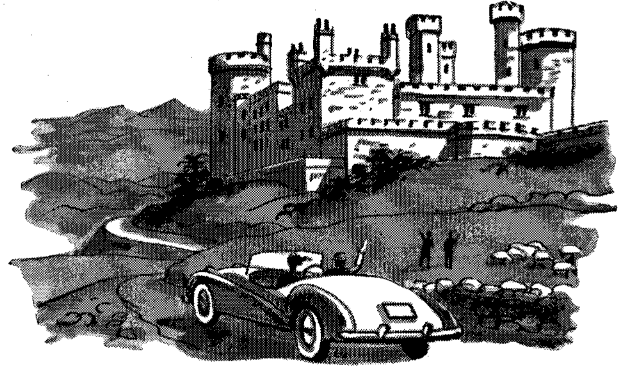

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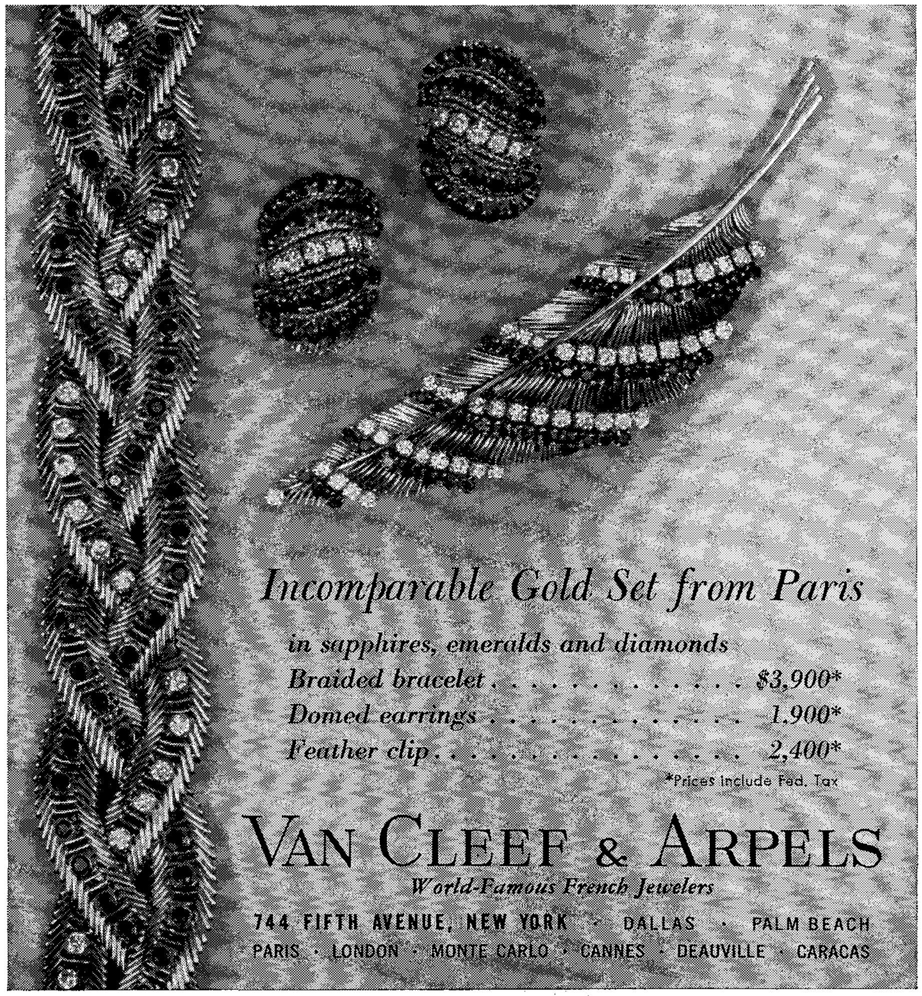

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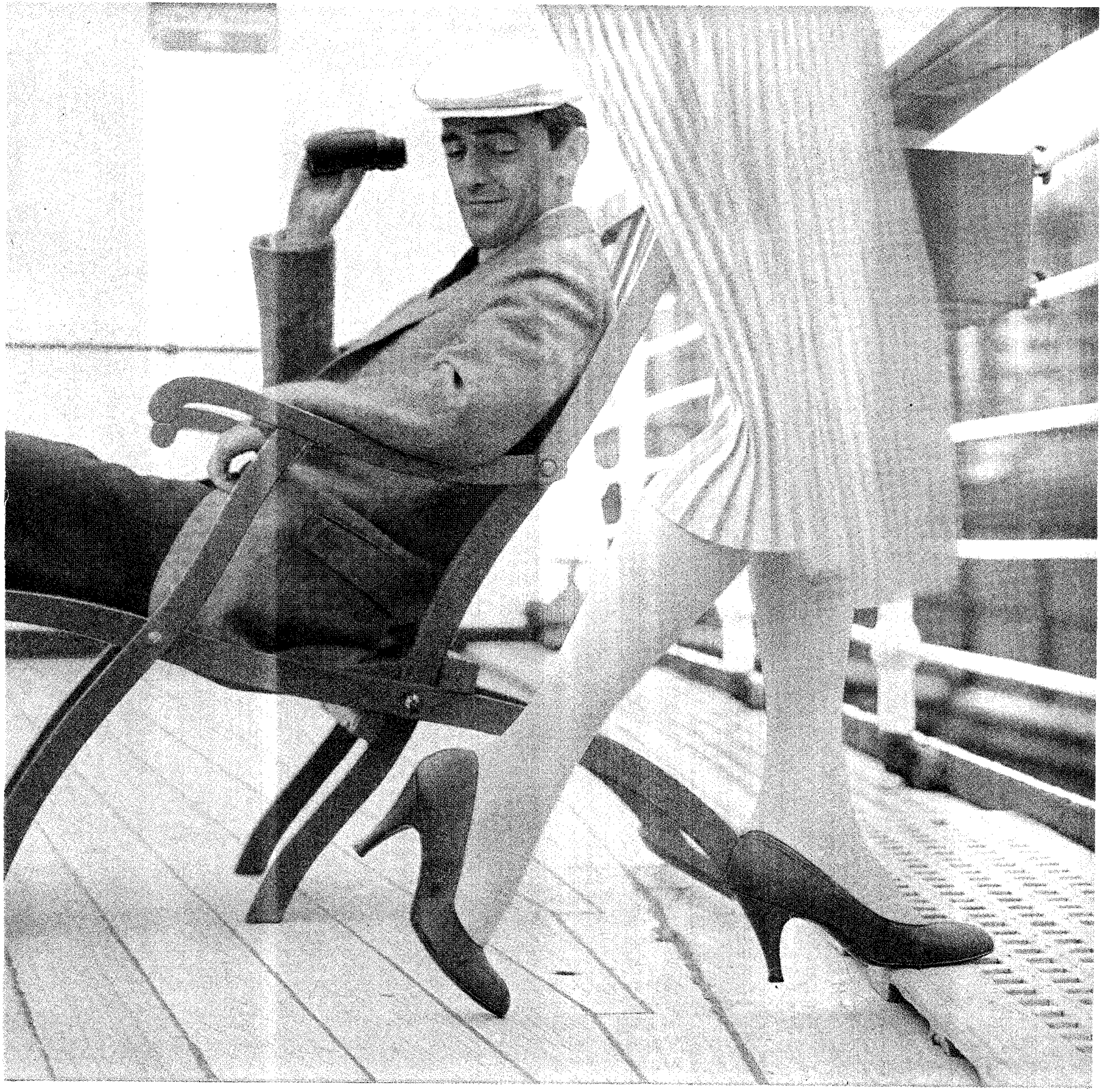
pecially—sure could eat." Wagner's activities at Taft covered a wide field. He was class secretary for two years, and a member of the varsity basketball and track teams. He became president of the Forum Debating Club, trod the boards with the Drama Association (he once played the role of an anarchist), and lifted his voice in song with the Glee Club. His special talent, however, seemed to lie in politics. He got himself elected manager of both the varsity football team and the dance orchestra, as well as circulation manager of the *Papyrus*, the school's newspaper. But he did not confine himself to school politics, and in going beyond them he found himself in somewhat deeper water. During his second year at Taft, his father went to Washington as a Democratic senator from the State of New York. Robert was no longer the son of a member of a state judiciary. He was now the son of a member of the United States Senate and, as such, he became fiercely interested in national politics, corresponding constantly with his father on political matters, and considering himself a rock-ribbed Democrat. Being a tolerant boy, and one who possessed a reasoned scale of values, he was willing to admit that Republicans existed, but the thought was painful to him. He felt that Democrats were vital, purposeful, and effective, and that Republicans, while they were nice enough fellows, all right, basically belonged in zoos.

The hitch in this line of thinking, at Taft in the late twenties, was that the majority of the school's undergraduates felt it was the Democrats who belonged in zoos; most of the well-brushed Taft boys automatically put their faith in the Republican Party. In 1928, when Herbert Hoover ran against Alfred E. Smith for President, Wagner, whose allegiance to Smith was based not only on conviction but on personal affection, swung into action on the Taft campus. He dropped his other extracurricular interests for the time being and went to work for Smith. Although he was well aware that he was outnumbered, his spirit remained undampened; duty had called, and he responded with feverish ardor. The fact that few, if any, of his schoolmates were old enough to vote did not deter him, either. It was the principle of the thing. From the Democratic campaign headquarters he ordered a vast supply of Smith buttons, and when these arrived he pressed one on every member of the undergraduate body, whether or not the recipient was willing to wear it. The legend of Wagner, a bagful of Smith buttons clenched



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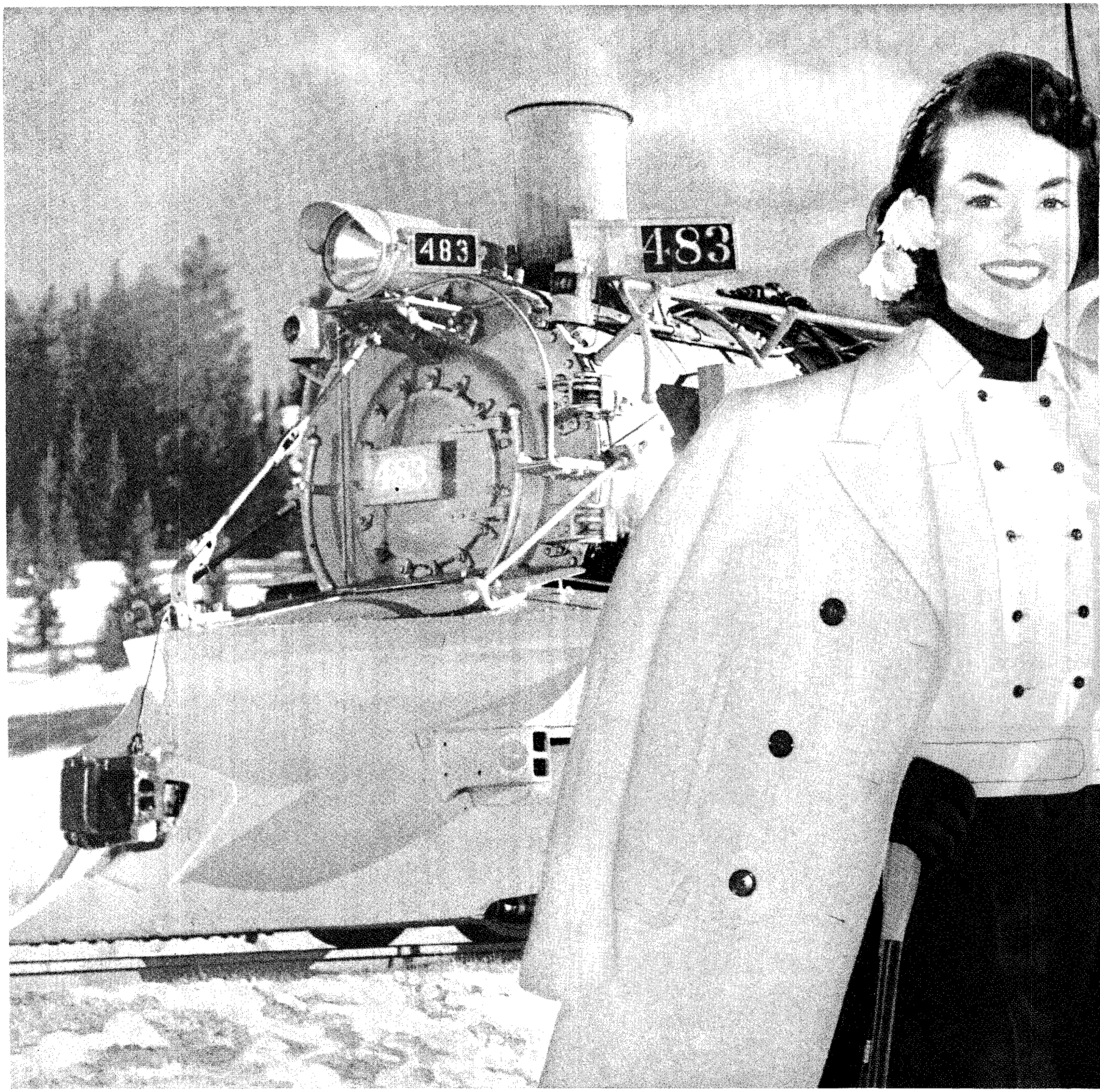

IN THE COLORADO MOUNTAINS: MARGIE MCNALLY, MISS RHEINGOLD 1957, PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL HESSE. COSTUME BY KNIZE, N. Y.

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But a great *beer* never changes. Every day—every year—every glass of Rheingold Extra Dry has the *real-beer* taste of the one before. It's never bitter, never sweet. And the unique qualities that set Rheingold apart have made it the largest-selling beer in the East.

Vista-Dome
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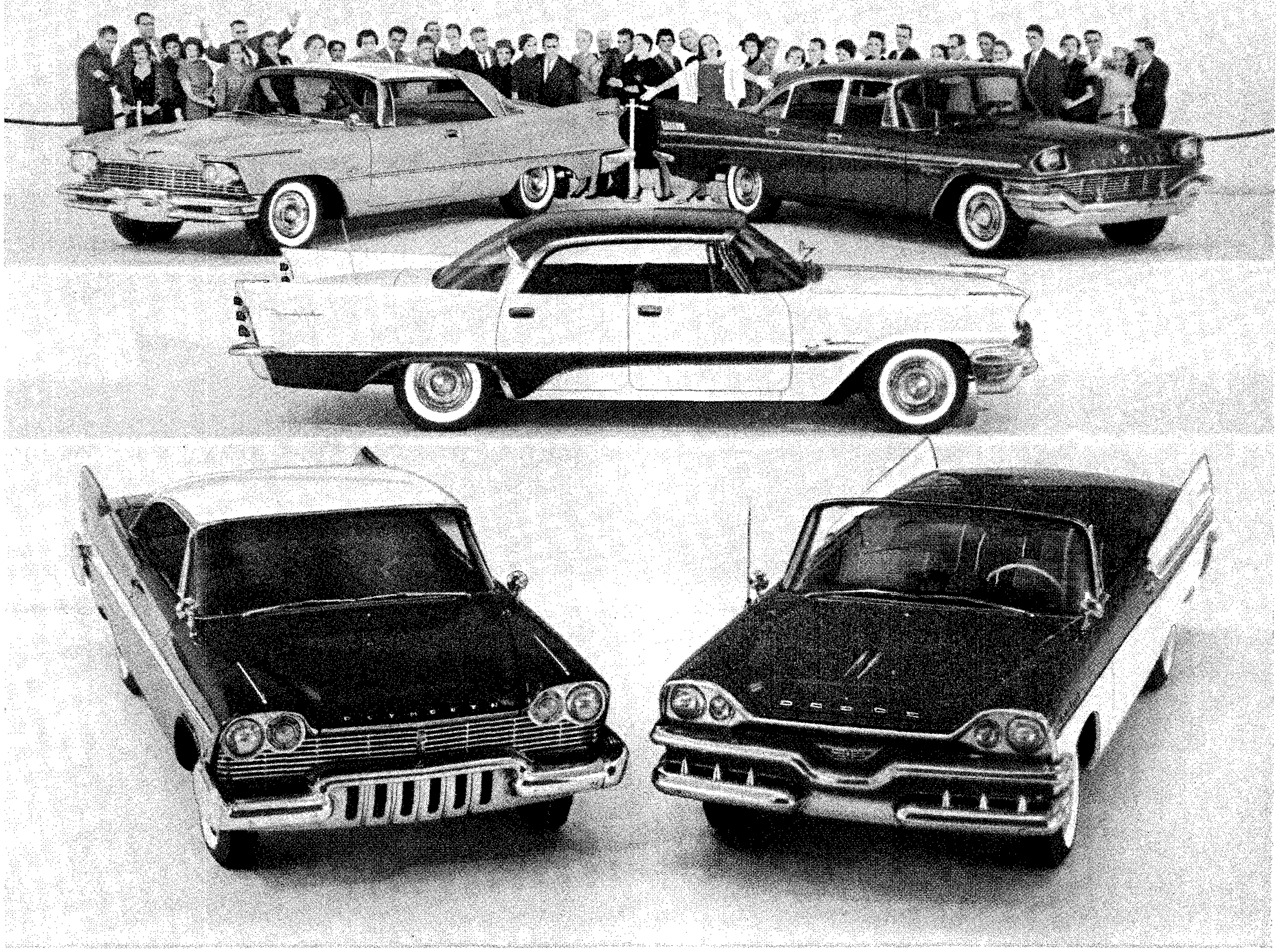

In left foreground, Plymouth; right, Dodge; center, De Soto; rear left, Imperial and rear right, Chrysler. With a total of 93 models to cover all price ranges—with over 400 color combinations to choose from, there's a Chrysler Corporation car that's right for you!

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in his fist, accosting his schoolmates and pleading with them to "just wear it on your jacket" is still a green one along the hallowed walks of Taft. Wagner had already learned that noise has its advantages in the intricate world of politics, and on Election Eve he managed to corral enough students to hold a pro-Smith demonstration in Watertown, at which he handed out a generous supply of horns and whistles, and delivered an eloquent speech. While Smith thumpingly lost the national election, he came within one vote of winning a straw poll at Taft, and in recognition of this achievement Wagner was voted the member of his class most likely to succeed.

By the time Wagner graduated from Taft, the following spring, he was in even closer touch with off-campus politics, thanks to his father's growing influence in national affairs. The Senator was a powerful Democrat, high in the councils of his party, and he incessantly discussed political questions with his son. When both happened to be home at the same time, they spent hours together thrashing out the strategy by which various candidates were chosen to run for office, and the problems they faced if, God and the electorate willing, they were elected. The Senator was privy to the deeper secrets of the elusive art of selecting and promoting a candidate, and although he did not allow his son to accompany him to caucuses, he made a point of having him on hand at conventions—state and national. Here the youth acted as a sort of runner for his father, who generally spent much of the time in conference behind locked doors. Periodically, the Senator would summon his son to the door, or even ask him into the smoke-filled room itself, and give him instructions. The younger Wagner would emerge from these huddles with a sphinxlike face, and run around the corner to get some coffee for his father, or pass along a message of gloom or cheer to the faithful in the corridors. Commissioner Cullen, something of a power in the Party himself but not enough of one to be inside the rooms where history was being forged, often encountered the Senator's son in the hallway and asked him to help out with things like reserving tickets to the convention in the name of this politician or that. Wagner was an observant assistant, and he absorbed a lot of useful political knowledge in the course of performing these trifling chores. Most important, he learned at first hand that politics in a democracy involves many compromises—that apparently irrecon-

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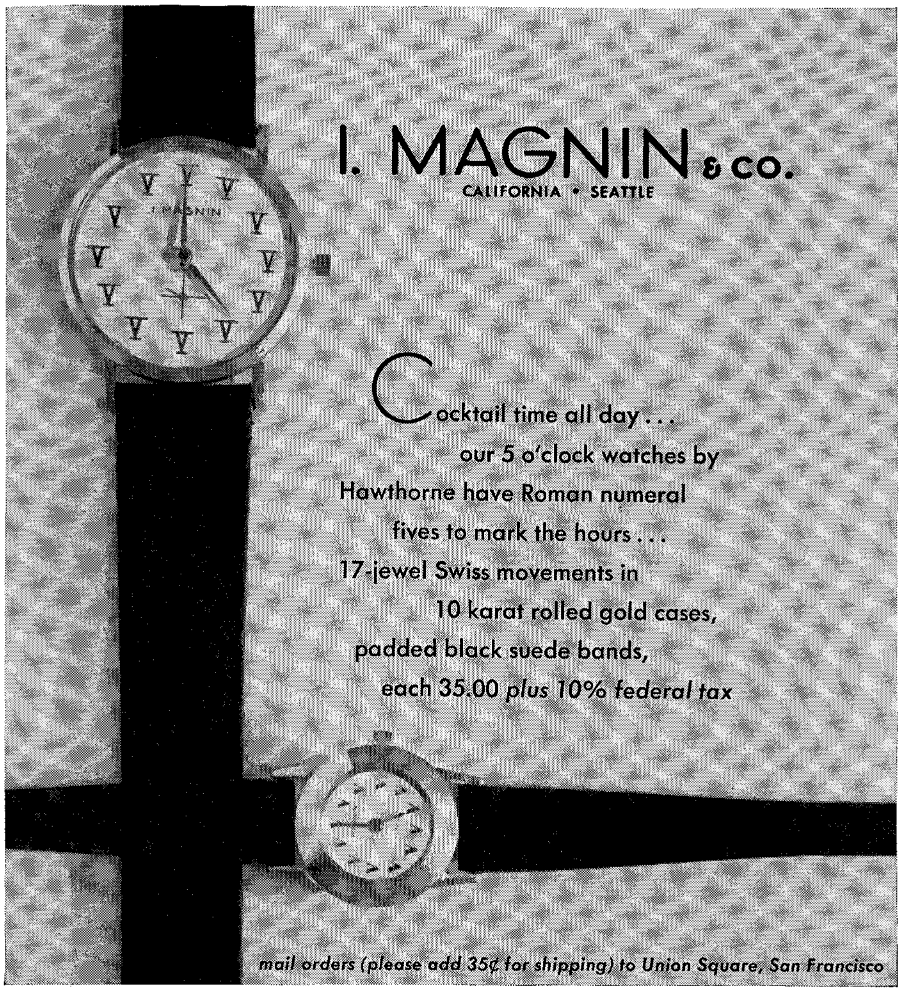
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cilable forces often display remarkable adaptability in bringing themselves to work together for the sake of the ticket.

WAGNER entered Yale in September, 1929, and had an even better time there than he had had at Taft. He horsed around a great deal, he learned a great deal, and he met his future wife—Susan Edwards, of Greenwich, Connecticut, a member of the class of 1932 at Smith and a sister of one of his friends at Yale, Duncan Edwards. Like other universities in the autumn of 1929, Yale was pervaded by a strangely unrealistic atmosphere. Among that season's highlights for Wagner were the wonderful way Ruth Etting sang "I Want to Meander in the Meadow," a new rule abolishing the wearing of hats on the campus, his appointment to the business board of the *Record*, and a revival of "Sherlock Holmes" that William Gillette brought to New Haven. Meanwhile, a month after his class began its studies, the first wave of the depression hit the nation. Wagner would have been as incredulous as the next man if someone had told him that the depression was going to establish his father's—and perhaps his own—place in history, yet that was the way things turned out.

The Tammany Hall of which Senator Wagner was a product had established its vote-getting reputation as a protector of the poor and the friendless. In trouble? Tammany will get you out of it. Need help? Tammany will provide it. Then along came the depression, when almost everybody was in trouble and needed help, and the old-fashioned Tammany method of a friend at court or a turkey in the basket no longer worked. To many people it appeared that the answer lay in large-scale public philanthropy, and no one believed in this approach with deeper sincerity than Senator Wagner. There wasn't much that he could actually do about it as long as Hoover remained in the White House, since the President was convinced that true salvation lay in self-help, but while biding his time the Senator could turn his mind to the social problems posed by the depression and attempt to think them through, and this he did. Concurrently, he and his son corresponded profusely, exchanging views, and soon the latter was far more conscious than most of his classmates of the plight of the outside world. His views reflected those of his father, and he was just as politically articulate on the Yale campus as he had been at Taft. Whenever he came down to New York for a weekend, and his father was up from Washington, the two men would sit around the apartment on Saturday morning in their pajamas, discussing the state of the nation. The Senator's thinking about the depression was leading to specific plans for combatting it, and he passed these along in detail to his son.

The Saturday-morning talks were not always so impersonal, however. Sometimes the Senator would question his son—on an insistent, or even deadly, note—about the amount of time he was devoting to his studies. "Bobby, work is the only thing that matters," he would say. "Keep at it. Keep studying. Why don't you spend a weekend in the library up there at Yale? How is your French going? What are your grades in English?" The son, determined to keep a grip on himself, made a point of always replying quietly and courteously, and of never failing to say "Yes, sir" and "No, sir." The Senator was a kind and loving father, but there were times when his all-encompassing affection for his son became oppressive. Frequently, a day or two before an important football game, Wagner, in New Haven, would get a call from his father announcing that he intended to arrive there on Saturday morning with a dozen or more judges, commissioners, and legislators, and asking if Bobby could arrange to meet them at the station with adequate transportation, set up a lunch for the party, and have the necessary tickets ready. Aware that his father thought this would be great fun for both of them and had no idea of the difficulties involved, Wagner always dutifully did the best he could, and although on the eve of a big game the problem of wangling extra tickets from friends or the Yale Athletic Association was a formidable one, he nearly always came up with the required number. He usually hired a fleet of long black Cadillacs from a local undertaker, and these would be lined up outside the station when the Senator and his party arrived. From the station the visitors would be whisked to the Taft Hotel for lunch, from there to the Yale Bowl, and then back to the station. Once the elderly group was safely headed in the direction of New York, Wagner again felt free to throw himself into the spirit of Yale.

There was an abundance of that spirit at the time, and Wagner experienced its charms in full measure. He belonged not only to a lighthearted social group known as the Club Vanderbilt but to an even more frivolous organization, called the Mohicans. The latter outfit, as far as an outsider can determine, was a society of young

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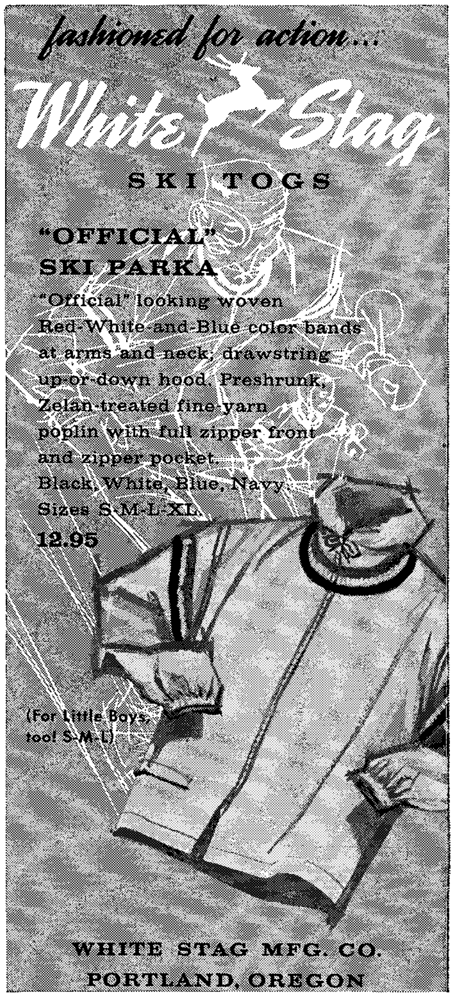
men dedicated to the fine art of drinking. Its members periodically tangled with—or, as they archly put it, went on the warpath against—a similarly oriented group, the Riffs, and the results were often mutually disastrous. As a loyal member of the club, Wagner was along on a night when the tribal warfare became so confused that one Mohican, madly in charge of a wheelbarrow, crashed it into another Mohican, thinking him a Riff, and injured him so seriously that he wound up in a hospital. That same night, other Mohicans, and Riffs as well, suffered sprained ankles in jumping from pianos, and damage to the furnishings in several dormitories was extensive. Toward the end of the festive evening, the Riffs and Mohicans ran into some pretty girls and amiably proclaimed an armistice.

When the 1932 Presidential campaign came along, young Wagner was ready for it. Yale was scarcely better than Taft as a place for the son of a Democratic senator to enlist enthusiastic support for his cause, but again Wagner was not discouraged, and proselytized vigorously for Franklin D. Roosevelt. The *Yale Daily News* gave Wagner no encouragement whatever; on the contrary, it ran a straw poll in which President Hoover came out a three-to-one victor. "Needless to say," an item in the yearbook of Wagner's class reads, "America disagreed with the *News*, to the delight of the Democrats of the college, led and rallied by fighting Bob Wagner, the people's choice whether they like it or not." Once Roosevelt had taken office as President, Senator Wagner's correspondence and conversations with his son became even more lengthy and animated. The Senator was an outstanding advocate of social legislation, and played a leading role in pushing through legislation that established such agencies as the National Industrial Recovery Administration, the Social Security Board, and—by means of the celebrated Wagner Act—the National Labor Relations Board.

Maintaining, as he did, a fairly even balance between study, extracurricular activities, and social life, Wagner was not a big man on campus at New Haven, but neither was he an insignificant one. He concentrated with reasonable diligence on the teachings of such noted Yale preceptors as Phelps, Tinker, and Spykman, and he became manager of the varsity baseball team and a member of the Senior Prom Committee. As time went on and the antics of such amorphous groups as the Vanderbilt and Mohican clubs began to pall, he found a more sedate and satisfying sort of club in



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Scroll and Key, of which he became a member on Tap Day of 1932. Off campus, he enjoyed himself with what one of his classmates has described as "controlled abandon." Another college friend has summed up the Mayor's undergraduate days by saying, "Wag had a hell of a good time at Yale, but he studied hard, too." As usual, the Senator worried about the youth. Though no teetotaller himself, he held strong views on how much hard liquor a young man could handle, and he warned his son that drinking interfered with study, and, indeed, could wreck a man's future. "Are you sure you and your friends aren't drinking too much, Bobby?" he would inquire earnestly when Wagner and a couple of classmates, down from New Haven for a weekend, were having dinner with him at a restaurant. "I think I'll have a B. and B.," the son would tell the waiter, as if he hadn't heard the question.

The undergraduates with whom Wagner associated most frequently at Yale had two characteristics in common: they were bright and they were far from poor. He is still on a basis of firm friendship with a number of them. Perhaps the man closest to him at present is Charles H. Tenney, who was a classmate of his at Yale and then at law school; as an undergraduate, Tenney was known as a literary light (he was elected Class Poet) and for his rich baritone voice. When Wagner took office as Mayor, he persuaded Tenney to give up private law practice and become his Commissioner of Investigation—the Mayor's highly trusted confidential overseer, who has the power to look into the conduct of every branch of the municipal administration. At Yale, Wagner also teamed up with James W. West, who nowadays lives in Princeton and is in the printing business in Trenton, and often comes to town to spend a sociable evening with the Mayor. Among his other good friends from college days are Edward G. Miller, Jr., who was an Assistant Secretary of State under President Truman and is now a partner in the law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, and Dr. William S. Norton II, who is the Wagners' family physician.

Perhaps the high point in Wagner's undergraduate career was a trip he made to Bermuda during spring vacation of his senior year, as a member of the Yale Rugby team, which had recently been revived after a long hiatus. The team, thirty strong, Wagner included, embarked from New York. Of the thirty, only five, Wagner not included, knew how to play Rugby. The

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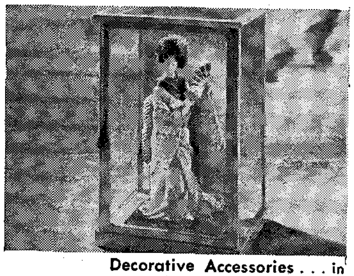

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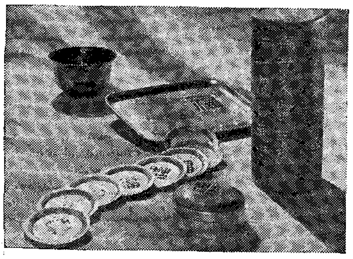

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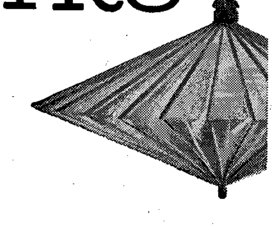

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uninitiated majority whiled away the time on shipboard by reading up on the game. Yale was scheduled to play in the International Series—first against something that called itself the Bermuda Navy and then against the Bermuda All-Stars. Once the team was installed in training quarters on the island, it was discovered that more managers than players had contrived to ring themselves in on the junket, and that there was even a Harvard man in their ranks. The captain of the team exhorted his men to observe Yale's high standards of conduct and good taste and to give their all for victory, and he also threatened that any player who showed up for a game under the influence of liquor would be severely punished, although he indicated that hangovers would be tolerated. The Bermuda Navy fell easy prey to Yale, prompting the astonished victors, who were to play the All-Stars the following day, to celebrate the prowess of old Eli until five o'clock that morning. Overnight, Tenney, one of the five members of the team who had more than a reading knowledge of Rugby, developed an ingrown toenail and was unable to play, and as the hour for the All-Star game approached, eight of his teammates also reported themselves incapacitated. Wagner, however, was in fine fettle. Just before the game, he rallied the surviving players with a stirring rendition of one of his favorite songs—the one that begins, "My cutie's due at two-two-two,/She's coming through on a big choo-choo." But it was not enough. Nor were his efforts on the field, where, called in from the substitutes' bench, he insisted on remaining in the game after getting kicked in the eye. Yale was massacred, but even in defeat the players kept a stiff upper lip, and showed no signs of chagrin at a post-game cocktail party and dinner, in the course of which many toasts were drunk to Bermudians, to Americans, and to international amity in general. According to the yearbook of Wagner's class, the trip home was "somewhat strained, due to the motion of the boat."

Wagner graduated in June, 1933, and that autumn he went on to the Yale Law School, which in those days permitted its students to interrupt the regular three-year course by spending a year at the Harvard School of Business Administration, and he availed himself of this privilege. A hard-working, if not a distinguished, student, he spent one summer vacation in Switzerland, studying at the Geneva School of International Relations. Even so, his father did not think he was working

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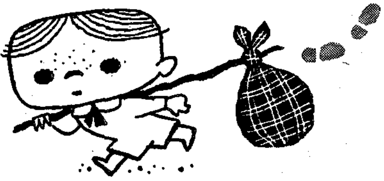
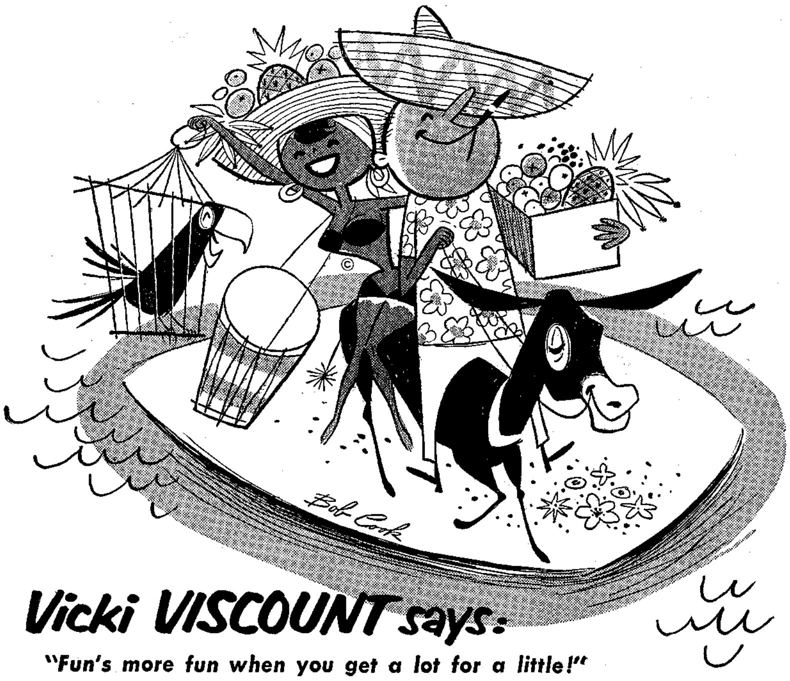


hard enough. "I can't understand why you're not up there in New Haven at the library," he would say, harping on the old theme, when he and his son crossed paths in New York. The Senator, however, was torn between what he felt was proper academic discipline and a desire for his son's companionship, and usually ended these remonstrative sessions by inviting him and whatever law-school friends he was in town with to an evening of robust German food at Lüchow's or Hans Jager's. Although accepting the invitation often meant putting a crimp in the young men's Saturday-night plans, it didn't take a very discerning prospective lawyer to realize the advantages of being seen in public with such a prominent legislator. Moreover, the Senator was full of enlightening shoptalk—so full of it, indeed, that sometimes, in the opinion of his son, who had heard it all before, these dinners were a trifle less than sprightly. Wagner recalls one evening when his father took him and half a dozen classmates to Lüchow's. "Now, gentlemen," the Senator said as the menus were being passed around, "let's order promptly, because there are some interesting developments in our old-age legislation that I'd like to discuss with you." At that, his son decided to attempt a bit of gentle remonstrance himself. "Father, can't we just wait awhile and talk about something else first?" he asked. The Senator brushed this aside, saying, "The trouble with the younger generation is that it has lost seriousness of purpose and direction." The meal was thereupon hastily ordered, and as the waiter turned toward the kitchen, the Senator began his customary monologue.

THERE was never the slightest doubt in Wagner's mind, or in his father's, that he would enter politics. Anything else would have been unthinkable—as if a Barrymore should renounce the stage. Intelligent, well-educated, convivial, and not only thoroughly informed about but genuinely interested in the problems that preoccupied his father, Wagner was, by upbringing, in no measure disposed to quarrel with the decisions of the Democratic leaders in New York City. This combination of attributes, coupled with the vote-getting magic of the name Wagner, appealed to the Party's elder statesmen. "The kid's all right," they used to say. "He's regular." In May, 1937, while Wagner still had about a month to go before graduating from law school, a group of organization Democrats in his native



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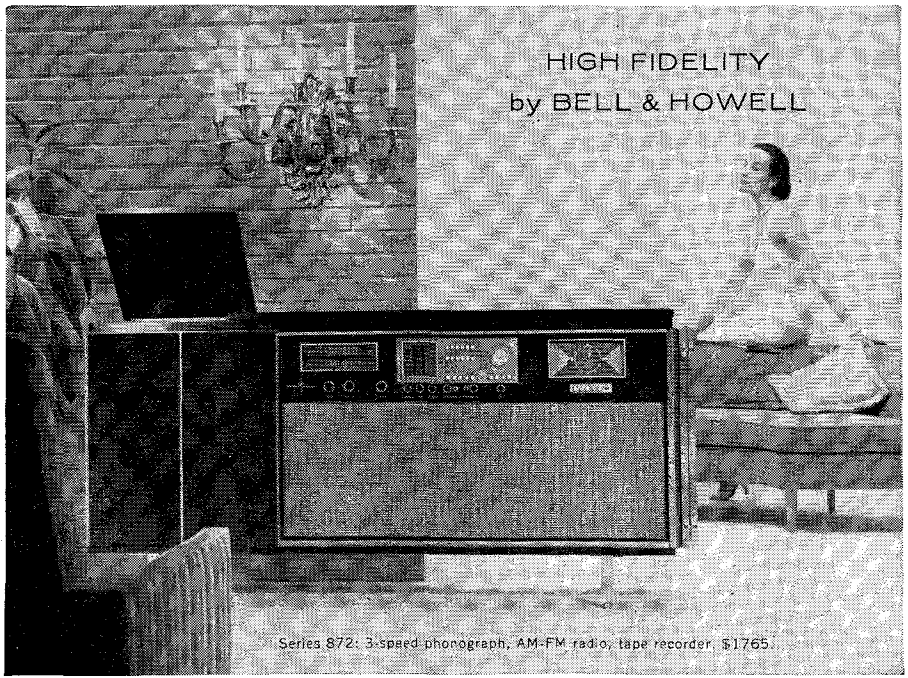

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Yorkville showed how they felt about him and his possibilities by circulating petitions to nominate him for the state assembly. The switch had been thrown to start the silent and mysterious political escalator that, sixteen years later, landed Wagner in the office of Mayor of the City of New York. Yorkville, to be sure, was already represented in Albany by a Democratic assemblyman, but so eager were the leaders for Wagner to get started that they at once found another job for the incumbent, as a public servant in the friendly atmosphere of Washington. Wagner received his law degree in June and was admitted to the New York State bar that fall, and in November the electorate sent him to Albany, where he was named a member of three assembly committees that were right in the family tradition—Public Health, Social Welfare, and Labor and Industries.

Two weeks after the United States entered the war, Wagner resigned from the legislature—he was the first member of either house to do so because of the emergency—and was commissioned a lieutenant in the Air Force and assigned to the office of the Under-Secretary of the Army, in Washington. On St. Valentine's Day of 1942, he and Miss Edwards were married, in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and fifteen months later he was sent to England, where he served as a judge advocate. After two years overseas, he returned to this country, received his discharge, and joined his father's law firm—Wagner, Quillinan, Tennant & Nussenfeld. He also got back on the escalator, and began rising as rapidly as the Party could induce its well-oiled but cumbersome machinery to carry him. If he showed no great distinction in any of the posts he filled, he at least filled them without indiscretion or any conspicuously jarring note. Within three years, he became, successively, Tax Commissioner of the City of New York, Commissioner of Housing and Buildings, and chairman of the New York City Planning Commission—all by appointment of Mayor William O'Dwyer—and in November, 1949, he was elected Borough President of Manhattan. One of his innovations in that capacity was the establishment of community-planning councils in various sections of the borough, to facilitate the solving of local problems.

The escalator was now reaching the exciting, glittering floors, but the ride was not quite as smooth as it had been at the bottom. The Senator died in May, 1953, and that summer Wagner, having made up his mind that he wanted to

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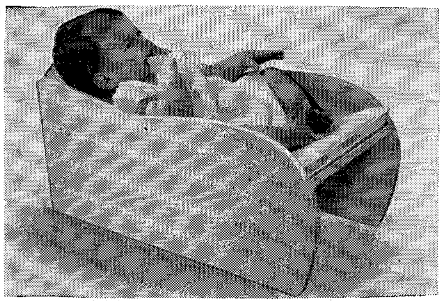

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be mayor, had to fight a bitter primary battle with the incumbent, Vincent R. Impellitteri, in order to win his party's designation as its candidate. He engaged in a strenuous fall campaign, and on Election Day he received 361,035 votes more than the Republican candidate, Harold Riegelman, and 555,521 more than the Liberal-Independent candidate, the late Rudolph Halley. The election returns solidly established Carmine G. DeSapio, who had supported Wagner against Impellitteri, as leader of the Democratic organization in New York City. When Wagner learned that he had conclusively captured the office of mayor, he turned to the swarms of admirers surrounding him at campaign headquarters, in the Biltmore Hotel, stood silent for a moment, and then, with a lonely, wistful smile, said, "I wish Dad were alive tonight."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

(*This is the first of two articles on Mayor Wagner.*)

•

THE DIRECTEUR

The "Show Car" which the Cadillac Motor Car Division will present at the New York Auto Show is the "Directeur." A black production Fleetwood 60 Special Sedan with a special interior, the "Directeur" offers many interesting and unusual features for the busy executive.

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On the driver's side of the partition separator is a sliding panel which houses an ash tray, cigarette lighter and a small storage area for gloves or other incidentals.

In the section of the partition facing the rear compartment there is a news and stock tape screen, a hi-fi record player and a folding table. These accessories are lighted by a fluorescent light recessed under the crash roll above the area.

The rear seat is lighted by a fluorescent reading lamp set in the halo panel of the head-liner. The arm rest in the center of the rear seat contains a recessed telephone for the executive and a unit containing a humidor, writing pen and a check book. At each end of the rear seat in each rear door is a folding record storage case.

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And if they get the chauffeur, there's a sword in the handle of that umbrella.

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La Salle Hotel
Feb. 13, 14 & 15
Cincinnati
Netherland Plaza Hotel
Feb. 6 & 7
Cleveland
Statler Hotel
Feb. 4 & 5
Columbus
Deschler-Hilton Hotel
Feb. 20 & 21
Dallas
Adolphus Hotel
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Los Angeles
Biltmore Hotel
Jan. 28, 29 & 30
Memphis
Peabody Hotel
Feb. 4 & 5
Milwaukee
Pfister Hotel
Feb. 28, March 1
Minneapolis
Radisson Hotel
Feb. 11 & 12
New Orleans
Roosevelt Hotel
Jan. 31 & Feb. 1
Oklahoma City
Biltmore Hotel
March 15 & 16
Omaha
Blackstone Hotel
Feb. 8 & 9
Philadelphia
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Feb. 21 & 22
Pittsburgh
William Penn Hotel
Feb. 21 & 22
Rochester, Minn.
Kahler Hotel
Feb. 11 & 12
Rochester, N. Y.
Seneca Hotel
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St. Louis
Chase Hotel
Feb. 8 & 9
San Francisco
St. Francis Hotel
Jan. 31, Feb. 1 & 2
Toledo
Commodore Perry Hotel
Feb. 22 & 23
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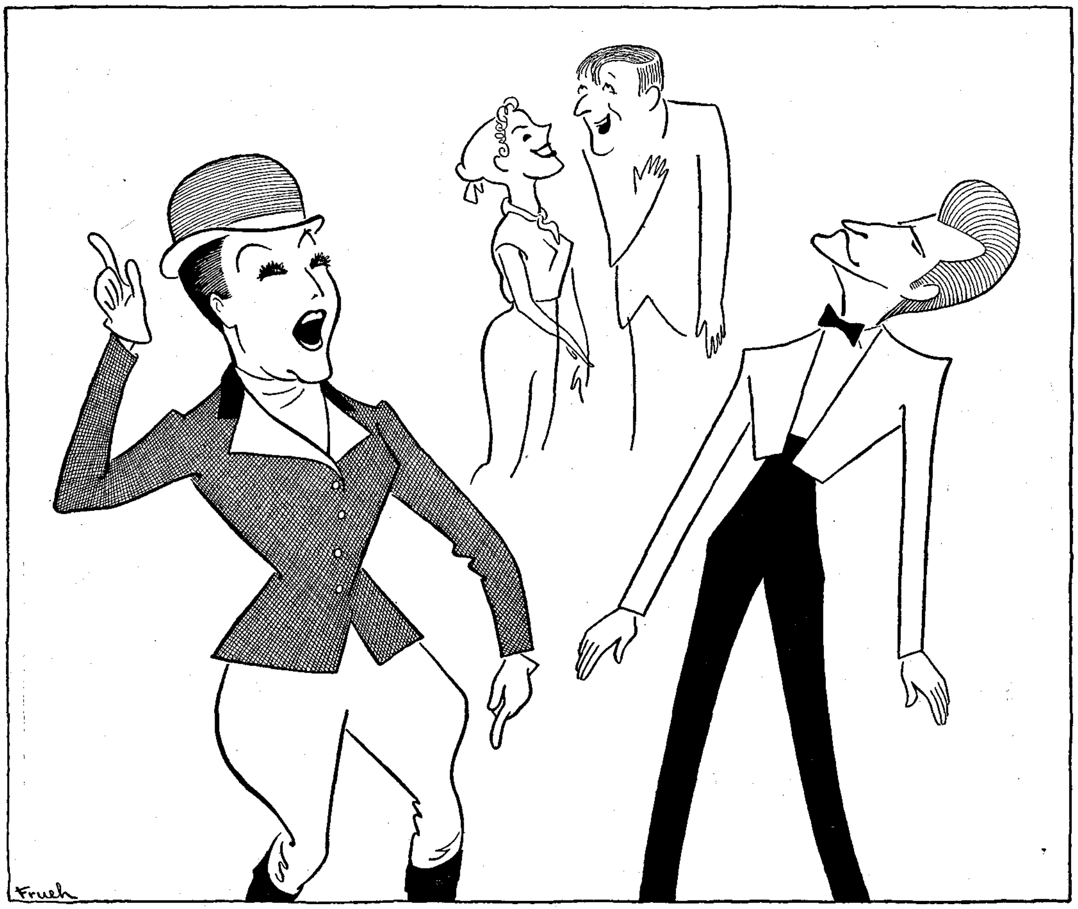
MOST men and practically all women are aware, of course, that the heirs of Don Juan, especially in their declining years, are curious mixtures of pathos and low comedy. It is a point that has frequently been made in novels and on the stage, but never more eloquently than by the French, who, in spite of their intense preoccupation with love, are still able to take an extremely sardonic view of lovers. The latest specimen of this national cynicism is a play called "The Waltz of the Toreadors," by Jean Anouilh, which opened last week at the Coronet and demonstrated quite forcibly that gentlemen who devote their lives almost exclusively to the pursuit of ladies are apt to wind up as very sad figures of fun. It is not an easy piece to evaluate, at least for me. A good deal of it is hilarious farce, recalling, in technique, the highly sophisticated naïveté of "The Matchmaker;" its point of view is consistently Gallic, presenting the most degraded sexual behavior with lighthearted amusement; and its language, in the translation by Lucienne Hill, has for the most part admirable wit and style. On the other hand, there are times when the humor, proceeding beyond the boudoir to the bathroom, seems to me outside the strict boundaries of taste, and there are certainly times when the central joke, having to do with the humiliations inevitably suffered by old goats, gets a little thin and monotonous. Since these objections have apparently occurred to none of my colleagues, there is a chance that I am mistaken, though I doubt it. In any case, they are not particularly important, and I'm sure you'll find "The Waltz of the Toreadors" a more than usually exhilarating entertainment.

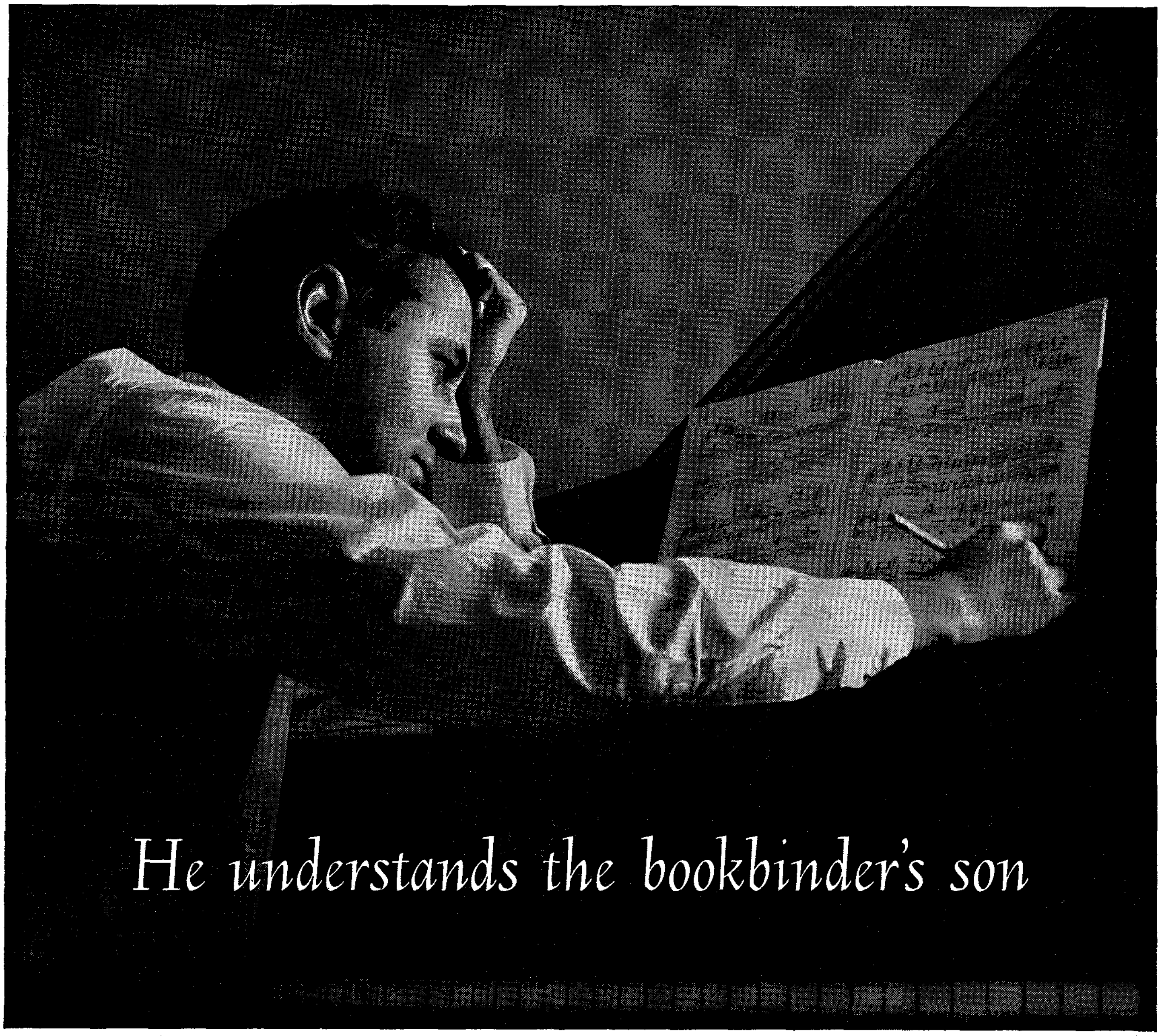
The hero of the evening is a retired French general, sufficiently antique to be writing his memoirs but still not old enough to have abandoned the coquettish habits of a lifetime. His wife, formerly an opera singer of sorts, has taken permanently to her bed—a stratagem calculated to make it impossible for him to leave her—and from this vantage point she upbraids him vigorously not only for the adulteries he has actually committed but also for any that may conceivably be going on in his head. His two teen-age daughters are so dismaying in appearance that his own description of them as "misbegotten frumps" seems almost courteous, and the secretary to whom he is dictating what would appear to be a venomous parody of just about all military reminiscences is a dull young man who doesn't do much to brighten up the premises. The tedium of this dreadful household is momentarily dispelled by the arrival of an appetizing pinhead with whom the general has imagined himself romantically in love since he last saw her, some seventeen years ago, but, as you might expect, nothing works out very well.



"HAPPY HUNTING"

The equestrienne dominating this picture is Ethel Merman, who is equally prominent in the musical at the Majestic. The dressy scoundrel beside her is Fernando Lamas, and the young lovers in the background are Virginia Gibson and Gordon Polk.

Just exactly how it does work out is a bit hard to put down here, since orderly plotting is one of the least of M. Anouilh's concerns. At one point, disgusted with the way things are going, the young lady places a little pearl-handled revolver to her head and pulls the trigger. It misfires, however, and after sniffing daintily at the muzzle she tosses it away. Somewhat later, she jumps out a window and lands on top of the


He understands the bookbinder's son

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secretary, who falls in love with her, as she does with him. The general is naturally somewhat exasperated by this development, and there is talk of a duel, but inanimate objects are just as hostile to him as living women, and the sword with which he has planned to carve up his rival sticks obstinately in its scabbard on the wall. He is further embarrassed when the young man turns out to be his illegitimate son, and still further when his wife, whom he had hopefully imagined to be on her deathbed, climbs out of it to announce not only that he has always struck her as a stupefying bore but also that he is one of the least accomplished lovers she has ever known. In the end, the general turns for consolation to a plump and accessible kitchenmaid, but it is clear that his heart isn't in this last campaign and that he is a lonely and beaten man. As I hope I've suggested, the French conception of farce, while fascinating, is occasionally a little chilly, too.

Ralph Richardson, as the handsomely bewhiskered general, manages to be almost simultaneously funny, pathetic, and contemptible, and I think it is a magnificent performance. He is brilliantly assisted by Mildred Natwick, who makes his invalid wife a really memorable hag; Meriel Forbes, who looks very beautiful and invincibly stupid as his long-lost love; John Stewart, who is one of the most promising young actors in town and proves it with his wonderfully blank portrayal of the secretary; and John Abbott, William Hansen, Frieda Altman, and Louise Kirtland, who are all engaging in lesser but still quite taxing parts. Harold Clurman's direction establishes and maintains with great skill the mood, or rapid alternation of moods, called for by the script, and Ben Edwards' 1910 Continental interior is properly heavy and ornate. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Princeton Herald*]

Members of the Old Guard will describe their supper experiences in three-minute talks at the meeting in Firestone Library at 10:30 o'clock on Wednesday morning.

•

HOCKEY AT A GLANCE

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—*Norfolk-Portsmouth (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch & Star.*

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"SEPARATE TABLES IS A TRIUMPH!"—Watts, Post

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The latest, and very likely the last, Qantas contest is history. Its purpose, you may recall, was to secure new and fitting names for the 5 continents served by Qantas Super-G Constellations; new names as appropriate as Qantasylvania is to the Pacific area.

After much soul searching, the judges awarded First Prize to Mr. J. Dunlap McNair of 512 South Talley Avenue, Muncie, Indiana for his entry: Natasq (North America); Antsaq (Australia); Sqanta (Africa); Asqant (Asia); and Tanqas (Europe). The panel felt that these names, while a trifle odd, had each the virtue of containing the same letters as the name of a prominent global airline. The next move is up to Rand McNally.

Many promising entries were discarded because of certain confusion factors; i.e., naming all the continents Texas, or Boston, or Zimmerman.

Thus Mr. McNair becomes Vernon VI, Hereditary Archduke of Qantasylvania and, in addition, wins permanent custody of a 5-foot stuffed koala bear, a lovable but bulky creature weighing 7 stone 5 (103 lbs.). Chief Judge Freberg has volunteered to deliver it in person. Good on him, we say.

In his coronation statement Vernon VI, a metallurgist for the Indiana Steel & Wire Co., Inc. and a family man, said "There are indeed few Archdukes in Muncie."

The other 99 winners will be notified by mail. Congratulations, all!

**Parky hops around Griffith Park Zoo, Los Angeles, picking up paper and stuffing it in her pouch. An example for us all. While not actually a judge, Parky performed yeoman duty collecting the ballots.*

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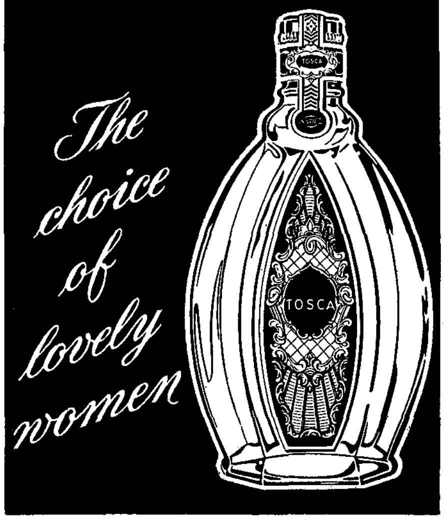

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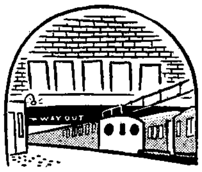


JANUARY 15

THIS has been a week of shocks—for all of which, surprisingly enough, the public was unprepared. It seemed symbolic that on Thursday, when people went to work carrying under their arms the newspapers containing word of Sir Anthony Eden's resignation, the flags on London's government and municipal buildings should be drooping at half-mast. They were in salute, as it turned out, to the late President Koerner, of Austria, whose Requiem Mass was taking place in Westminster Cathedral that day, but numbers of Londoners, apparently unaware of this, rang up Fleet Street offices to ask in all seriousness if the show of mourning was connected with the events in Downing Street. There was somehow an extraordinary sense of a death in the house. Considering that Eden's departure had been discussed for weeks by thousands of English and that a large section of public opinion thought it was impossible for him to stay on, his resignation, when it actually came along, caught everybody off balance by seeming more wretchedly tragic than even his most violent critics would have liked. The contrast between the memory of his enormous personal triumph in the general election of 1955 and last week's photographs of a sick man visibly nerving himself to get through the flash-bulb barrage in Downing Street produced a general and painful shock. If at first people felt that the health reasons given for Sir Anthony's resignation were largely decent window dressing, assembled to hide the fact that England could no longer afford a First Minister of the Crown whose policy had led to such fearful losses, they changed their minds after the news that he was going to disappear from the Commons as well as from Downing Street.

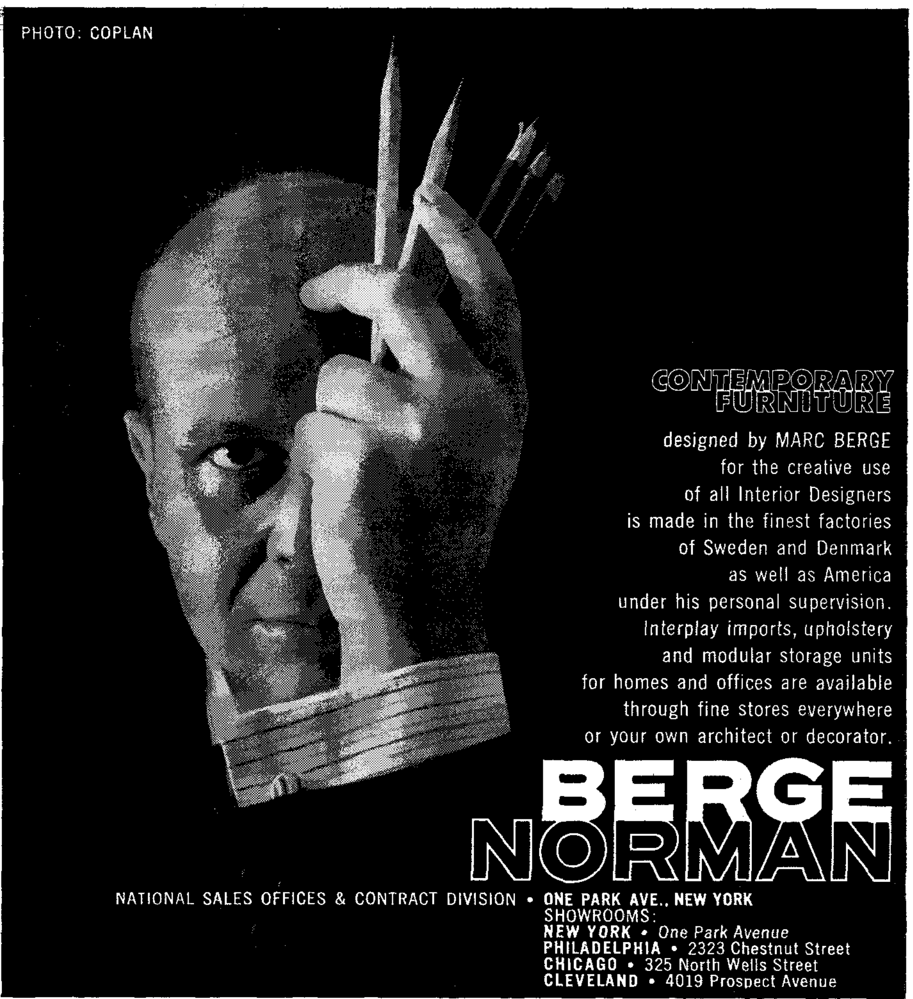
So ends, with harsh abruptness, the brilliant political life of one of the least fortunate of Prime Ministers, the best of Foreign Secretaries, and a respected and admired House of Commons man for thirty-three years. There are, it should be added, large numbers of Sir Anthony's supporters who still believe that he was right, and hold stubbornly to this thesis against all comers. They think that the Suez enterprise failed in everything it set out to do except sticking a pin into the world's complacency over the Middle East, and that, ironically, the much-discussed Eisenhower doctrine has provided the first sign of the point's getting home.

IF the timing of the sudden vacancy in Downing Street was a complete surprise to the country, the drama over who was going to fill it was a knockout. A majority of the newspapers and the public appeared to have little doubt as to how the succession would go; the question of the heir apparent seemed to most people to be hardly more controversial than it was when Sir Winston Churchill resigned. A month ago, the *Economist* was discussing, with authoritative prescience, the question of a possible "new Prime Minister (who, for all his recent deviousness, could surely only be Mr. Butler)," and when the new Prime Minister turned out, after all, to be Mr. Macmillan, the printers of the Manchester *Guardian* were evidently so bemused that they allowed a reference to Mr. Butler as the new man at No. 10 to get by them in some of their editions. Many Conservatives greeted the appointment with great satisfaction, though a large section of the Party had hoped for and expected Mr. Butler, the author and chief exponent of the new look in Toryism, and at least a considerable chunk of dissatisfied young Tory opinion would have liked a completely new broom—neither Macmillan nor Butler—who might have better impressed outside onlookers with the idea that the business of clearing up the mess was under different management.

The Labour Party, being naturally averse to the claims of any Conservative Prime Minister, has just issued a call for an immediate general election, as the only way to help floundering public opinion, but this would seem to be merely the expected Opposition reaction, unlikely to be answered a moment sooner than the Government thinks politic, or is forced to answer it. At the same time, Labour also raised a somewhat abstruse constitutional question about the events of last week by asking whether the Queen was not made to be unbecomingly involved in party politics by having to exercise the royal prerogative—the sovereign's historic freedom of choice in naming a Prime Minister—between two men neither of whom had been officially elected by his party to succeed Sir Anthony Eden as leader. The Conservative Party voting on the leadership will take place on January 22nd, at a big meeting in Westminster. It is very unlikely but just possible, as the Opposition says, that Mr. Butler might be chosen, in which hypothetical case the Crown would be placed in an embarrassing position; if, as seems safe, the Party loyally endorses the Queen's choice, then, in the Labour view, the Crown was asked to influence the opinion of the rank and file before they could be consulted.

Right now, however, people are less interested in constitutional hair-splitting than in the big question of why and how Mr. Butler lost his chance for the office, which may or may not turn up again. There are those who point out that he is, after all, only fifty-four, compared to Mr. Macmillan's sixty-two, and should therefore have years of political opportunity before him, but many think that the next Government will be a Labour one and that it will last a long time, during which some of the younger Conservative men may well emerge to compete. At the Conservative Party Conference at Llandudno last October, when the sun was still shining, it seemed unmistakable to most observers that Mr. Butler was next in line to the Prime Minister, and in that position he appeared to show striking new confidence. But, according to the talk now going around London, he is considered to have fallen fatally between two stools in his efforts to strike a balance over Suez—having displeased the militant section of the Conservative Party for the restraining advice that he was assumed to have urged on the Prime Minister (at the time of the cease-fire, it was being widely said that Butler's insistence had helped to bring it about, although, of course, no one who was not present at those fateful Cabinet meetings had any information to go on) and having disappointed those who were against the whole ill-starred adventure by not resigning in protest himself but, on the contrary, speaking up in the House of Commons in apparently fervent support of it. The general impression is that he opposed Sir Anthony in private but backed him in public, and, rightly or wrongly, in the discussions now raging this is held to be the reason that the whole of the "Suez group" in Parliament and some others in the Party became so reluctant to accept him as Prime Minister that his chance of being asked to form a Government went out the window. If Sir Anthony Eden's moment of departure was a tragically bitter one for him, it must have been an almost equally bitter moment of not starting at all for Mr. Butler.

Many thoughtful Conservatives were deeply disappointed when they learned the other afternoon—from club ticker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Your business or profession, too, is supplying a quality product or service. So you'll know what I'm driving at. I've been around a good many years, and have seen more enterprises succeed in the long run by paying more heed to quality than to either price or profit. One takes care of the other.

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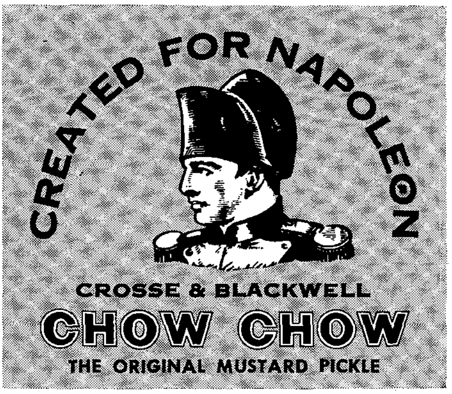
tapes, from eagerly surrounded radios, and from word of mouth running quickly around the town—which man had been called to the Palace. The news was enthusiastically welcomed in the City, however, where Macmillan markets boomed cheerfully. Most ordinary citizens probably know the new Prime Minister best as the man who, when he was Minister of Housing, brought off the showy program of building three hundred thousand houses in a year—a feat that was heavily criticized for throwing the national bookkeeping out of whack but that doubtless cashed in a lot of Conservative votes. He is associated with success, not with failure, which is important at this moment. Those who have shown their approval of the appointment are busy pointing out that Mr. Macmillan has a fine record for courage and political consistency, having been a brave fighter in the First World War and a fierce critic, along with Churchill and Eden, of the appeasement that led up to the Second World War. He will need these qualities, in the opinion of just about everybody, to steer his party and the country through the rough times ahead—not to mention the mood of the moment, which seems scattered and exhausted, as though everybody had again just emerged from a long war. The Prime Minister also has an extremely original mind, a bitingly witty tongue, and a touch of the showman, as well as the actor, about him, which gives style to his House of Commons performances. His curiously hooded eyelids and sharp, sardonically handsome features are a gift to cartoonists; to the man in the street his tall, military figure looks quite a bit like Sir Anthony Eden's. To many English who feel that the recent shaking events have forced them to look around for new alignments (many young men and women, incidentally, are looking no farther than the queues outside the Dominions' emigration offices), the fact that Mr. Macmillan is a strong pro-Europe man is an encouragement. One of his first official engagements is a meeting in London this week with M. Spaak, the Belgian Foreign Minister, to discuss the proposed European Free Trade Association, a tentative mention of which he sent up like a trial balloon from the platform at Llandudno when speaking as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE third shock of the week was the retention of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Foreign Minister on Mr. Macmillan's new team. This was entirely unexpected, and has come under fire



Men, Napoleonic or otherwise, have called for Chow Chow since 1817!

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from practically every quarter. Maybe it is a sign of Mr. Macmillan's courage and a last gesture of loyalty to a departing chief, but lots of dismayed English feel that, as a way of restoring weakened old friendships to good shape and of convincing onlookers that a fresh start has been made, the appointment is rather like asking King Charles I to stay on to haunt and bring his head with him. In other words, the unhappy events with which the country principally identifies the late Government, and which it most urgently desires to forget, will still be present in the new setup. Keeping Mr. Lloyd in office is also seen as a gesture of independence made in the direction of Washington. Whatever it is, it has caused satisfaction mainly, it is to be assumed, among the Suez group in Parliament. To many people who have nothing against Mr. Lloyd as a diplomat and politician—and, indeed, consider that he stuck to his guns through the Suez battles as valiantly as was possible under the circumstances—it seems that as far as foreign relations are concerned, they are back where they started.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

As is true with all animals birds have a definite social order. Each bird maintains her position which was established by brief encounters with other baby chicks, and no two birds occupy the same position in the order-of-peck as it is called. Above each bird in a flock are those which she must avoid, allow to go first to the feed, etc. All other birds are below her and she may strike at, and boss around these less fortunate animals. This is important in commercial poultry raising as the lowest birds seldom get a chance to eat as they are always having to wait for the others to finish to make room. One solution is to manage over 7000 birds in one pen as they don't seem to remember accurately their exact social position in a flock of that size.—*Communication found in a carton of eggs.*

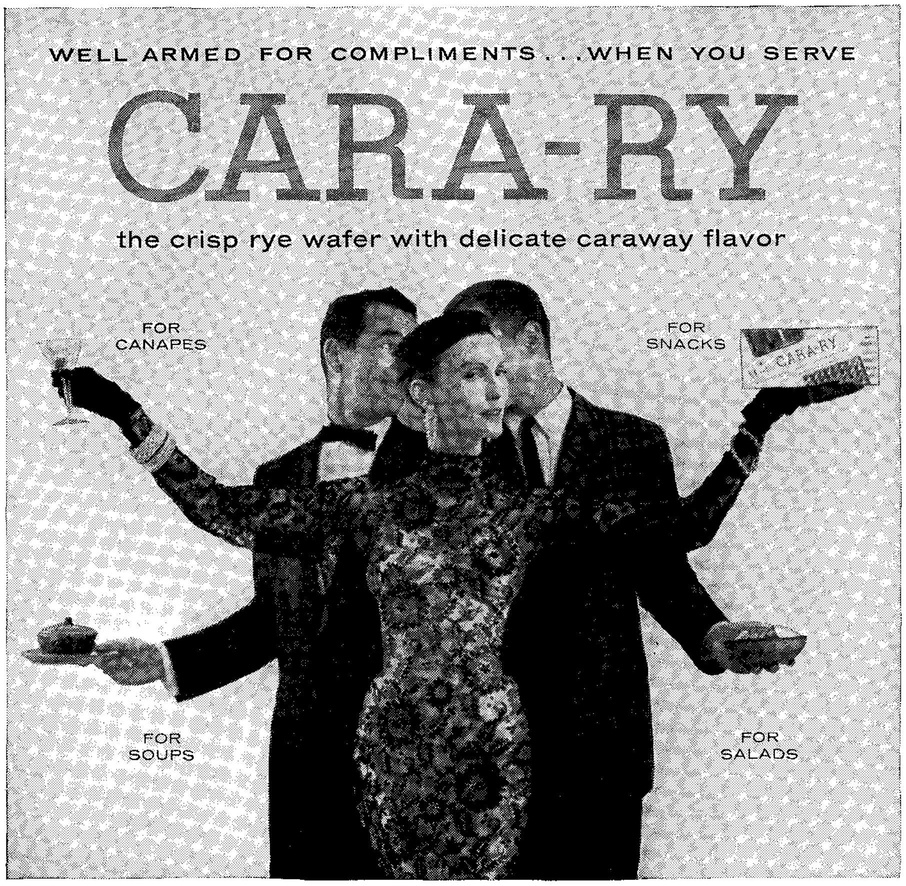
We play it the other way; we keep only one bird, and she can be as forgetful as she pleases.

•

THE LEGAL MIND IN A CORRECTIVE MOMENT

[*From the New York Law Journal*]

A printer's error in page-numbering duplicatively the Third Summer (1955) Cumulative was discovered in course of compiling the index for the bound biennial which closes with the 1956 Summer Cumulative now in preparation. Accordingly, said issue has been reprinted and is herewith dispatched to replace the original thereof (which please discard) in order to avoid impairment in use of the biennial index which will be supplied in advance of the bound volume.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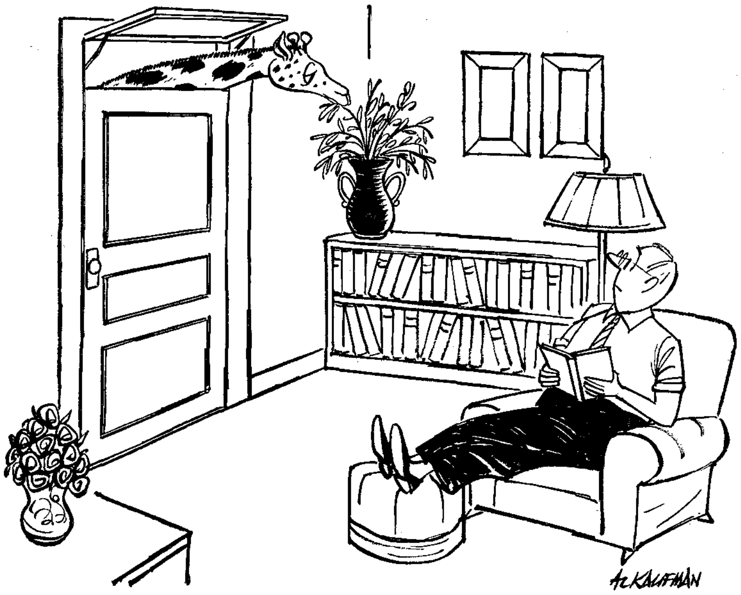

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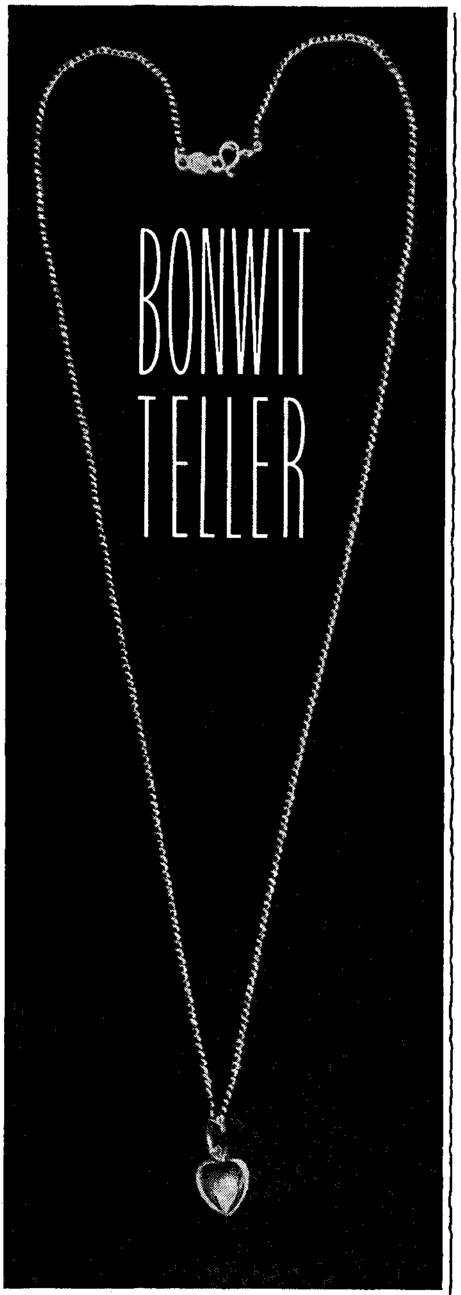

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GOODBYE, MR. MCCOLLUM!

Washington, Jan. 4 (AP)—The FBI today added Ben Golden McCollum, convicted Oklahoma murderer and bank robber, to its list of "10 Most Wanted Men."—*The Post, January 4th.*

Book Dept.: The publishers of Don Whitehead's exciting best-seller, "The FBI Story," have to treat it differently. None of the usual excuses can be made, about not knowing of shortages, where and when to deliver more copies, etc. All the G-Men naturally are interested in getting a wide distribution of the book. They therefore manage to drop into the stores and get exact reports on how many books are on hand, how many orders, etc. —*Leonard Lyons in the Post, same day.*

(*The scene is Ye Browse Shoppe, a cozy, small-town New England bookstore that is run, as it has been for as long as anyone can remember, by Miss Nettie Moon. In addition to books, she sells greeting cards, school supplies, phonograph records, art magazines, and Scrabble—as she once put it, "Everything that's food for the mind." Miss Moon is in the shoppe alone when the door chimes peal, and a neat, sombrely dressed young man enters.*)

Miss Moon (*affably*): Good morning.

Young Man: Morning, Ma'am.

Miss Moon: May I help you?

Young Man (*giving the joint a quick once-over*): No, thanks. Just snoop— er, browsing around. (*He swiftly reconnoitres the premises with a trained, penetrating glance. Then he frowns, stops, turns his back to the proprietress, deftly extracts a folded teletype message from his pocket, and scans it hurriedly. F.B.I. files are, of course, privileged, but it will not compromise national security to divulge that the message reads,* "MCCOLLUM TENTH ON WANTED LIST. WHITEHEAD FIFTH ON TIMES LIST. MAINTAIN SURVEILLANCE. HOOVER." *The young man stows the communication away again and whirls on Miss Moon.*)

Young Man: I thought you sold books here.

Miss Moon (*pleasantly*): Yes, sir. Books and everything else that's food for the mind, as I once put it.

Young Man: Where's McCollum, then?

Miss Moon: McCollum? McCollum? I don't place the name offhand, but if you'll give me a minute with *Publishers' Weekly*, perhaps I—

Young Man (*after hastily consulting instructions once more*): I beg your pardon, I mean Whitehead. Come on, now, where is he?

Miss Moon (*smiling*): Oh, philosophy's over here. (*She rummages through an untidy pile of books.*) All I seem to have in stock is this anthology.

Young Man (*reaching into his pocket and then flashing his badge*): All right, lady, let's get down to business.

Miss Moon: Heavens! Was he a Communist philosopher?

Young Man (*patiently*): Ma'am, have you ever heard of an outfit called Random House?

Miss Moon: Naturally. Bennett Cerf was lecturing here only the other day. A charming man, although I must confess that some of those puns—

Young Man: Didn't they publish "The F.B.I. Story"—

Miss Moon: Would that be in their Landmark series, for children?

Young Man: —by Don Whitehead?

Miss Moon: I do believe you're right! Let me see—there was a copy around here somewhere.

Young Man (*whipping out notebook and pencil*): I want an exact report on how many you have on hand, how many orders, etc.

Miss Moon: Oh, I never make up my reports till the end of the month! My accountant gets so cross with me. Just last week, he was saying, "Miss Nettie, I know you don't have much of a head for business, but since I'm supposed to be helping you run this one, I certainly would appreciate it if—" (*Breaks off worriedly.*) Am I in trouble with my taxes?

Young Man: I'm not a T-man. I'm a G-man.

Miss Moon: Such a nice man, your Mr. Hoover. I follow every word he writes in the *Reader's Digest*. Now, don't tell me that accountant of mine has done something really naughty.

Young Man: Lady, I've got three counties to investigate today, and if you'll just please tell me how your Whitehead sales stand, I'd be much obliged.

Miss Moon: Well, now, let me con-

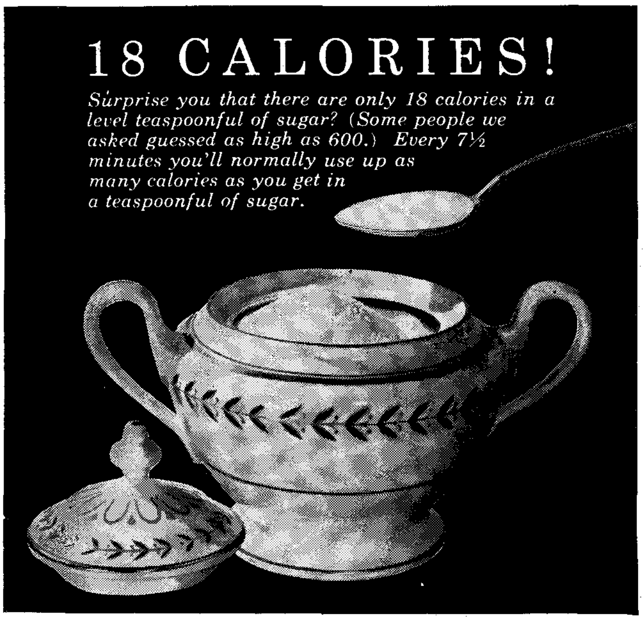
Sensible new approach to weight control

You eat the foods you like

Cut down instead of cutting out

Sugar is a basic element in this modern concept for these important reasons:

1. *Sugar helps to keep your appetite satisfied on less food.*
2. *By making your diet interesting, sugar can help you to stay on it.*
3. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast, with so few calories. So sugar helps overcome a lack of energy while you are dieting.*



18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people we asked guessed as high as 600.) Every 7½ minutes you'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar.

Recent findings about dieting are confirming what a lot of people, all the way along, have thought was just good common sense.

Don't turn your normal eating habits upside down, say these findings. Don't involve yourself in bizarre, "wonder" diets that are in conflict with sound nutritional principles.

Go ahead and eat the good things you have been accustomed to having on your table. Cut the portions down, but don't cut them out.

This is especially reassuring to those people who have been wanting to lose weight but who have been suspicious of the artificial "fads" which, these days, come at them from all directions.

For example, now it is known there isn't a basic dieting reason in the world why any normal, healthy person should have to use artificial, imitation sweeteners instead of the natural sweetener, sugar.

Sugar Now the Big News in Dieting

But far more important than that, scientists now recognize that sugar can be of positive help to you in actually taking off weight.

At first blush, this may strike you as incongruous, particularly if you have been exposed to many of the weird, "one-sided" diets that have been springing up lately.

However, the truth is that there are fundamental scientific reasons establishing not only the importance of sugar in the daily diet, but also the "how's" and "why's" of its effectiveness in controlling weight.

It's a scientific fact, for instance, that sugar satisfies the appetite faster than any other food. *Your own experience will tell you that if you eat or drink something that contains sugar shortly before a meal, it is much easier to be satisfied with less food.* Thus, sugar makes it possible for you to experience a fuller satisfaction from smaller portions than you might from a much larger meal which contained no sugar.

Sugar Helps Control Weight Naturally

Of course, no dieting program is any good unless you stay on it long enough for it to be effective. One of the big troubles is that people become bored with dieting and stop before they should.

So here is another area in which sugar has been demonstrated to be of real assistance . . . Sugar, and foods and beverages made with sugar, are generally "interesting" to the taste. They help you to stay interested in your weight-control program. And remember, if you use sugar in a balanced diet, you can keep right on eating the same foods that you like and have eaten all your life.

Another reason you often hear from people who haven't been able to make a diet "stick" is the fact that they get tired too easily—lack energy and the zest for living. This is where sugar really shines. It's the quickest source of food energy there is.

Out of the 1400 to 1800 calories a day your reducing diet will probably permit, a teaspoonful of sugar represents only 18. Even 10 teaspoonfuls will only be 180 calories. And yet, that sugar will be converted into energy by your body faster than any other food you eat.

Three-Year Test Confirms New Findings

Sugar can help you eat less, make it more pleasure for you to do it and give you energy while you need it. In a nutshell, this is why the modern trend in diet thinking by knowing people is toward a natural way to lose weight by using sugar to help cut down.

Proof of it all comes from a leading University in cooperation with the dietary department of one of America's foremost teaching hospitals. In a study of the dietary experiences of more than 300 overweight people, they found *that people who gave up sugar entirely and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar regularly in their diets.*

Which may seem like a stand-off except for one important thing—*most of the people who tried the artificial sweeteners just couldn't learn to like them even after three years of use.*

We really don't have to remind you . . . you *like* sugar. But isn't it nice to know, from the scientists, that you haven't been wrong about it!

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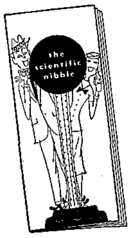

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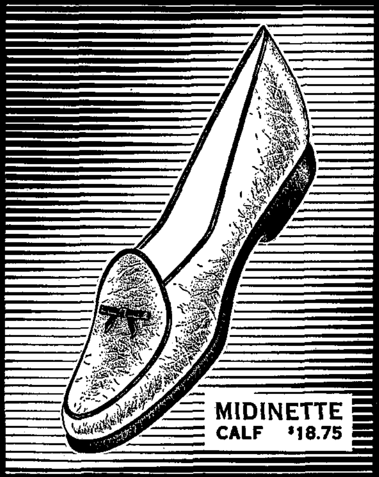

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centrate. Mrs. Huggins was in—it's her nephew's birthday tomorrow, and she always has a terrible time with him, the child has *everything*—and I think she bought a copy, and I promised her she could exchange it if he already had it, so I suppose we can't *really* count that as sold yet, can we? Or was it "The Fireside Book of Baseball" she took? Excuse me a moment. (*She paws through a desk drawer. Then she exclaims triumphantly*) It *was* the baseball book! Imagine playing a game all summer and then reading about it all winter! But I never did understand you men. Would you be interested in a copy of the baseball book, instead? Wasn't it Mr. Hoover who said "Little Leaguers go straight"?

YOUNG MAN: I don't want to buy a book. I simply want—

MISS MOON (*reproachfully*): Why didn't you say so? The circulating shelves are over here. Mostly mysteries, you understand, but that's what people insist on nowadays—for relaxation, you know, they get so wrought up in their affairs. Ah, "Peyton Place" is back! But then I guess all you men have read that already. If you care for animal stories, I can recommend—

YOUNG MAN (*resignedly backing toward the door*): Madam, I'll be in again next week, and I want to see a copy of the Whitehead book here when I return.

MISS MOON (*amiably*): Fine. I'll order it for you at once. No deposit necessary. We're all trusting folk around here. I'll just hide it away in a drawer when it comes in, so it'll be safe and waiting for you. (*The young man goes out and slams the door furiously, evoking a riot of chimes.*) Goodbye, Mr. McCollum! Drop in any time!

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

Illustrated Guide to Trees and Shrubs is a concise and complete handbook to the woody plants—native and cultivated, wild or erotic—of the Northeastern United States and adjacent regions. It has been geared to the needs of the interested amateur and the student naturalist.—*Card from Harper & Brothers.*

We don't want to hear about those needs.

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DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Press release from the Department of Defense*]

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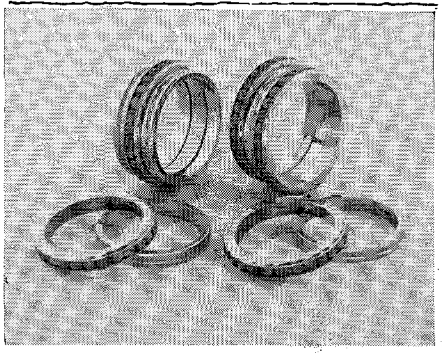

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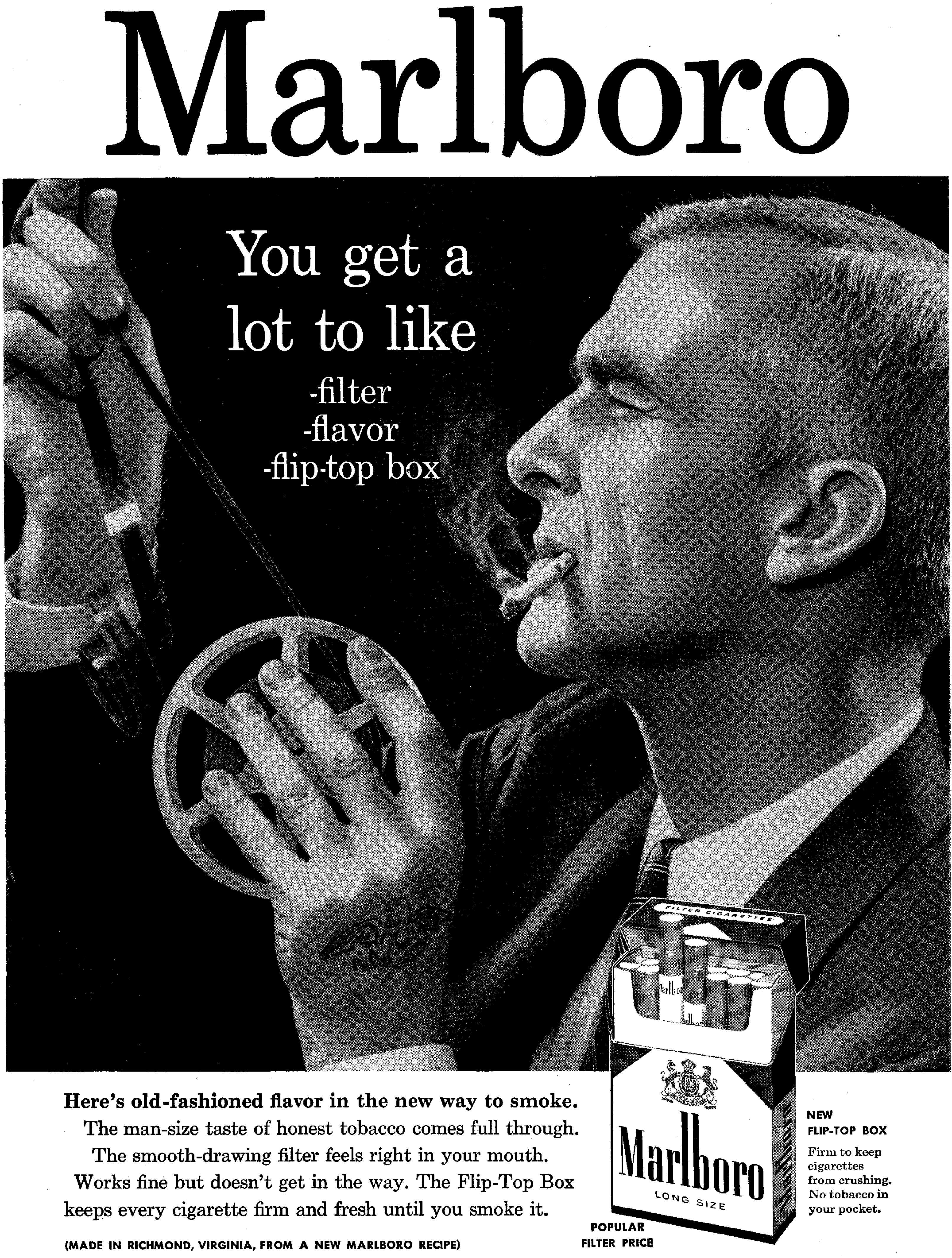

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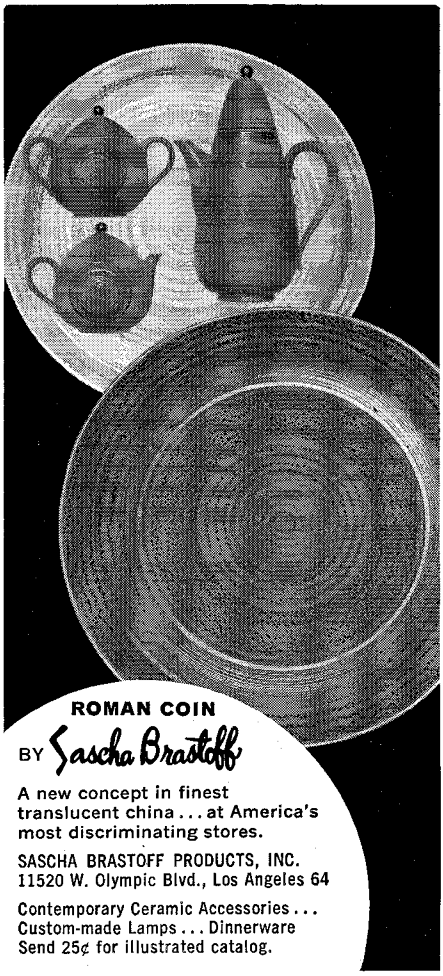

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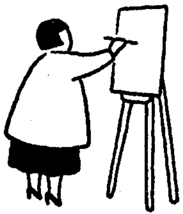
THE ART GALLERIES

Stirrings in Puerto Rico



ART, like gold, can appear in the most unexpected places, and one of its latest manifestations is a surprising upsurge of painting in Puerto Rico. This, I'm told, began eight or ten years ago, with the inauguration of the government-sponsored Instituto de Cultura, but our first comprehensive view of it is a group exhibition, now on at the Riverside Museum, of well over a hundred oils, water colors, and other works by some thirty artists who have been active in the movement, and I must say it's a show that should be seen. Like similar developments in Haiti and Cuba, and to a lesser extent in Mexico, this one seems to be almost purely native in inspiration, and the works have an exotic appeal in consequence. More than that, they arose from pretty much the same set of circumstances, which are worth looking into for the light they may throw on the sources of all such artistic evolutions. There appear to be two fundamental requirements. There must be a broad field of popular interest, and the Puerto Ricans, with their love of color, supplied that. As the Italian Renaissance indicated, there must also be encouragement—not too much and not too little—from above, and the Instituto de Cultura, which is roughly comparable to our late, regretted W.P.A., and has the same intention of encouraging artistic expression at local levels, supplied *that.* The problem remains, of course, of why the artists turned to painting so wholeheartedly instead of to writing or some other form of expression. Perhaps the fact that the Puerto Rican Governor, Mr. Luis Muñoz-Marín, is an amateur of painting was an influence; perhaps the low level of literacy made pictures the most readily acceptable medium of communication. At all events, the Puerto Ricans have been painting away like mad and, considering the artists' youth—the majority are still in their twenties and early thirties—with unusual strength and originality.

As is almost always the case when group movements are at their height (see again our W.P.A., or, for that matter, the Impressionist period), poster work is a popular form of expression. It's as if the artists' productivity overflowed from the easel into this medium as a public embellishment of their concerted endeavors, and a fairly large section of the show is devoted to works in this category, many of them quite handsome, advertising everything from exhibitions to concerts and theatrical performances. Because a number of the men are too poor to go in heavily for oils and canvas, the water colors and other graphics are numerous, too. Some of them are remarkably good, most of all Rafael Tufiño's series of seven woodcuts depicting the coffee workers' activities, from the start of the picking to the festivities when the harvest is completed; Carlos Raquel Rivera's study of a stilthouse waterside slum, "High Tide," and Lorenzo Homar's "Young Artist," both woodcuts; and Epifanio Irizarry's fishing-boat scene, "The Return," a water color.

It's the oils, though, as usual, that form the focus of the show, and I was struck as much by the healthy tendency of the artists to rely on native themes as by the vigor and independence of their general style. There are few abstractions, and of these Ted Bredt's group of three canvases (of which I liked the columnar "Core" best), Julio Rosado Del Valle's dark, glowing "Amazon," and Olga Albizu's series (headed by her "Composition in Black") seemed about the only notable ones. Bredt, however, the sole non-Puerto Rican in the assemblage, is a mainlander, long resident on the island, and Miss Albizu (she's the only non-resident) is now a student of Hans Hofmann in New York, so on the face of things it looks as if the abstract style had not taken very deep root in Puerto Rico. Instead, such influences as are apparent seem Latin-American—Rufino Tamayo, for instance, in "Amazon," and José Rivera here and there—but even these are not pronounced, and the work on the whole has a character of its own, less adventurous and less savagely intense than the Mexican, less lushly tropical in atmosphere than what we've seen here of the South American schools, and gentler, more colloquial, and possibly a little more cautious. Thus, many of the pieces, revolving about everyday life on the island, might properly be classified as genre, and the majority of the landscapes and other subjects are relatively simple in concept. But for all their want of emotionality, I liked such pieces as Dr. José R. Oliver's green, panoramic village view called, a bit puzzlingly, "New Year's Eve," Félix Baez Rodriguez's darker, more simplified "House Tops," and Eduardo Vera's neatly formalized "Portrait of Cajigas." Irizarry's ghostly "While the City Sleeps" is more forceful in its intention, as are Samuel Sanchez's "Day of Innocents," Lorenzo Homar's smoothly textured painting of a trio of street musicians called "Le-Lo-Lai," and the almost Surrealist study of a girl in a distant window, "Intimacy," by Carlos Rivera. There are no great pictures in the show (it closes this Sunday, by the way), but there are plenty of honest and capable ones, and it's interesting to be in on the beginnings of a group movement, even though one may not know exactly where it's headed.

PAINTINGS by Picasso keep turning up in the galleries, but exhibitions of his sculpture have been rare, which gives the current collection at the Fine Arts a special attraction. In a sense, it's a small retrospective, for it goes back as far as "Seated Woman," done in 1899 and quite traditional in manner, and ends with a group of pieces dated just four years ago. For all that, it's fairly casual; no great attempt has been made to point up periods or tendencies, and the attitude in general is as easygoing as Picasso's own approach to sculpture. One can wander, much as he did, from the "Harlequin" of 1905 (with its reminiscences of Rodin), to the somewhat archaic "Head" of just a year later, and then to the Cubist (and truly handsome) "Head of a Woman" of 1910, the "Nude" of 1945-47, with its more fanciful archaism, and the even more experimental "La Grue" (1952) and "Jug and Figs" (1953), both done in painted bronze. I liked, too, his grotesque but powerful "Baboon and Young" (1951) and the big bronze "Bouquet" of 1953, surely one of the oddest sculpture subjects conceivable and yet a highly successful one. I've never felt that Picasso's sculpture was an important part of his artistic production, and his offhand approach to it is reflected, I think, in the fact that his "borrowings" are more evident in it than they are elsewhere. But it provides a valuable sidelight on the processes that lie behind his more deeply serious endeavors. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Asked to pour were Mrs. Irwin Hoffman, Mrs. Larry Jack, Mrs. J. Alex Swanson, Mrs. John Lecky, Mrs. Lloyd Powell, Mrs. E. Gaunt, Mrs. F. H. Dawe, Mrs. W. Frank Hawkins and Mrs. Walter Page. lulu.—*Vancouver (B.C.) Daily Province.*

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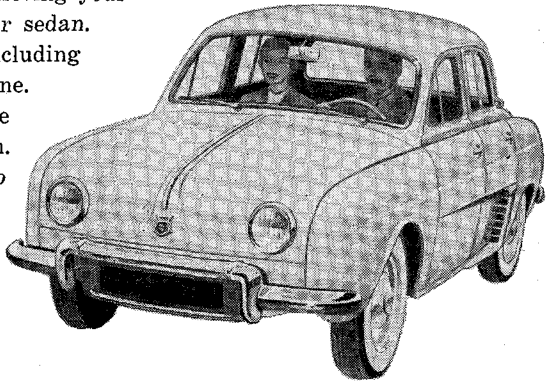

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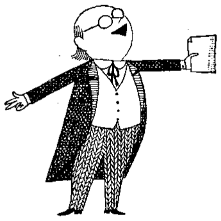

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THE RACE TRACK

Florida Calling

FOR several years now, Florida has maintained its own private hatchery for hero horses, and a couple of its progeny did pretty well last season. Needles, for example, was chosen the best three-year-old of 1956, and King Hairan won stake races right and left before he developed leg trouble in September. Perhaps the peninsula's luck is running out now, though, for Needles, I'm told, isn't in training (and the Widener Handicap only a month away!), and King Hairan, who came back to the races in the Hibiscus Stakes at Hialeah last weekend, could do no better than finish third to Gallant Man and Missile. From all accounts, King Hairan went well until he tired. The same thing was said about Federal Hill, the favorite, but then they always say that about beaten favorites. Gallant Man, a nimble fellow, and his stablemate Gray Man, who finished last (he's a half brother of Noor, by the way), were bought as yearlings by Ralph Lowe, a Texas oilman, from the Aga Khan. After racing in California last summer, Gallant Man came East and started twice at Belmont Park in the autumn, winning the second time out and paying a $95.90 mutuel. Long-shot players, I'm sure, will remember.

THE most talked-about horse in Miami is River Divide Farm's four-year-old Decathlon, who has won his last four starts, three of them under high weight and all in fast time. He began his string of successes in the Inaugural Handicap at Tropical Park last November, and followed it up with the Coral Gables Handicap, under a hundred and thirty pounds; the New Year's Handicap, under a hundred and thirty-three; and last Thursday's Hialeah Inaugural Handicap, under a hundred and thirty-five—something of a record for Florida, I believe. The Hialeah Inaugural was his most impressive effort. He led the fifteen other sprinters so easily that observers were saying he could have done it under a hundred and forty pounds. Next day, the handicapper assigned him a hundred and thirty-eight for the Palm Beach Handicap, at seven furlongs, but his stable felt that he'd earned a rest. The chances are that he'll have a long one, because there aren't any more six-furlong stake races at Hialeah this year. Decathlon, a powerful son of Olympia, was not an exceptional two-year-old, but last season he ran very well in Jersey and New England, and was voted Sprinter of the Year in polls conducted by the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form*. Some horsemen think he's the best sprinter since White Skies. He isn't as handsome as White Skies; in fact, he's rather plain. Also, he doesn't gallop with the smoothness and coördination that one expects of a fast horse. He runs spraddle-legged, his trainer says, throwing his legs every which way. His gait isn't really as awkward as it sounds, though, and besides it gets him places.

IN the hubbub about Decathlon, a very smart performance last week came near being overlooked. This was by Calumet Farm's Bardstown in the Tropical Handicap, which wound up the meeting at Tropical Park. He gave from six to twenty pounds to fifteen other runners, took the lead when he pleased, and won easily. If a future book were to be made on the Widener Handicap, he'd be a short price, no matter how well Summer Tan is training for it. This looks like a good year for Calumet. The same afternoon that Decathlon won the Inaugural, Calumet's Trentonian did seven furlongs in the track-record time of 1:22 to beat Roman Patrol and Dark Ruler. Last weekend, one of the stable's candidates for the Flamingo Stakes—Iron Liege, a not-so-distant relative of Swaps—ran as fast and as brilliantly as Gallant Man did in the Hibiscus. And Barbizon is still to be heard from.

FOR THE RECORD: Honey's Alibi won the Santa Catalina Handicap, his first big score in months, last Saturday. Llangollen Farm's Social Climber, the favorite, finished next to last. Fortune hasn't been kind to this stable since its Porterhouse won on the opening day of the meeting, a month ago. Maybe there's something to the old poker superstition that it's unlucky to win the first hand.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The present parliament has three years to go. So long as Mrs. Macmillan can continue to control its members, he will remain prime minister.—*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

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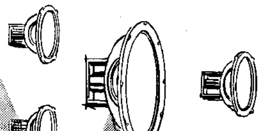

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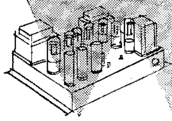

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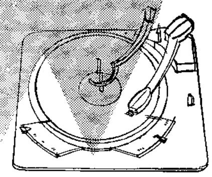

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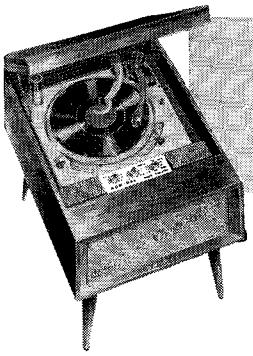

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 17

THE present calendar of American politics insures an anticlimactic character for the second inauguration of any President—even one who might plan a second term full of bold departures from the first. As a spectacle, such an inauguration may be magnificent; as a ceremony, it may be affecting; as a social event, it may be triumphant; but as a political event, it is certain to have—through no fault of anyone but those who arranged the schedule—something of a Sunday-supper quality, which is to say warmed over and devoid of surprise. This is because the Congress that the President must serve and work with convenes, organizes itself, and begins the exercise of its coördinate powers almost three weeks in advance of his inauguration. Custom requires that he report to it on the state of the union in this period, and necessity requires that he submit a budget, with a message explaining and defending it. In these documents he is bound to anticipate himself by laying down the policies and principles for which the inaugural address is supposed to be the vehicle. In Mr. Eisenhower's case, the rush of events in the Middle East made it imperative, as he saw it, for him to address Congress even before the State of the Union message, in order to discuss what will certainly be the most crucial undertaking of American diplomacy in the first part of the term he is now beginning.

The impression a great many people here have gained in the past few weeks is that the second Eisenhower administration will go a good distance beyond the first in its contravention of historic Republican doctrines and in its compromises with the welfare state. In his recent pronouncements, the President has made only the most desultory mention of the principles he seemed to hold dearest at the time of his first inauguration—private enterprise, the free market, economy in government, probity among officeholders, and restraint of the federal authority. He has said that he intends to devote himself in his second term to winning the ideological laggards in his party over to the principles of "modern Republicanism," which makes extensive use of the federal authority. Two questions often raised here are to what extent the President's own commitment to this point of view is purely rhetorical, and to what extent his efforts in its behalf will consist simply of favorable mention of the new principles in state papers. It has been pointed out—not only by Democrats eager to prove disingenuousness on Mr. Eisenhower's part but by Republicans eager to prove his basic adherence to the established faith—that while he is very nearly indistinguishable from a liberal in his talk, he is still a reliable conservative in his deeds. There is some formidable evidence in support of that statement of the case. Only this week, for example, the President has spoken several times of the responsibility of the federal government for assisting the farmers in the lamentably arid regions he has been visiting. What he actually recommended on his return to Washington, however, was the expenditure of less than a hundred million dollars, the better part of it to be drawn from funds already on hand in government accounts. The sum would not have offended the sensibilities of the Hoover administration, and the method of expenditure would not have violated any of its canons. In his public addresses, the President often refers—sometimes ruefully, sometimes almost jubilantly—to the need for federal supervision of business and industry. His consistent practice, though, has been to entrust the work of regulation to men recruited from business and industry, who, as a rule, are hostile to the purpose of the agencies they are appointed to. It has been characteristic of the Eisenhower administration to come fully to terms with the welfare state in the realm of philosophy and discourse but to make only token observances in the realm of operations. It will accept and eloquently defend the theory of federal responsibility for slum clearance and medical research and public education, and then honor the theory with programs meagre enough to make some Republicans wonder why, if it is going to sin at all, it doesn't sin big, and get some fun out of it.

"And another thing. I really think we should have an extra girl on the switchboard, because when Mary Lee has typing to do for Mr. Hall, Doris just can't handle all the calls . . ."

No one who has observed the President at close range or given much thought to his character is greatly in doubt about the explanation of all this. The President's personal commitment to "modern Republicanism" is quite plainly a rhetorical one. His basic impulses are conservative; just a couple of days ago a member of his staff was quoted as saying that Mr. Eisenhower, though sponsored by the liberals in his party, had started his political career with opinions more conservative than those of his rival, Senator Taft, and that he stands today about where Taft stood at the time of his death, in 1953. The difference between the two men is that while Senator Taft's convictions were accompanied and reinforced by an almost overpowering interest in the structure and functioning of American society, the President's main interest lies elsewhere—specifically, in the role the United States is to play in world affairs. (This was a problem that Senator Taft never found either exciting or really important, and it seems altogether likely that his isolationism sprang not so much from any profound beliefs about good and evil in the world as from his wish to get on with the business of strengthening and improving American institutions without being pestered by Germans, Russians, Englishmen, or whatever.) Mr. Eisenhower's views on domestic matters are lightly enough held to be negotiable, and since he has consistently taken the position that the function of the President is to effect the public will, rather than to affect it by argument or force of character, he does not look upon compromise as in any sense dishonorable. If he can create a broader degree of national unity and a stronger political coalition by giving his assent to certain practices in regard to labor unions, race relations, public housing, highway modernization, and similar matters, he is all for giving it, particularly since giving it involves no repudiation of his friends in the business community. Mr. Eisenhower must surely be unique among American Presidents for his tolerance of dissent within the official family. There is no known precedent for the affair that took place yesterday, when Mr. Eisenhower submitted a budget to Congress and then stood by while George Humphrey, his Secretary of the Treasury, announced that it constituted a ruinous series of demands on the exchequer and that he would be forced to resign if a recession came along and this sort of profligacy continued in the executive branch—where, Mr. Eisenhower has been quoted as saying, George Humphrey is the man with whom he most often finds himself in sympathy. "In Cabinet meetings," Mr. Eisenhower has explained, "I always wait for George Humphrey to speak. I sit back and listen to the others talk

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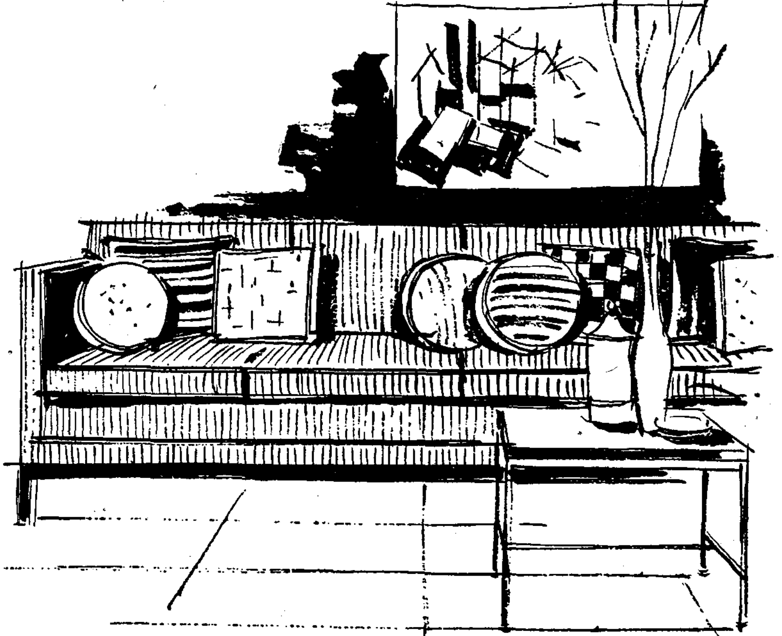

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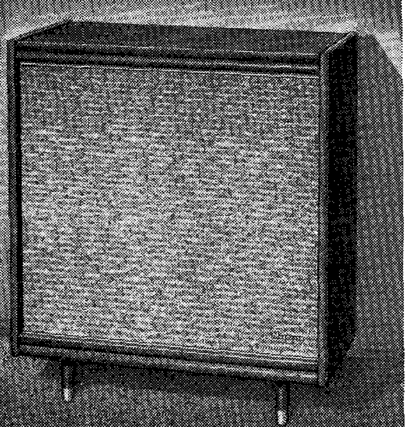

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while he doesn't say anything. But I know that when he speaks, he will say just what I am thinking."

What the President thinks about what George Humphrey says quite evidently does not govern Mr. Eisenhower in all matters. The President goes on with the rhetoric of "modern Republicanism" while the George Humphreys of the administration go on with the management of government business. The tendency in some quarters is to believe that the rhetoric is of small importance and that the management is what really counts. But there are people who think that the realities are the other way around—that the rhetoric is more important than the management. They point out that the President, though he has never actually done battle for "modern Republicanism," has established it as the official doctrine of the Party, and that the exemplars of the older schools of Republican thought are today either reluctant converts or embattled heretics. The acceptance of the slogans of the welfare state excludes an attack on "creeping Socialism." Though the Eisenhower administration may do next to nothing in any practical way about housing, its adherence to the principle that it ought to be doing something is of vast importance to the whole future of the problem; once even the paltriest of programs has been accorded legitimacy by the executive and legislative branches, the issue is no longer one of principle, as Mr. Humphrey would have it be, but one of appropriations. And when the issue is one of appropriations, Mr. Humphrey's goose is just about cooked. The President's deepest sympathies may be with his Secretary of the Treasury when his Secretary of the Treasury says that too much money is being spent, but it would be hard to find anyone in Washington who believes either that Congress will heed the Secretary's advice or that the President will fail to heed the wishes of Congress. It has not been reported that Congressmen were outraged to learn that the budget contained a larger sum for the construction of bowling alleys in Panama than is to be spent by the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures.

AFTER the reviewing stands have been dismantled and the hotels emptied of high-school buglers and champion baton-twirlers, the focus of attention here is fairly certain to shift from the White House to the Capitol, and particularly to its north, or Senate, wing. The Senate of the Eighty-fifth Congress has already been the scene of

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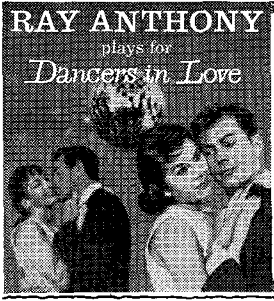

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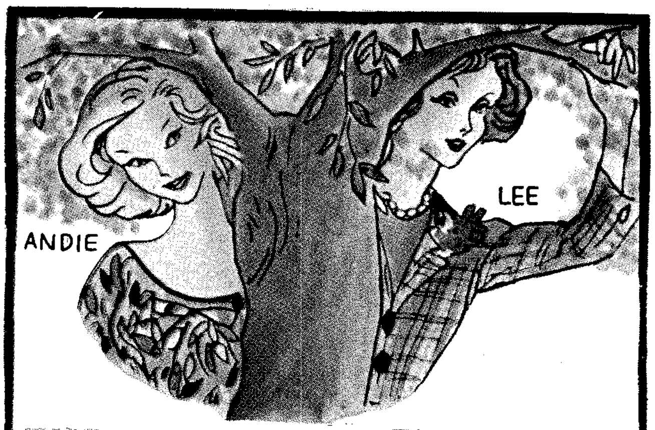
WILLIAM PENN on the power behind governments

Governments, like clocks, go from the motions men give them, and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them are they ruined too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men than men upon governments.

(PREFACE TO THE FRAME OF GOVERNMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA, 1682)

THE TURKEY FEATHER WAS WORN BY THE DELAWARE INDIANS WITH WHOM WILLIAM PENN MADE HIS "GREAT TREATY."



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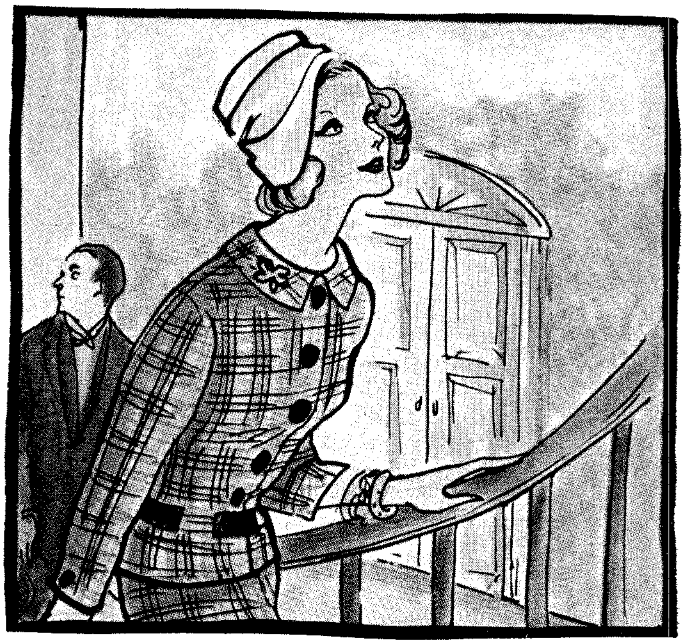

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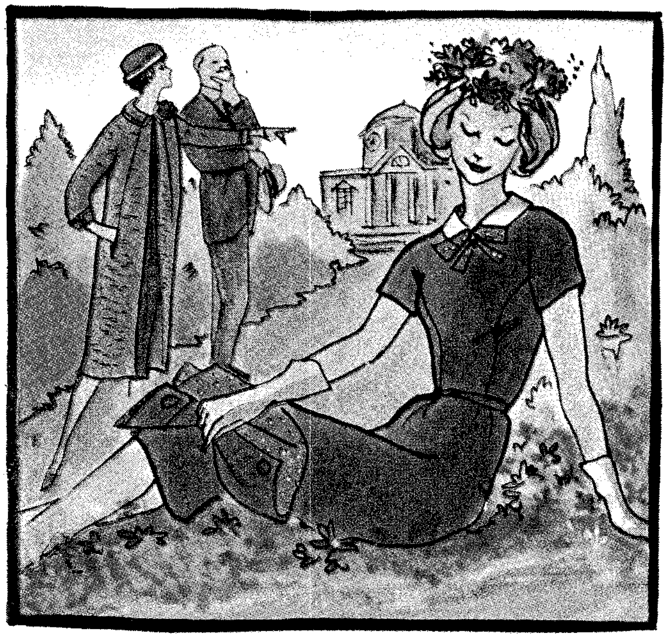

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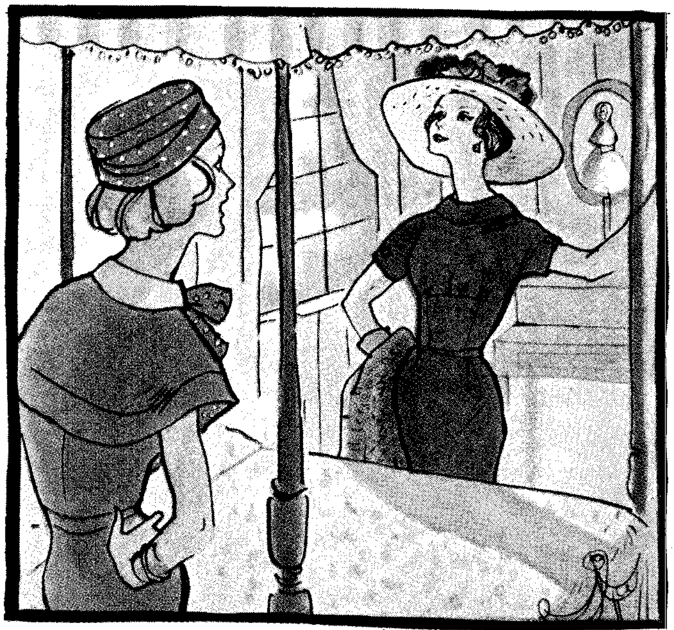

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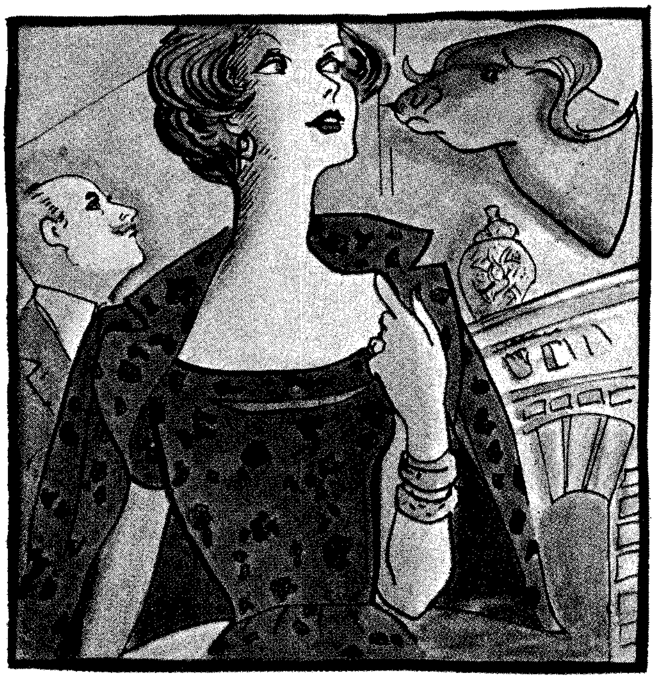

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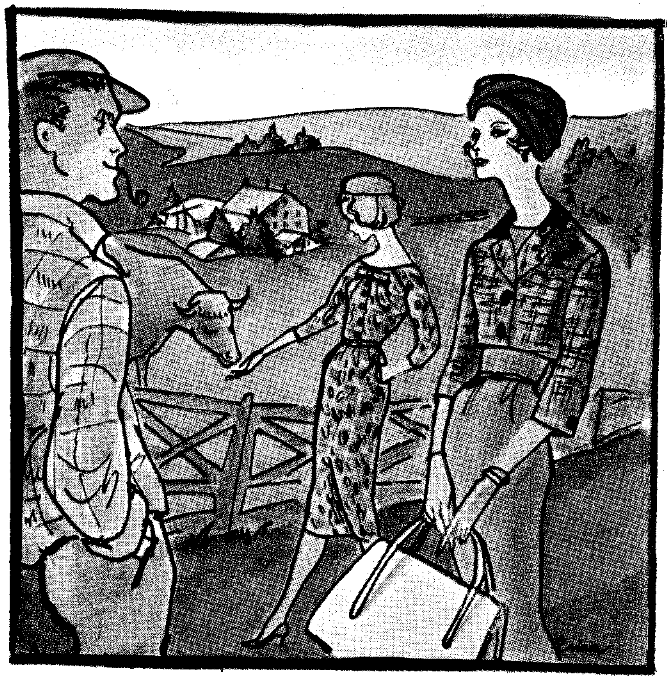

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some notable and dramatic events: the contest for control on the first day of the session, the subsequent attempt to revise the rules of procedure so as to put an end to filibustering, and the opening moves in the struggle for the Republican succession between the Vice-President and his fellow-Californian Senator Knowland. None of these is a closed book—Democratic control may be challenged several times in this session, there will be further attempts to change the rules, and the Nixon-Knowland rivalry promises to go on in the Senate at least through 1958, when Senator Knowland's term expires—and even larger developments are in the making. This week, the Foreign Relations Committee and the Armed Services Committee, sitting in conjunction for the first time since the MacArthur hearings in 1951, began to take testimony on Joint Resolution 19, which embodies the proposals for American policy in the Middle East that the President made in his extraordinary appearance before Congress on January 5th. It is expected that these hearings will last for about ten more days; they will be followed by a floor debate that will go on, if the President's critics persist in their present intentions, for a matter of weeks and will deal with every aspect of the President's plan and of past American policy in the region. No one, of course, is in serious doubt about the kind of action that will eventually be taken. Congress has no choice but to give the administration most of what it seeks. It may withhold some of the funds the President has asked for, but it cannot deny him its approval of his use of military power when, or if, he sees fit to use it. The right to use it has always been his, and not the smallest cause of Congressional pique at present is what appears to be Mr. Eisenhower's growing habit of requesting legislative approval for his exercise of powers that are, under the Constitution, exclusively his. (He is doing now essentially what he did in the Formosa crisis two years ago—asking Congress to share, before the fact, the responsibility for warlike actions but, by the very terms of his request, foreclosing the possibility of Congressional participation in the actual decision as to the proper place and moment for those actions.) The pique must be endured, however, for if the House or the Senate—especially the Senate, with its deep involvement in foreign affairs—were to deny the President the legally meaningless approval he seeks, the effect would be to raise doubts of the gravest kind, both in this country and among our allies and antagonists, about the means

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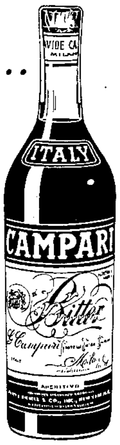

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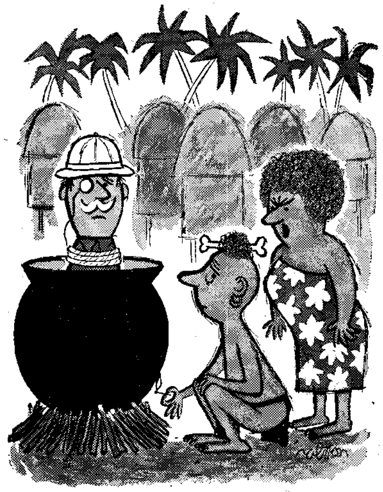
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and ends of American policy. The effect would also be to register a vote of no confidence in a President just beginning a four-year term. Congress, though, is free to explore the whole background of the present crisis, to raise what questions it will about the administration's competence to deal with it, and to determine to its own satisfaction whether Joint Resolution 19 is adequate as an expression of American policy. The House may not avail itself of these opportunities, but there is every indication that the Senate will, and that the debate there will be of a seriousness unmatched since the debate in 1949 over the peacetime garrisoning of American troops in NATO countries. There is also every indication that it will be followed by a discussion of equal importance, solemnity, and length on the present state of American military preparedness, which a number of senators regard as insufficient for the commitments we now have, let alone those we shall shortly be undertaking.

The Senate promises to be the most interesting agency of government in the period immediately ahead, and it is possible to maintain that, in season and out, the Senate is the most interesting piece of machinery in the American system. William Ewart Gladstone long ago called it "the most remarkable of all the inventions of modern politics," and Sir Henry Maine, the historian of law and institutions, said sixty-five years ago that it was the one thoroughly successful innovation of modern democracy. (Actually, it came into being not as an expression of democracy but as a defense against it.) In recent years, not many Americans have been as admiring as Gladstone or Sir Henry Maine. There has been a tendency to assume that the Senate went into a decline in the mid-nineteenth century and hit rock bottom in the mid-twentieth, when its most powerful leaders stood cowering before a strutting bully, and its members, almost without exception, suffered his contempt for them and for all their traditions. There has also been in recent years a widespread conviction that if any one of our institutions has justified itself and the creative instincts of the framers of the Constitution, it is the Presidency, which has been the great instrument not only of social change in this century but of American presence in world affairs. Since 1954, however, when a Select Committee, chaired by Senator Watkins, of Utah, stripped McCarthy of his influence and showed that the Senate had not entirely abandoned its dignity and decorum and sense of justice, it has regained some of its lost prestige. Moreover, its proceedings have

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taken on somewhat more interest since Mr. Eisenhower has been in the White House, for he happens not to be the sort of President who gives new dimensions to this office; on the contrary, it is part of his technique to defer to the legislative branch and to persuade it, as he is now attempting to do, to share his responsibilities. In any event, it is once more possible to see the Senate as a unique organ of government and as something of an ornament of our system.

Exactly this view of matters is taken by William S. White, one of the most respected of Washington correspondents, in his recently published "Citadel," a book in praise of the institution—which he almost invariably refers to as "the institution." Mr. White, who reports on the Senate for the New York *Times*, regards it as "the one authentic touch of genius" in the American system, and says that more often than not it reflects the best of the Anglo-American tradition. He maintains that men rise in the Senate through "moral force," that the truly Senatorial type is "a truly compassionate man," and that "the air of reflectiveness is the breath of life in this place." Mr. White's respect for the Senate comes very close to reverence, and not many people here would go the whole distance with him. There are observers whose perceptiveness and experience almost match his and who see moral posturing where he sees moral force, quite a few clowns where he sees statesmen, maudlin self-esteem where he sees compassion, and garrulity where he sees reflectiveness. Nevertheless, the very circumstance that the Senate has been able to draw a nearly unrestrained tribute from a man of Mr. White's sense and sensibility is a point in its favor, and there is no doubt that some of his defenses of the institution can be justified as more or less simple matters of fact. The Senate is the one American institution today that is hospitable to the serious discussion of public issues. In political campaigns, generally speaking, issues are not met but evaded; where the public is being addressed directly, the need to compete with quiz shows and situation comedies forces public men to adopt the devices of commercial entertainment. The newspaper editorial page is in decline, as is the lyceum lecture, and there are only a few periodicals, mostly of small circulation and smaller means, that are willing to publish political opinion or to explore political questions in any depth or at any length. The Senate, with its amplitude of time and its ability to command funds for research and investiga-

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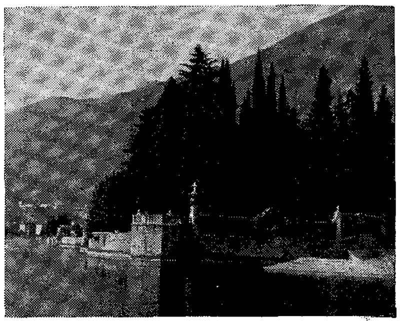
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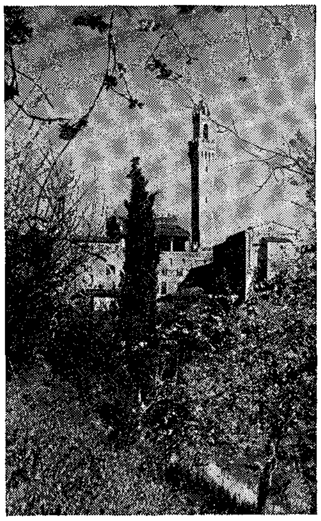

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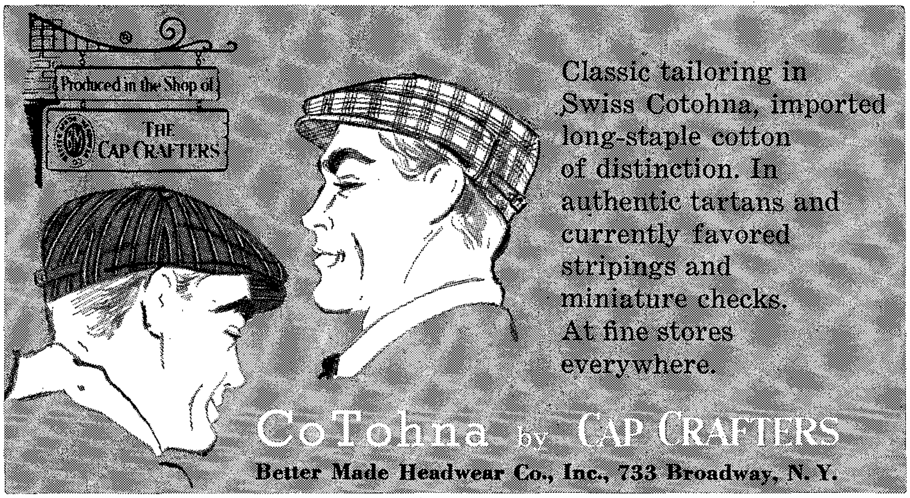
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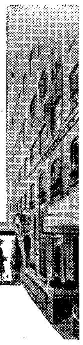

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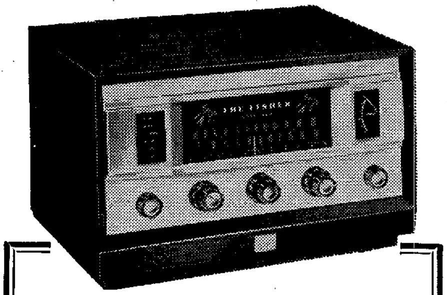
tion and the printing of records, remains a place in which serious and disinterested controversy is always possible and in which it quite frequently takes place. To be sure, what sometimes passes for debate is nothing more than the firing of political broadsides, but even in recent years there have been matters of grave importance that were gravely dealt with in the Senate and almost nowhere else, among them the Bricker Amendments, the recall of General MacArthur, the Dixon-Yates contract, and the balance of air, sea, and land power. The Senate, thanks to the basically undemocratic arrangements that account for its existence, is also one of the last refuges of character—good, bad, and indifferent—and of eccentricity in American public life. It is the only place in government where a man like Robert Taft or Wayne Morse could survive, and the proof of its uniqueness, if not of its value, in this respect is that its most powerful figures are practically always trampled upon and whipped when they find themselves in national conventions or Presidential primaries. It is the only place where a determined minority, even of one, can make an effective stand. In it, a man may champion unpopular causes that strike his fancy or may beef to his heart's content about popular ones. Finally, it is—despite Senator McCarthy and despite Senator Kefauver's television shows of a few years back—the arm of the government that cares least about publicity. Senators, especially when they find themselves in trouble at home, may shamelessly play to the press galleries, but the disease is not chronic or epidemic, as it is elsewhere. Between elections, the average senator, as Mr. White says, would sooner have an approving mention by Walter Lippmann or Arthur Krock than an eight-column banner on page 1.

Mr. White takes the view that everything of worth in the Senate is attributable either to its rule of unlimited debate or to the corporate spirit of the institution, which impresses him mightily. He is eloquent in describing it as a place that has a character of its own, and that makes this character the common property of its members. The Senate is, he says, "a great and unique human consensus of individual men." This is an interesting outlook but one that is not widely shared. There is, of course, an *esprit de corps* that often unites senators of differing political views, and sometimes of intense personal rivalry, against the world outside the Senate. A case in point is the support that Democrats of left, right, and center have given to



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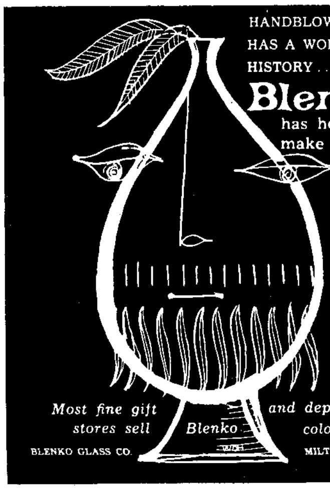

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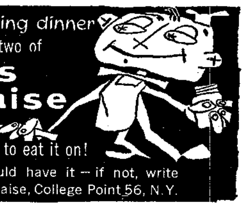

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the present Majority Leader—Lyndon Johnson, of Texas. Among liberal Northern Democrats as a group, it has become an article of faith that Senator Johnson plays a generally destructive role, and that no good can come of his continuing as a spokesman for the Party. Yet, to a man, the liberal Northern Democrats in the Senate are on Lyndon Johnson's side, and among them no sympathy can be found for his detractors. It is hard to see this, though, as an instance of the "oneness and clannishness" that Mr. White claims are to be found in the Senate and nowhere else. Every institution tends to develop a defensiveness and an institutional perspective; in the case of Lyndon Johnson, the problem, when seen from an institutional perspective, is simply that the division within the Democratic Party in the Senate is so great that the choice is between an open break and a leadership that will busy itself more with compromise than with anything else.

In the minds of most observers, the really distinguishing feature of the Senate is not its peculiar *élan* but its numerical smallness. It has the fewest members of any of the world's great parliamentary bodies today, and even in antiquity governing counsels were generally much larger. The Roman Senate never numbered less than three hundred. Character can survive in the United States Senate largely because in an organization of less than a hundred men character can be seen and felt and appreciated, though it may sometimes be of a fairly dim sort. There is time enough for everyone in the Senate, and room enough for individual maneuver. A group of ninety-six can manage its affairs without too much discipline and organization, but when the number is multiplied by three or four it becomes necessary to organize the members into regiments and battalions, as in the House of Representatives, where there are plenty of odd and fascinating specimens of human nature but where the oddities seldom get a chance to stand alone, outside the ranks. In the Senate, moreover, the six-year tenure gives a man time to develop whatever qualities he has brought along with him, and also provides him, as Mr. White says, with the "shelter from quick retaliation" that encourages him, if he has the inclination, to stand as a minority of one. As for the Senate rules, there is no doubt that the tradition of unlimited debate has played a part in making the place a great forum for controversy. It is unlikely, though, that the Senate would—as Mr. White and other defenders of the unbreakable filibuster seem to believe—cease to be a center of controversy if some workable rule of cloture were adopted. There would still be only ninety-six senators, most of them disputatious by nature, jealous of their right to be heard, and confronted with the problem of what there is to do in long afternoon sessions except talk.

But if serious controversy is, after all, dependent on the right of senators to talk themselves blue in the face, it will continue to have that protection—for a while, at least. There is now very little prospect of a change in the Senate rules. There is, however, the immediate prospect of some Senate debates that may be among the most significant ever heard in the chamber. And that is saying a good deal. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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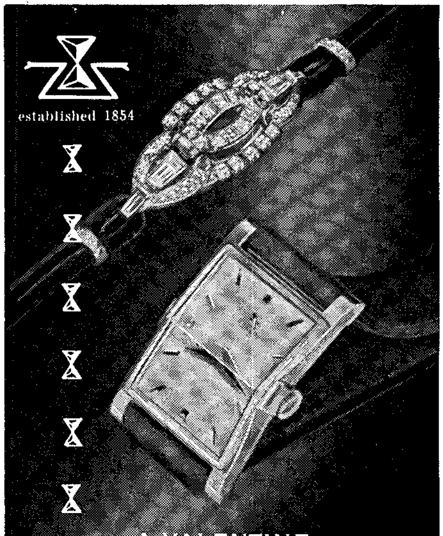

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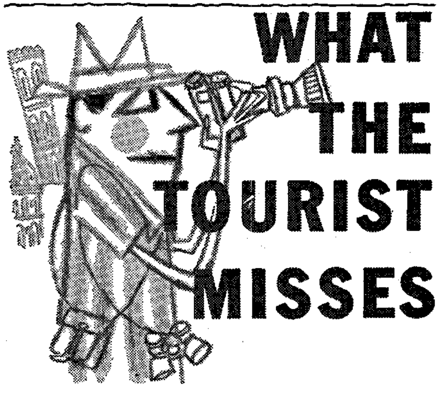

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RAVEL
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IT seems to me that in the modernization of the elaborate nineteenth-century stage spectacles of Richard Wagner there is a point beyond which they begin to lose something of their essential character. This point has, I think, been reached in the productions at Bayreuth, where all the papier-mâché props and leafy backdrops of old-fashioned stagecraft have been eliminated, and modern lighting effects, along with a minimum of such indispensable utensils as spears and swords, suggest, rather than portray, the details of the Wagnerian wonderland. It is quite true that this simplified method of staging brings Wagner's operas—and the Ring cycle in particular—into better line with what we are accustomed to in the contemporary theatre, but at the same time there is something about the Bayreuth productions—all their stylized spit and polish notwithstanding—that brings them close to being mere concert performances with costumes and tricky lighting added.

Consequently, with all due respect for the ingenuity and theatrical finish of the Bayreuth performances, most of which I saw last summer, I cannot restrain a certain affection for Wagnerian opera as it is produced at the Metropolitan. The Metropolitan productions of the Ring are unabashedly old-fashioned, and have taken on a period atmosphere that undeniably makes them look a little quaint. I see nothing wrong with this, however. While Wagner's music may be eternal, his theatrical conceptions *are* dated and *do* belong to a period, and when the ancient conventions of this period are, at least in part, observed, his sometimes preposterous fantasies assume an air of nostalgia that I, for one, find distinctly pleasant and often amusing, in a gently sentimental way.

I was reminded of this on Friday evening of last week, when the Met trotted out "Das Rheingold" as the opening item of what is to be its first complete Ring cycle in six years. Its Rhine maidens (they were actually ballerinas used as stand-ins for the singers, who sang their lines backstage) dangled, as they traditionally should, way above the stage floor, swinging in and out of the flies like young women on flying trapezes. Alberich magically transformed himself not into a vague lighting effect but into a very large and menacing papier-mâché serpent, which poked its head fearsomely from the wings and flicked its papier-mâché tongue. Erda came out in front of the backdrop at the top of what looked like a dangerously active volcano, and Donner's hammer blow struck prongs of lightning that really appeared to fill the stage. All this was good fun, and if one was in the mood, as I was, to yield to the childlike charm of patent make-believe, it was even, at times, poetically evocative. I am sorry to hear that in its forthcoming production of "Siegfried" the Metropolitan has decided to dispense with the steam-belching dragon. I think that this is a mistake. "Siegfried's" dragon has always seemed to me one of the most fascinating props of the Ring, and I have invariably looked forward to its Gargantuan maneuvers with mingled glee and apprehension—part of the latter emotion being aroused by the fear that its intricate machinery might stall, or even that the whole contraption might fall apart.

On the musical side, "Das Rheingold" was a long time getting into its stride. Perhaps because of the terribly cold weather that evening, the horns and Bayreuth tubas of Fritz Stiedry's orchestra started off badly, with rather thin tone and frequent lapses from correct marksmanship. But as the evening progressed, the instrumentalists' tone and vigor improved, and the organlike majesty of Wagner's orchestration was finally accorded its full eloquence and smoothness. The singing was, by and large, adequate, and occasionally something more than that, though it never reached any really great heights. The best of it was done by Hermann Uhde, Ramon Vinay, Gerhard Pechner, Dezso Ernster, and Jean Madeira, as Wotan, Loge, Alberich, Fafner, and Erda, respectively. Blanche Thebom, as Fricka, did not seem to be in very good voice. As Mime, Norman Kelley, a newcomer to the Met, gave such a well-characterized performance that I look forward to hearing him at greater length in the same role in "Siegfried."

THE thing that struck me most forcibly about Prokofieff's ambitious opera "War and Peace," which was heard for the first time in this country when the N.B.C. Television Opera Company presented it on the air a couple of Sundays ago, was the emergence, in certain of its passages, of a different Prokofieff—different, that is, from the brilliant, dry, and ingenious musical satirist who seems to have written the bulk of the composer's work. In these passages, inspired perhaps by the humanity of Tolstoy's novel, Prokofieff has written music of a really moving sort—beautifully melodious, singable, and eminently expressive of the emotions of his characters—and I am sure that they will rank among the finest he ever created. Most of these passages are love scenes—the initial scene between Prince Andrey, Natasha, and Sonia, the scene in which Pierre confesses his love for Natasha, and the scene in which General Kutuzov expresses his love for the city of Moscow. Elsewhere, though, I found "War and Peace" a rather spotty affair—hardly, on the whole, a successful opera. The scenes involving Napoleon are filled with a sort of drumming and gnashing of fiddle strings that obviously expresses the composer's disapproval of that gentleman but fails to give him his due as a major figure, and some of the music of the battlefield sequences hardly rises above the sort of thing that occurs in Hollywood movie scores. The problem of making an opera out of Tolstoy's lengthy and rambling masterpiece has, I think, been approached much too literally—assuming in the first place that it can be effectively approached at all—and one result of this is that we are scarcely able to become acquainted with any of its twenty-odd major characters before they depart to make way for others; the activities of Pierre, for instance, are reduced to what amounts to three or four walk-ons. Despite the opera's shortcomings, however, it was a fine and enterprising thing for the N.B.C. Television Opera to give it a hearing. The settings were generally magnificent, and a cast much too numerous to name here undertook the various roles with uniform competence and very agreeable good looks.

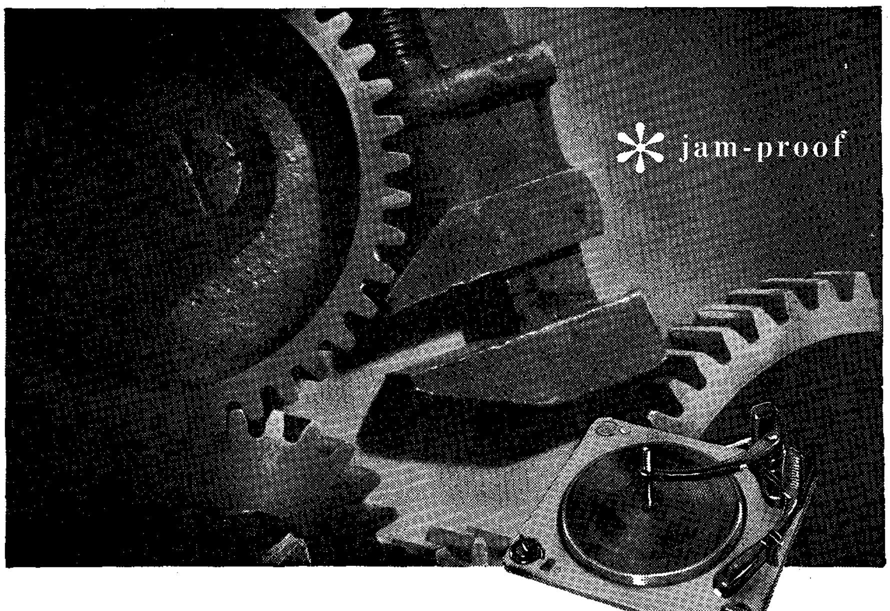
—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

OUR FORGETFUL STATESMEN

Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter.—*From "The Writings of Thomas Jefferson," Vol. VI, page 57.*

The man who never looks into a newspaper is better informed than he who reads them, inasmuch as he who knows nothing is nearer to truth than he whose mind is filled with falsehoods and errors.—*From Vol. XI, page 225.*



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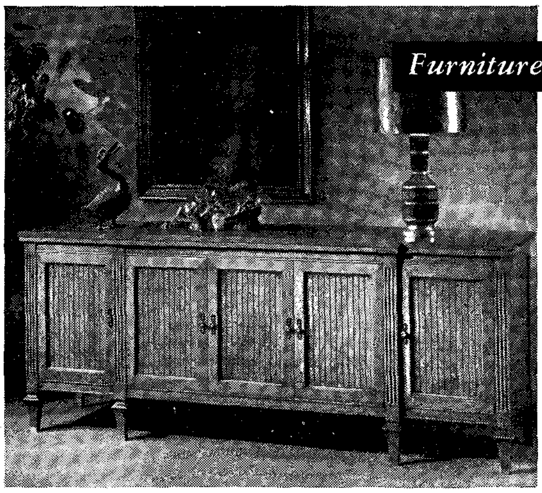

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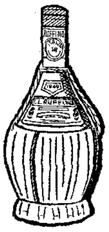

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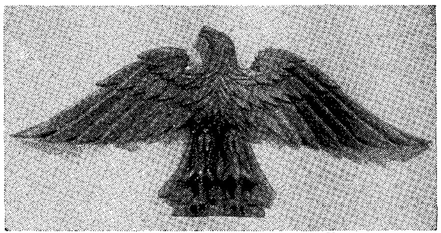

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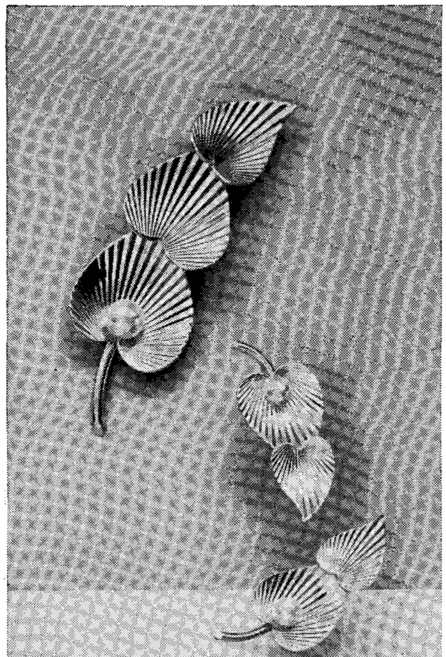

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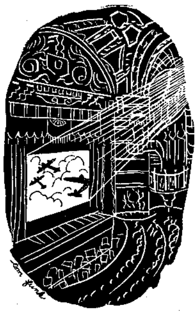


NYMPHOMANIA, a disorder rarely explored *in extenso* in the movies, is accorded a light once-over in the French film "Tempest in the Flesh." The picture is not cheap or sensational, but it woefully fails to give any convincing explanation of why—apart from a natural enthusiasm for male companionship—its heroine conducts herself in a manner so promiscuous that it might give Messalina pause. This, of course, is quite a handicap in an enterprise designed to take a sympathetic look at a victim of a very real derangement, but if we are willing to blink the absence of any profound substance, "Tempest in the Flesh" turns out to be a pretty good melodrama.

Produced by Jacques Gauthier, written by Jean-Claude Aurel and Jacques Companeez, and directed by Ralph Habib, the piece begins with a psychiatrist giving a short talk on the necessity of paying prompt attention to mental ailments. As a case in point, he mentions a young woman called Clara, and presently we make her acquaintance on an operating table, where she has landed after shooting herself. Under anesthesia, Clara recalls some of the significant episodes of her life. Her first recollection is of serving as a waitress in a canteen attached to a hydroelectric-dam project in the Pyrenees. For a while, she makes herself accessible to any man on the job who strikes her fancy, but then she decides to concentrate on a new chief engineer, an Italian named Tonio, who succumbs to her after a fairly lengthy struggle. Being a construction buff, I was fascinated by some excellent shots of the big dam on its way to completion, and I rather regretted the transfer of the action to Paris after Clara and her engineer decide to get married. As it happens, she and Tonio move into an apartment adjoining the quarters of a handsome swine and the streetwalker who supports him—a circumstance that does nothing to help Clara maintain her moral equilibrium. Her domestic life with Tonio seems smooth enough on the surface, but she obviously thinks otherwise, for she is soon surrendering herself to casual passersby.

All this is lamentably sordid, but Françoise Arnoul, who plays Clara; Raymond Pellegrin, who plays Tonio; and Philippe Lemaire and Catherine Gora, who play the fancy man and his doxy, do a convincing job as the principals, and you are likely to enjoy the skill of their performances. It's too bad, really, that the movie makes such a point of being a clinical study of nymphomania. Actually, with a bit of alteration the plot could have boiled down to the difficulties of a lady of easy virtue who tries to adjust herself to marriage. In the hands of the cast assembled here, that would have been fine.

ONCE again we have "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and once again tyrannical old Daddy tries to make a hash of the lives of his innumerable get—including, of course, Elizabeth, for whom he has a deeply submerged incestuous longing. As represented here by John Gielgud, Mr. Barrett is an impressive figure, but I'm afraid I can't say as much for Jennifer Jones, who plays the invalid Elizabeth as if she'd just completed a lively hay ride, or for Bill Travers, whose Browning is unconscionably ebullient. But the old English settings are pleasant to look at, and the script, by John Dighton, is a fair and literate adaptation of the Rudolf Besier play.

"WRITTEN ON THE WIND" is about a Texas millionaire (Robert Stack) who gets to wondering whether the baby that his wife (Lauren Bacall) is going to have is really his. If it isn't, he thinks it may be the child of his best friend (Rock Hudson). His sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages him in the latter theory. He drools on and on, but he's a poor excuse for an Othello, and this is a poor excuse for a movie. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

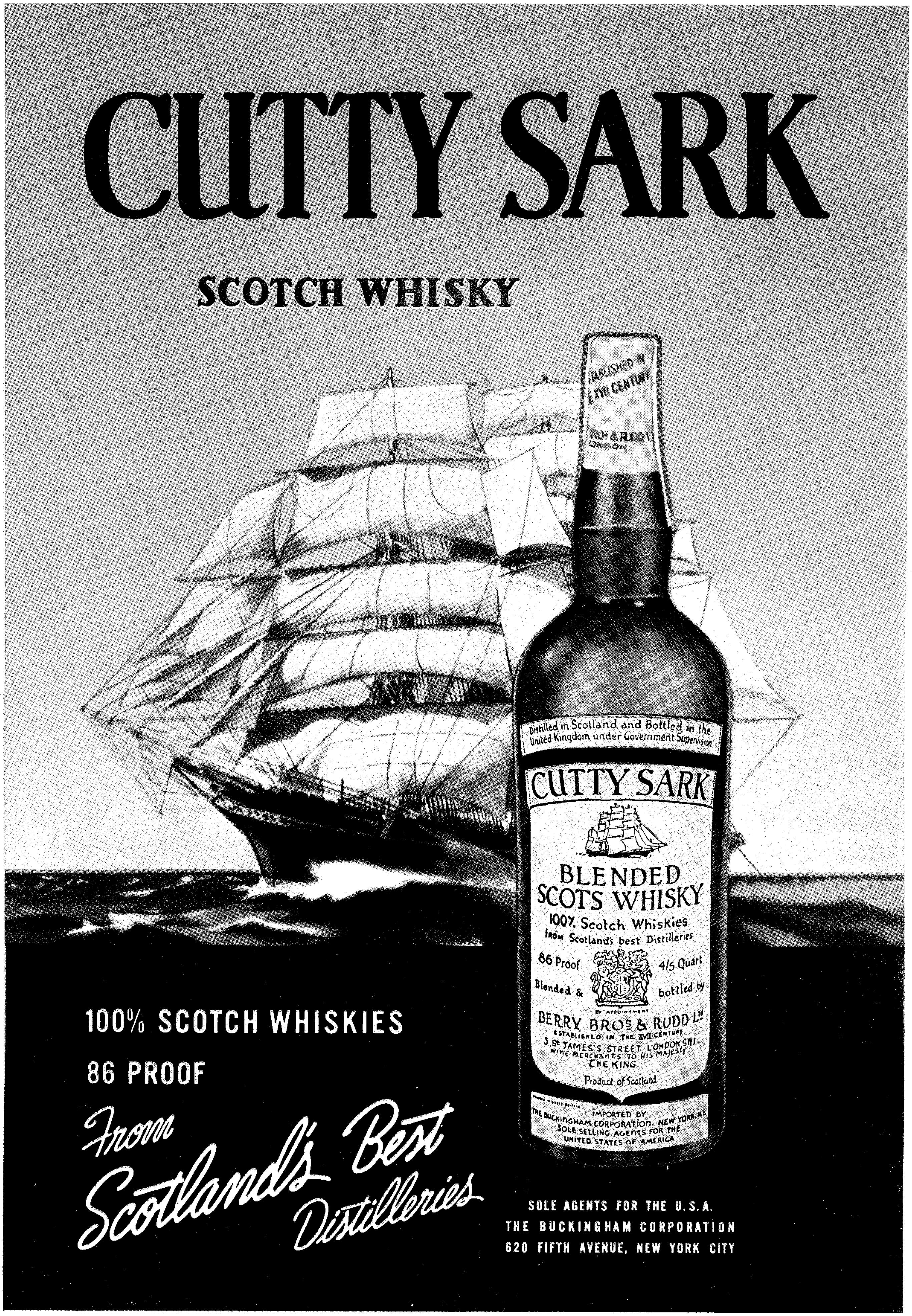
Brother Peppard is currently Professor of German on the faculty of Amherst College, teaching both German and Hunmanities.—*Fijistine, a publication of the Amherst chapter of Phi Gamma Delta.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

STRAYED—New Year's Eve. small, black, long-haired female dog. Has bangs. Name Jezebel.—*Adv. in the Dallas Times-Herald.*

She use Satin Set?



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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

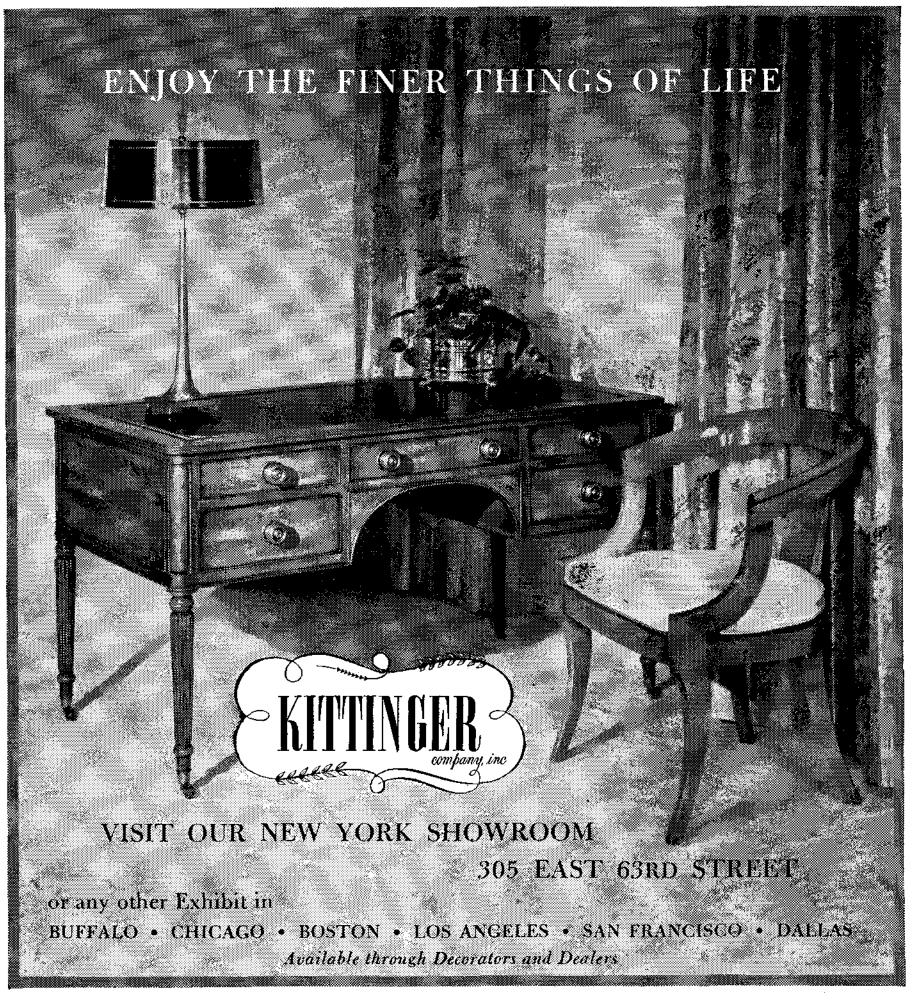
LONDON,
JANUARY 3, 1957

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

AS far as I know, the Bangkok *Daily Mail* is the only newspaper in the world owned by a king, and when I read St. Clair McKelway's otherwise excellent account of his experiences as editor of that paper, in your issue of October 27th, I noticed that he didn't explain how the King of Siam came to own it. I am able to supply this information, because it happens that I worked on the paper for the man who sold it to the King. That was in 1914, and the man's name was Philip Huffman. He was an American in his late thirties—a bachelor from one of the Carolinas, who had originally been a timberman and had come to Siam to join a company that owned teak concessions. He was one of the rare white men of that time (or, probably, of any time) who could speak, read, and write Siamese, and he abandoned the timber trade when he got the opportunity to buy the *Mail*, whose owner was so eager to move on to new pastures that he practically gave it away.

The plant was primitive and type was hand-set, but every weekday afternoon about four o'clock we produced two editions, one in English and one in Siamese. Huffman superintended both. The staff on the English side consisted of William C. Fegen, a veteran newspaperman in the Orient, and me. (I was a young Londoner.) The Siamese staff, naturally, was all local talent.

Huffman lived with his mother, a redoubtable Southern lady in her sixties, who had decided, when her only son wanted to go to Siam, to go with him. Lady Huffman, as we called her in Bangkok, was a woman of broad sympathies, and became a second mother to me. I think she classed Englishmen as no worse than Americans who did not have the good fortune to come from the South. I am afraid that her son was quite a trial to the Siamese, because he was a man of vigorous views and never hesitated to express them editorially. One of the things he campaigned against was the marriage of Siamese kings to their sisters—a practice they had taken up in antiquity to keep the royal family's blood lines pure. What Huffman had to say on the subject did not apply to the reigning monarch, an unmarried grandson of the much-married



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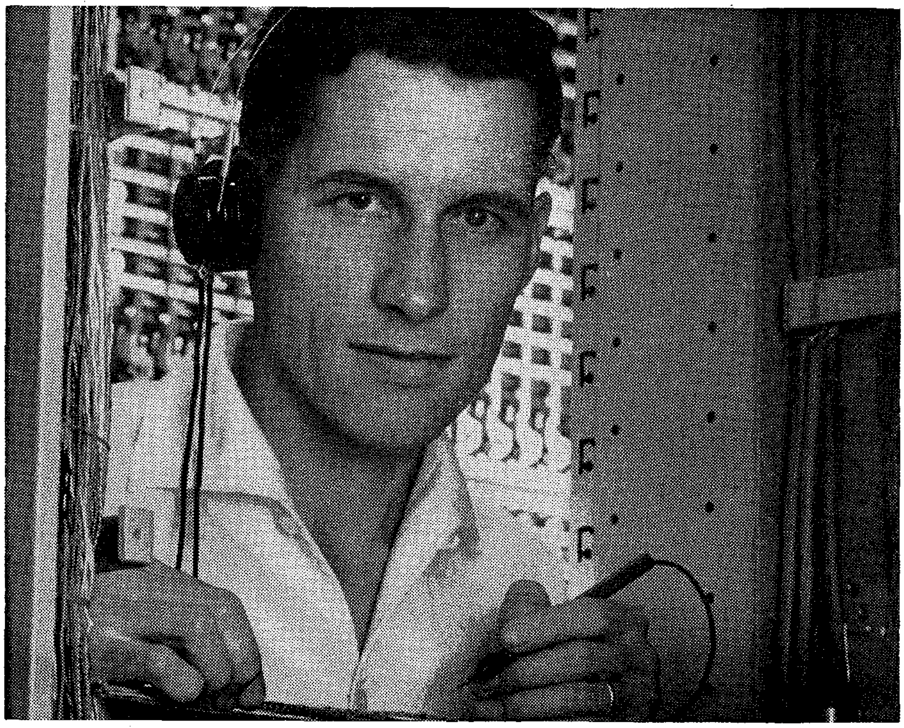

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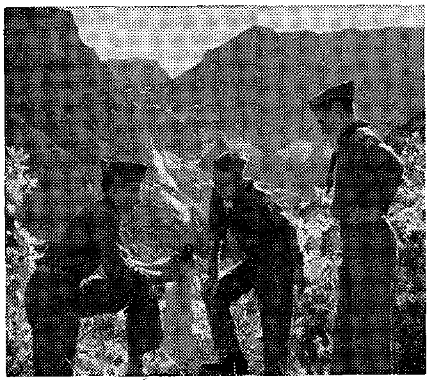
"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many of his evenings and week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying.

"Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community."



Instructing Boy Scouts. Byron, a troop chairman, shows scouts how to orient themselves with a map and compass in the beautiful Wasatch Range near Provo, Utah.

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hero of "The King and I," but it caused a good deal of resentment in court circles. There was little the King and his Ministers could do about it, though, because Huffman, as an American citizen, enjoyed extraterritorial rights, and any action against him would have been tried in the American consular court, where American, rather than Siamese, views on what constitutes fair newspaper comment would have prevailed.

After a while, I moved on to a better-paying job, on the *Straits Times*, in Singapore, and I had not been there long when Huffman and his mother came through—on their way home for good, he told me. Huffman said that an emissary from the King had called on him and asked him if he was willing to sell out, and, if so, for how much. Huffman told the man that he was willing to sell, all right, and, assuming there would be some bargaining, that the price was two hundred thousand dollars—a sum that would have bought a dozen Bangkok *Daily Mails*. To his astonishment, the emissary agreed to the price at once, but he added that Huffman would have to sign an undertaking to leave Siam and not return for twenty years.

"Make it life," said Huffman, and the bargain was struck.

So that is how the Bangkok *Daily Mail* became a royal newspaper. I haven't seen Huffman since.

Sincerely,
H. L. HOPKIN

•

ADDRESS

On Sunnyside Avenue
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I ponder my forefathers who
Mislaid their will
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Supposed to recompense a lack
Of more distinct
Success?

It must be so. Their will abides
In a place name deft
And sunny,

And very little else besides;
I mean they left
No money.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH

BOOKS

Action Continuous: One Set

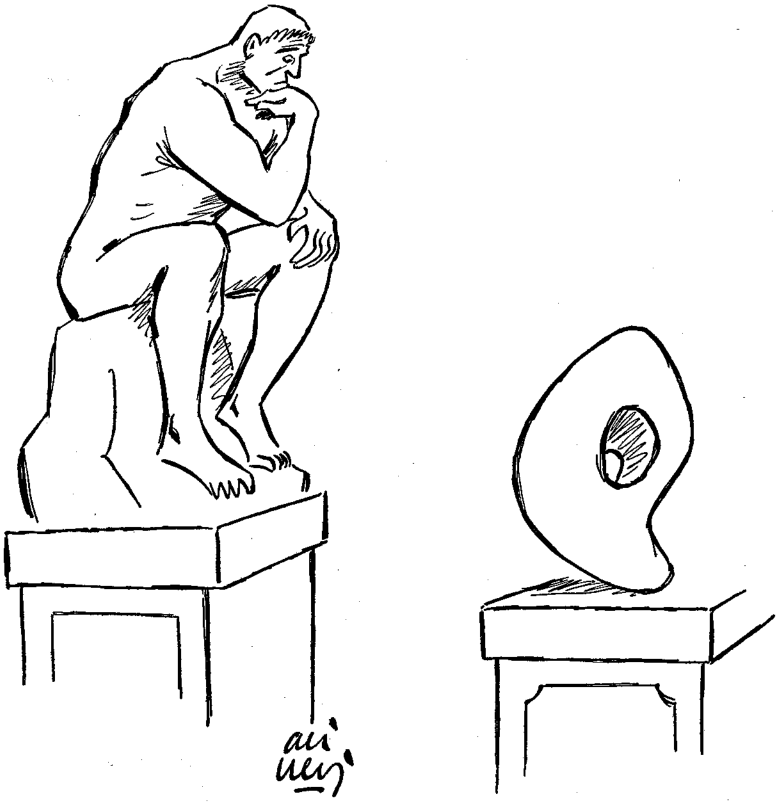
“NEVER mind the dialogue,” said a Hollywood producer, impatient to get a scene from a tardy writer. “Just tell me what the characters *say!*” Mr. Brendan Gill would have satisfied this frustrated producer. In his new novel, “The Day the Money Stopped” (Doubleday), written almost entirely in dialogue, he lets you overhear what his characters say; moreover, in the process of improvising it, they discover their own stories, their fathers’, their mothers’, their ancestors’. If Ibsen had written a novel, this is the kind of novel he would have written, except that he couldn’t have supplied the wit and the wild humor. Mr. Gill’s characters are Charles and Richard Morrow and their sister, Kathie, but two generations of ancestors also figure in this novel and, although these forebears are dead before the story begins, they are present everywhere, because impacted in what their descendants say to each other is the essence of these earlier lives. It is the strong compulsion of heredity, and the revolt against it, made audible.

Half-formed intuitions stated in the exigencies of dispute become, the moment they are stated, convictions, for they are transformed, by the act of utterance, into truth. Everyone has had the experience of being surprised by something unexpected he has himself said into exclaiming, “The moment I said it I knew it was true!” In Mr. Gill’s novel, this is happening all the time; the involuntary, improvised remark, dredged out of some submarginal corner, becomes at once a strong launching platform for a new and clear wish.

Sooner or later, a great many of the acrid differences between people come down to a question of money. It is the great terminal of dispute. It is money that brings Charles Morrow back to the Connecticut town—in the purlieus of Yale—where his recently deceased father and his grandfather, Judge Morrow, had been pillars of society, respectable and well-heeled lawyers. Richard, the younger brother, has succeeded to their father’s practice. In the expectation of inheriting a packet, Charles has blown himself to the luxury of telling the boss of the big corporation he was working for what he thinks of him and throwing up a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year job. Somewhere in the book Charles says, “I’ve always been so ready to be rich,” and Mr. Gill uses this remark as an epigraph for his novel. As symptoms of this readiness, Charles, after giving up his job, trades in his Buick for a new Cadillac and races off to his home town in it. He makes such good time that he arrives in his father’s office too early for his appointment with Richard, and he whiles away the time by trying to make love to Richard’s pretty secretary, Ellen. Charles can’t resist pretty girls, especially when they have pretty feet. The first two short chapters are devoted to this scene in the father’s office, where, in fact, the entire action of the novel takes place. Charles is disappointed not to find Curry, his father’s secretary, whom he remembers as a “sexy old dragon,” but it develops that the sexy old dragon has adopted the orphan Ellen. When he was fourteen, he tells Ellen, he tried to rape Curry on the couch on which he has been sitting. Curry, a motherly soul, took it in good part, he says. Curry loved him because he was his father’s favorite and he has the characteristic, not shared by his brother and sister, of making people feel good. The bubbles of memory keep rising to the surface. Charles refers to himself as “an aging rake;” he has girls on his mind, as well as an incipient bald spot, which he keeps rubbing. Ellen is so young, he is so old; he figures out that he was eighteen when Ellen was born, and that reminds him that she was born the summer his father took him and his brother and sister abroad, a trip of which the recollection is still unsavory. That trip to Europe comes up again, at the end of the book, in a climactic and revelatory scene. But here its only importance is that it marks for Charles the disparity in age between himself and a girl he finds instantly desirable and whom he would pursue if he weren’t such an old man. He must be forty.

Ellen, as Charles is to discover, has reason not to like too young men, and anyway she likes him because Curry has told her to. Unassisted by the reference, Charles makes an impression on his own, but he decides to be, for once, an “unmonster” and sends Ellen back to the outer office.

“What,” thinks Charles in the moment before Richard comes in, “would his first words to his brother be? He wouldn’t know until he said them. He had learned long ago that the best way to upset Richard was to improvise.” It is from the improvisations that the whole involuted story unfolds. Charles, it turns out, in counting on a fat inheritance, gave up his job prematurely, but the provocation was considerable: his wife was leaving him for his boss, although Charles, who is nothing if not honest, admits that his wife had considerable provocation, too. All he is to get, Richard tells him, is his father’s gold watch (that always goes to the first-born), some possibly drinkable old wine,



"When I was two-thirds through this profound, yet fast moving novel I could not help comparing its basic story to that of Tristan and Isolde and of Lancelot and Guinevere. Nor did it suffer in the comparison. Here was a new medieval legend to place beside these two older ones."
—THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB, *The Saturday Review*

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—NASH K. BURGER, *The New York Times*

"If Miss Prescott has not quite succeeded where St. Paul would never have tried, she has, nevertheless written a lovely, tender book imbued with the sacred love that in our times increasingly haunts the hearts of men."
— MAX WHITE, *The N. Y. Times Book Review*

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and—the only thing with cash value—his father's collection of eighteenth-century first editions, which Richard is prepared to buy from him for fifteen thousand dollars. Richard, canny and conservative about everything, has a full head of hair, and Charles resents him for this as well as for deeper reasons. The resentment is mutual: their father had indulged Charles incessantly, given him stocks and bonds and a stream of money to get him out of scrapes, to pay for abortions and other transient, non-income-producing luxuries. Richard is horrified to discover that Charles has no stocks or bonds left; he has actually spent "Capital"! One can see that, for Richard, to spend Capital is to defile the temple. For Charles, capital has always been as expendable as income; for him they are interchangeable, they are both just money. In a very comic way, the unspannable gulf between the two brothers is widened by their antipodal attitudes toward money.

Richard points out that their father gave Charles so much when he was alive that he felt that there was nothing coming to him after his death. Charles is sure that, his relationship with his father having been what it was, such an exclusion is inconceivable. There is a good, juicy, knockdown fight; Charles accuses Richard of having written the codicil that leaves him out and of putting it over while his father was no longer in possession of his faculties after the stroke that brought him to his deathbed. He threatens to contest the will. He is desperate, starving. Richard jeers at the starvation endured by Cadillac owners. Charles explains it:

> "Yes," Charles said, "starving. Why not?... You can starve on a lot of different levels, you know. You can be just as broke and sometimes a hell of a lot broker on twenty thousand a year than you can on two.... As for desperate, I know more about that than any poor man alive. The poor aren't allowed to swim as far out over their heads as I do. The system won't let them. They only dabble in desperation. I damn near drown in it."

Charles points out to his brother the difference between having your career in Connecticut and having it in New York:

> "You don't understand about that gorgeous wilderness down there. You can't stay skulking in the underbrush, you got to climb up into the trees, where the light is. And the higher you climb, the harder it is to hang on."

That may be true of you and your friends, but of how many others?

"In New York, all the others. Doctors, lawyers, even judges. It's the reason that every so often some tight-lipped little nipper of a judge goes off to jail. Or resigns to keep from going off."

Toward the end of the novel, while Charles is seeing to it that everything is being said, everything is being found out about Ellen and Richard and his father and mother, Kathie, in a panic at having found out more than she wants to know, begs Charles to desist from his fact-finding:

> "So long ago," she said in a pleading voice. "Nearly thirty years. Isn't there anything else it could mean?" And when he shook his head: "Then I wish you hadn't made me know it. The ancient history that Dick and I don't give a rap for. It's different for you. You're never so happy as when you're squeezing the last drop of knowledge out of things. No matter how much it hurts."

The last drop *is* squeezed, leading to the surprising dénouement. (It would be surprising only if baldly divulged; it is perfectly natural as it happens.) Somebody could take this novel and put it on the stage with hardly a change. The dialogue, with its inner rhythms, its mutations in introspection, gives an amazing effect of something that is not being read but is being overheard. There is no slanting of climaxes toward a curtain, as in a play; the fraction that is in straight prose, usually at the beginning of chapters, gives the characters a chance to absorb what they have learned through what they have said and heard and to take a new stance. They are carried along in a deep, vertical current, and without intermissions. It will take them a long time fully to assimilate and to grapple with what they have learned. Certainly those Morrows Charles is going to leave behind him in Connecticut are in for something of a shock.

—S. N. BEHRMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GREEN KINGDOM, by Rachel Maddux (Simon & Schuster). The green kingdom is a lost, uninhabited paradise somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Five people who have heard of it set out to find it, do find it, and enter in, knowing that they are cutting themselves off from their own world, because the cleft that admits them to the paradise opens only once every ten years. The pilgrims are a famous, brokenhearted old composer; a young printer, whose ideal is to keep a written record of every minute in every human life; his wife, who is barren but craves children; another young man and his wife, a pretty, pleasure-loving woman, who is naturally displeased to find

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herself in a place where she can't get so much as a bar of chocolate. Miss Maddux describes the effects of life in this rich wilderness on each of the five people. We have the feeling that the green kingdom is an old daydream of hers. It enthralls her, and occasionally it enthralls us, but, like most daydreams or nightmares not our own, it is not nearly fascinating enough to examine at this length, or in this detail.

Off Limits, by Hans Habe, translated from the German by Ewald Osers (Frederick Fell). This massive melodrama deals with a dozen Americans and Germans who are garrulously involved in the necessary or unnecessary evils of the American occupation of Germany in the years immediately following the Second World War. After Mr. Habe has hauled these invariably flat and aching souls (his Americans are, almost without exception, either dull-eyed roustabouts or downright monsters) through some five hundred pages of flagellation, prostitution, hunger, deceit, and stupidity, he suddenly reveals his vision—that there is still an unbreakable thread of good, no matter how nearly invisible, in the German character. Torrential and exhausting.

GENERAL

Disaster at Dundee, by John Prebble (Harcourt, Brace). The Tay Bridge, a high-level, brick-and-cast-iron railroad bridge spanning the mile-wide estuary of the River Tay, at Dundee, Scotland, was completed, after six years of grinding labor, in the fall of 1877, and opened, with ceremonies appropriate to what was considered the supreme triumph of nineteenth-century engineering, on May 31st of the following year. Nineteen months later, on the wild night of December 28, 1879, the bridge collapsed, carrying with it a train that held seventy-five men, women, and children, all of whom perished. Mr. Prebble, an English journalist, here traces, in an effective middle register, the conception of the bridge, its painful construction, its horrifying fall, and the equally horrifying revelations regarding its design and its durability that were brought out at the subsequent official investigation. An absorbing book, and a grisly epitaph for Mid-Victorian morality.

Graf Spee: The Life and Death of a Raider, by Dudley Pope (Lippincott). The saga of the *Panzerschiff* Admiral Graf Spee has been

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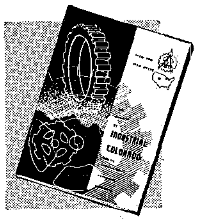

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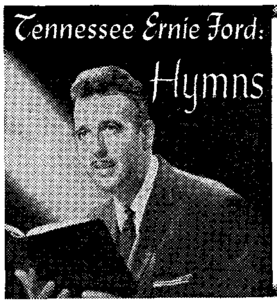

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told quite a few times in the eighteen years since Captain Hans Langsdorff scuttled her off Montevideo, but this account, based on both British and German admiralty documents, is by far the best. The author lays the foundation of his story painstakingly, explaining the idea of a commerce raider, the reason for pocket battleships, and the theory of German naval warfare (along with the frustrations that the German naval high command suffered in its dealings with Hitler), and his exciting recapitulation of the running battle between the Graf Spee and the badly outclassed British cruisers Ajax, Achilles, and Exeter is so thoroughgoing that it records the exact number of hits scored by the British. On the other hand, the great riddle of the tale, as phrased by Admiral Parry, who commanded the Achilles and has written a foreword to the book—"To this day I do not know why the Admiral Graf Spee did not dispose of us in the Ajax and the Achilles as soon as she had finished with the Exeter"—goes unanswered. Photographs.

THE LAST PARALLEL, by Martin Russ (Rinehart). A chronicle, set roughly in the form of a journal kept from August, 1952, to September, 1953, of the author's experiences as a front-line Marine infantryman in Korea. Fortunately, Mr. Russ has few homilies to deliver about his companions or about war itself, with the result that much of his book is occupied with intelligent, intense, and highly detailed descriptions of the endless night patrols into no man's land that were, by this time, the principal activity between the largely static front lines. The writing, as might be expected under such circumstances, is rather uneven, varying from a kind of sideburned, high-school foolishness to coolly graphic studies of an intricate and extremely skilled form of combat that rank with the best accounts of modern warfare we have yet had. There is one entry, in particular—in which Mr. Russ tells of an attempt he and three other men made to retrieve the body of a Chinese soldier from under the enemy's nose for Intelligence purposes—that is a faultlessly unsettling bit of work. Illustrated profusely with the author's drawings and maps, all of which add considerable clarity to the text. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

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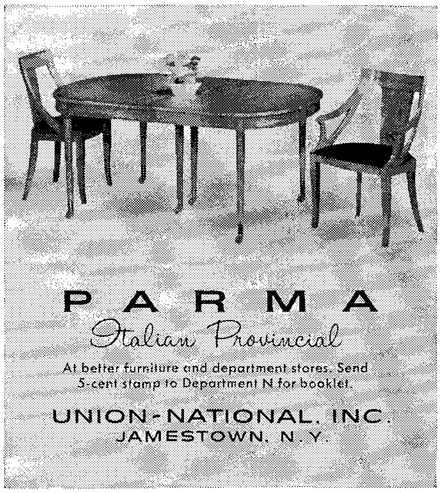

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(Crown). A conscientious and often wittily written history—as well as a sometimes angry defense—of the North American Indian, from his first appearance on the continent, around twenty thousand years ago, to his bewildered but hopeful present. In the book-length text, Mr. La Farge runs carefully through the prominent cultural traits of the million or so Indians who were flourishing here when the white man arrived (the Indian population is now over four hundred thousand, and is steadily growing), and, along the way, peels off much of the conscience-easing bunk we have built around them, such as their tribal similarity ("The people of the Southwest and of the Southeast were about as different as Englishmen are from Arabs"), the Hiawatha legend (largely a bubble in Longfellow's mind), and the convenient idea that the Indians of today are a shiftless, indolent bunch (some are, because of Jim Crowism and federal bungling, but most are not). Mr. La Farge also mentions such peculiarities as a possible origin of the word "Yankee" (it may have come from the Pequots' "Yinglees," for "English") and the question of the sale of Manhattan (the deal may have been swung not by the inhabitants of the island but by a band of Indians who happened to be passing through). The illustrations, which include some three hundred and fifty photographs, reproductions of paintings, drawings, and documents, and a map, are uniformly excellent.

•

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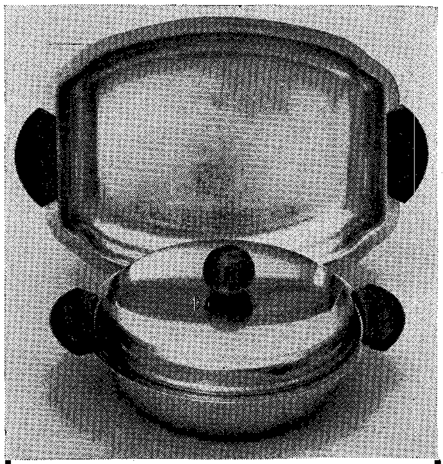

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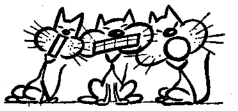

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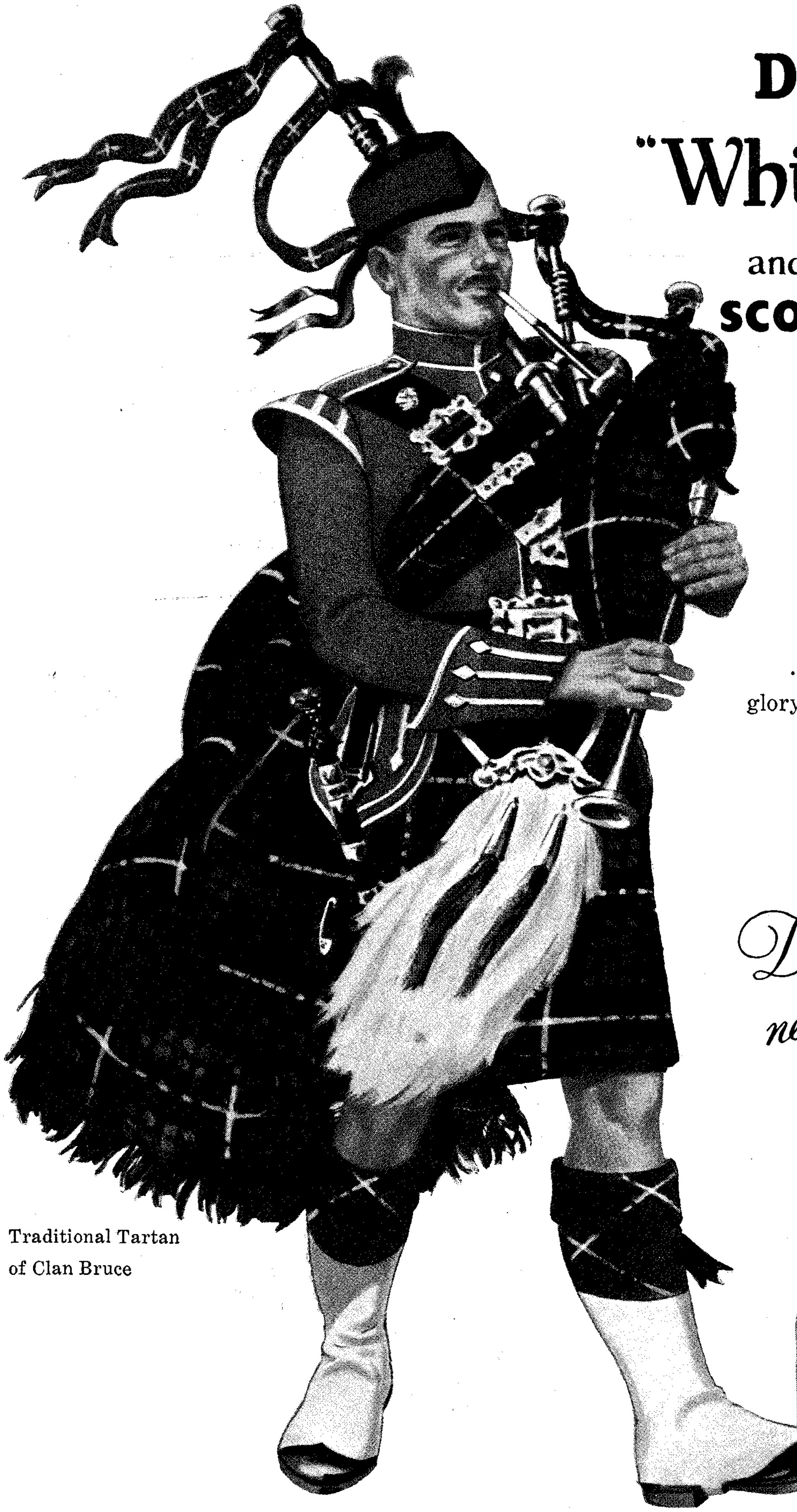

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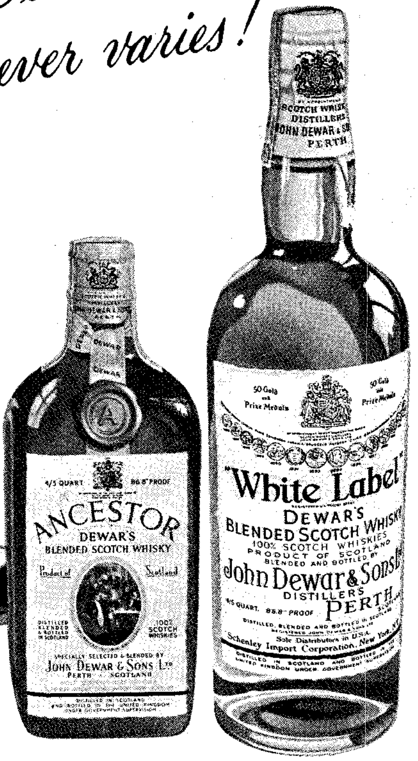
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